

THE
POETICALL
ESSAYS.
OF
SAM. DANYEL.

Newly corrected and augmented.

*Ætas prima canat veneres,
postremat nimbus.*

AT LONDON
Printed by P. Short for Simon
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The Argumentes of these
Essayes following.

THe ciuill wars betweenc the two houses of *Lancaster* and *Yorke*.

Musophilus, or a defence of learning.

The Epistle of *Octania* to *Antonius*.

The Tragedy of *Cleopatra* corrected.

The complaint of *Rosamond*.

To



To the Right honorable, Sir Charles Blunt
Knight, Lord Mountjoy, and Knight of the most
Noble order of the Garter, and his
most worthy Lord.

I Do not plant thy great respected name
Here in this front, to th' end thou shouldest protect
These my endeuors from contempt or blame,
Which none but their own forces must effect:
Nor do I seeke to win thy more respect,
Most learned Lord, by these Eſaies of mine,
Since that cleere judgement that did first elect
To fauor me, will alwaies keepe me thine:
Nor do I this more honor to affigne,
Vnto thy worth that is not more hereby,
Since th' offrings made vnto the powers deuine,
Enrich not them but shew mens pietie:
But this I do to th' end if destinie
Shall any monument reſerue of me,
Those times should ſee my loue, how willing I
That liu'd by thee, would haue thee liue with me.

S. D.

1. *Contra* *adversarios* *in* *causa* *appellationis* *et* *ratio* *defensionis*

2. *Contra* *adversarios* *in* *causa* *appellationis* *et* *ratio* *defensionis*

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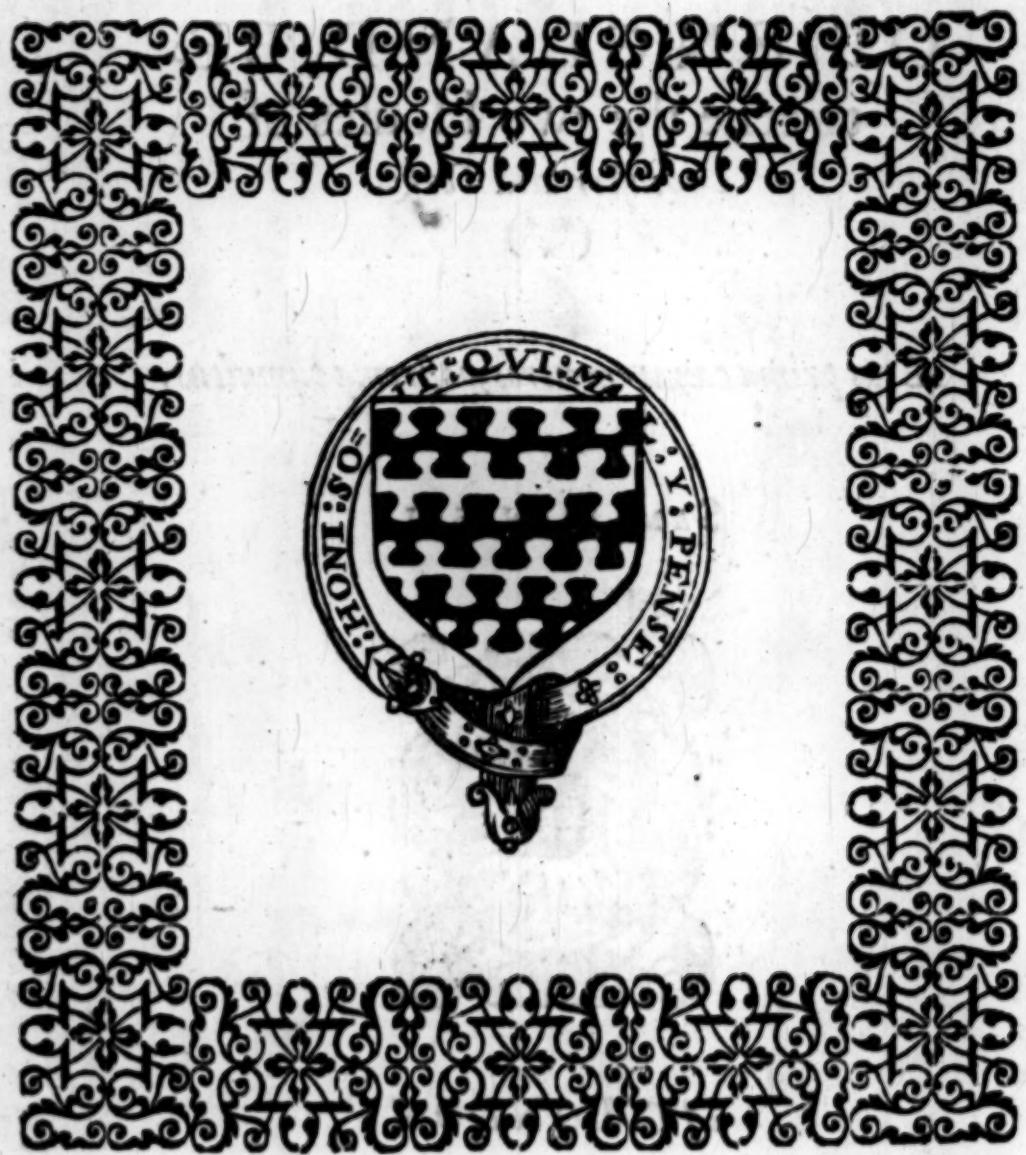
THE
CIVILL WARS
OF ENGLAND, BE-
tweene the two Houses of
Lancaster and Yorke.
(***)

Etas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus.

SAM. DANIEL.



AT LONDON
Painted by P. S. for Symon Watersom.
1599.





THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIRST BOOKE.

What times forgoe Richard the seconds raigne:
The fatall causes of this ciuile warre
His Vnckles pride, his greedie Minions gaine,
Glosters revolt, and death deliuered are:
Herford accusd, exild, call'd backe againe,
Pretends t' amend what others Rule did marre.
The King from Ireland, hastes but did no good,
Whilst strange prodigious signes foretoken bloud.

I

Sing the ciuil warrs, tumultuous broyles,
And bloudy factions of a mighty land: Hovn
Whose people hauty, proud with forain spoyles
Vpon themselues, turne back their conquering hand:
Whilst Kin their Kin, brother the brother foyles,
Like Ensignes all against like Ensignes band:
Bowes against bowes, the Crowne against the crowne,
whilst all pretending right, all right throwen downe.

Bra

B

Wht

THE FIRST BOOKE.

2

What furie, ô what madnes held you so
Deare people to too prodigall of bloud?
To wast so much and warre without a foe,
Whilst *France* to see your spoyles, at pleasure stood;
How much might you haue purchasd with leſſe wo?
Thaue done you honor and your Nephewes good,
Yours might haue beene what euer lies betweene
The *Perenes* and *Alps*, *Aquitayne*, and *Rbeine*.

3

And yet ô God wee haue no cause to plaine
Since hereby came, the quiet calme we ioye
The blisse of thee *ELIZA*, happie gaine
For all our losse; for that no other waye
The heauens could find, then vnite againe
The fatall seu'red families; that they
Might bring forth thee; that in thy peace might grow
That glory which no age could euer shew.

4

O sacred Goddesse, I no muse but thee
Invoke in this great worke I now entend,
Do thou inspire my thoughts, infuse in mee
A power to bring the same to happie end:
Raise vp a worke for latter times to see
That may thy glorie and my paines commend:
Strengthen thy subiect strang thinges to rehearse
And giue peace to my life, life to my verse.

And

5
 And thou *Charles Mountjoy* borne the worldes
 That hast receiu'd into thy quiet shore (delight,
 Me tempest-driuen fortune-tossed wight,
 Tir'd with expecting and could hope no more:
 And cheerest on my better yeares to write
 A sadder Subiect then I tooke before,
 Receiue the worke I consecrate to thee
 Borne of that rest which thou dost giue to mee.

6

And MEMORIE, preseruress of thinges done,
 Come thou, vnfold the wounds, the wracke, the waft,
 Reucale to me how all the strife begunne
 Twixt *Lancaster* and *Yorke* in ages past.
 How causes, counsels and euent did runne
 So long as these vnhappie times did last,
 Vnintermixt with fictions, fantasies;
 I versifie the trouth, nor poetize.

7

And to the end we maie with better ease
 Judge the true progresse; here begin to shewe
 What weare the times fore going nere to thcase,
 That these we maie with better profit knowe:
 Tell how the world fell into this disease
 And how so great distemperature did growe,
 So shall we see by what degrees it came
 How thinges grown full, do sone grow out of frame.

B 2.

Ten

THE FIRST BOOKE.

8

Ten kings had now raigned of the *Norman* race,
With variable fortune turning chaunce,
All in two hundredth sixtie one yeares space,
When *Edward* third of name and first of *Fraunce*
Posset the crowne in fortunes highest grace;
And did to greatest state, his state aduaunce,
When *England* might the largest limits see
That euer any king attaingd but hee.

9

For most of all the rest, toylid in vnrest
What with wrong titles, what with inward broyl,
Hardlie a true establishment posset
Of what they sought with such exceeding toyles:
For why their power within it self opprest, (while,
Scarce could breake forth so greatnes al that
Such w^o the childhood of this state did passe
Before it could attaine to what it wasse.

10

William the Conquerour. For first the *Norman* conquering all by might,
By might was forst to keepe what hee had got:
Altring the lawes, chaunging the forme of *Right*,
And placing barbarous *Customes* he had brought:
Maistring the mighty, humbling the poorer wight
With grieuous taxes tyranie had sought,
Scarce laide th'assured groundes to build vpon
The chaunge so hatefull in such course begon.

william

II

William his sonne tracing the selfesame wayes
 The great outworne with war, or slaine in peace
 Onely vpon depressed weakenes prayes,
 And treades down what was likeliest to increase,
 Those that were left, being left to wofull daies,
 Had onely powre to wish for some release:
 whilst giuing beastes what did to men pertaine
 Tooke for a beast himselfe was after slaine.

William
Rufus.

12

Henrie his brother raignes when he had donne
 (who Roberts title better to reiect)

Henry I.

The Norman Duke the Conquerours first sonne,
 Lightens in shew, rather then in effect
 Those greeuances, his fatall race begunne
 Reformes the lawes which soone he did neglect:
 Whose sons being drownd for whō he did prepare
 Leaues crowne & strif to Maud his daughters care.

13

Whom Stephen his Nephew (falsifying his oath)

Preuents; assailes the Realm; obtaines the crowne:

King
Stephen.

Raising such tumults as torment them both

Whil'st both held nothing certainlie their owne.

Th'afflicted Realme deuided in their troth,

And partiall faith; most miserable growne,

Endures the while; till peace and Stephens death

Conclude some hope, of quiet; to take breath.

Henry

B 3.

The

THE FIRST BOOKE.

14

Henry 2. The sonne of *Maud* (from *Saxon* bloud deriu'd
By mothers line) succeeds th'vnrightfull king
Henrie the second, in whose raigne reuiu'd
Th'oppreſſed ſtate, and firſt began to ſpring,
And ô if he had not beene too long liu'd
T'haue ſeene th'affliſhion that his age did bring
By his vngodly ſonnes; then happy man,
For they againſt him warr'd, for whom he wan

15

All *Freeland*, *Scotland*, th'iles of *Orcades*,
Poytiers, *Guienne*, *Brittany* hee got,
And leades forth ſorrow from it ſelue to theafe,
Recouers ſtrength at home ſo feeble brought:
Giues courage to the ſtrong, to weaker eafe;
Ads to the ſtate what *England* neuer ſought:
Who him ſucceed (the forraine bloud out growne)
Are home born kings by ſpeech and birth our owne.

16

Lo hitherto the new borne ſtate in teares
Was in her raw and wayling infancie,
During a hundred two and twentie yeares
Vnder the hand of ſtraungers tyranny:
And now ſome better strength and youth appeares
Which promises a glad recouery:
For hard beginnings haue the greatest ſtates
What with their owne, or neighbours debates.

Euen

17

Euen like to *Rheine* which in his birth opprest,
 Strangled almost with rocks and mightie hills,
 Workes out a way to come to better rest,
 Wars with the mountaines, striues against their wils:
 Bringes forth his stremes in vnitie possest
 Into the quiet bed he proudlie fils,
 Carrying that greatnes which he cannot keepe
 Vnto his death and buriall in the deepe:

18

So did the worldes proud *Mistres Rome* at first
 Striue with a hard beginning, warr'd with need;
 Forcing her strong Confiners to the worst,
 And in her bloud her greatnes first did breed:
 So *Spaine* at home with *Moore* ere forth it burst
 Did practize long and in it selfe did bleed;
 So did our state begin with her owne woundes
 To try her strength ere it enlarg'd her boundes.

19

But now comes *Richard* to succeed his sirc,
 Who much the glorie of our armes increast,
 His fathers limits bound not his desire
 He spreeds the English Ensignes in the East:
 And whilst his vertues would haue raisd him hyer
 Treason, and malice his great actions ceast:
 A faithles brother and a fatall king
 Cut off his growth of glory in the spring.

Rich. s.

Which

THE FIRST BOOKE.

20

K. John. Which wicked brother contrarie to course
False *John* vsurpes his *Nephew Artburs* right,
Gets to the crowne by craft, by wrong, by force,
Rules it with lust, oppression, rigor, might:
Murders the lawfull heire without remorse,
Wherfore procuring all the worldes despight,
A Tyrant loth'd, a homicide conuented
Poysoned he dies, disgrac'd and vnlamented.

21

Henry ⁵ Henrie his sonne is chosen king, though young
And *Lewes of Fraunce* (elected first) beguilde,
After the mightie had debated long,
Doubtfull to choose a straunger or a child:
With him the Barons (in these times grown strōg)
Warre for their auncient lawes so long exild.
He graunts the *Charter* that pretended ease
And kept his owne, yet did his owne appease.

22

Edward ¹ his sonne a martiall king succeeds
Iust, prudent, graue, religious, fortunate:
Whose happy ordred raigne most fertile breeds
Plentie of mightie spirits to strength his state,
And worthy mindes, to manage worthy deeds
Th'experience of those times ingenerate:
For euer great imployment for the great
Quickens the bloud and honour doth beget.

And

THE FIRST BOOKE.

5

23

And had not his mis-lead lasciuious sonne
Edward the second, intermitted so
 The course of glorie happilie begunne
 Which brought him, and his fauorites to woe:
 That happy current without stop had runne
 Vnto the full of his sonne *Edwards* flo:
 But who bath often seene in such a state,
 Father and sonne like good, like fortunate.

Edward the second, intermitted so

24

But now this great succeder all repaires,
 And rebrings-backe that discontinued good,
 He buildes vp strength and greatnes for his heires
 Out of the vertues that adornd his bloud:
 He makes his subiects Lords of more then theirs,
 And sets their bounds farre wider then they stood:
 Could greatnes haue but kept what he had gote
 It was enough he did, and what he wrought.

Edward the third

25

And had his heire surviu'd him in due course,
 What limits England hadst thou found, what barre?
 What world could haue resisted so great force?
 O more then men! two thunderbolts of warre,
 Why did not time your ioined worth diuorse
 T'haue made your seuerall glories greater farre?
 Too prodigall was nature thus to doe,
 To spend in one age, what should serue for two.

*Edward the
black prince
who died be-
fore his fa-
ther.*

C

But

THE FIRST BOOKE.

26

Rich. 2. 1 But now the scepter in this glorious state
Supported with strong powre and victorie
Was left vnto a child, ordain'd by fate
To stay the course of what might grow too hie :
Here was a stop that greatnes did abate
When powre vpon so weake a base did lie,
For lest great fortune should presume too farre
Such oppositions interposed are.

27

Neuer this Iland better peopled stood,
Neuer more men of might, and mindes addrest,
Neuer more Princes of the royll bloud,
(If not too many, for the publique rest)
Nor euer was more treasure, wealth and good,
Then when this *Richard* first the crowne possest
Second of name, a name in two accurst,
And well we might haue mist all but the first.

28

In this mans raigne began this fatall strife
The bloody argument whereof we treate ;
That dearely cost so many a Prince his life ;
That spoild the weake, & euen consum'd the great,
That, wherein all calamitie was rife
That memory euen grieues her to repeate (lose,
And would that time would now this knowledge
But that tis good to learne by others woes.

Edward

29

Edward the third being dead, had left this child
Sonne of his worthy sonne deceasd of late
The crowne and Scepter of this Realme to wield,
Appointing the protectors of his state
Two of his sonnes to be his better shield,
Supposing vncles free from guile or hate
Would order all things for his better good,
In the respect and honour of their bloud.

30

Of these John Duke of Lancaster was one,
(Too great a subiect growne, for such a state
The title of a king and what h' had done
In great exploits his mind did eleuate
Aboue proportion kingdomes stand vpon,
Which made him push at what his issue gatc)
The other Edmond Langley, whose milde sprite
Affected quiet and a safe delight.

31

With these did interpose his proud vnrest
Thomas of woodstocke, one most violent,
Impatient of command, of peace, of rest, (ment:
Whose brow would shew, that which his hart had
His open malice and repugnant brest
Procur'd much mischiefe by his discontent:
And these had all the charge of king and state,
Till by himselfe he might it ordinate.

C 2.

And.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

32

And in the first yeares of this gouernement,
Things past, as first; the warres in *Fraunce* proceede
Though not with that same fortune and euent
Being now not followed with such carefull heed,
Our people here at home growne discontent
Through great exactions insurrections breed,
Priuate respectes hindred the common weale,
And idle ease doth on the mighty steale.

33

Toomany kings breed factions in the court,
The head too weake, the members grown too great:
O this is that which kingdomes doth transport,
This plague the heauens do for iniustice threat
When children rule, who euer in this sort
Confound the state their auncestors did get;
For the ambitious once inur'd to raigne
Can neuer brooke a priuare state againe.

34

And kingdomes euer suffer this distresse,
For one or manie guide the infant king,
Which one or manie, tasting this excesse
Of greatness and command; can neuer bring
Their thoughts againe t'obay or to be lesse:
From hente these insolencies euer spring,
Contempt of others whom they seeke to foile,
Then follow leagues, destruction, ruine, spoile.

EnA

Whe-

35

Whether it were that they which had the charge
 Suffred the king to take a youthfull vaine,
 That they their priuate better might inlarge:
 Or whether he himselfe would farther straine
 (Thinking his yeares sufficient to discharge
 The gouernment) presumd to take the raigne,
 We will not saie: but now his care he lendes
 To youthfull counsell, and his lusts attends.

36

And courts were neuer barren yet of those
 Which could with subtle traine and apt aduise
 Worke on the Princes weakenes, and dispose
 Of feeble frailtie easiest to intice:
 And such no doubt about this king arose,
 Whose flattery (the daungerous nurse of vice)
 Got hand vpon his youth to pleasures bent
 Which lead by them did others discontent.

37

For now his vncles grew much to mislike
 These ill proceedings; were it that they saw,
 That others fauor'd did aspiring seeke
 Their nephew from their counsels to withdraw,
 Seing his nature flexible and mecke,
 Because they onely would keepe all in awe:
 Or that indeed they found the king and state
 Abusde by such as now in office sat.

C 3.

Or

THE FIRST BOOKE.

38

Or rather else they all were in the fault,
Th'ambitious vncles, th'indiscreet young king,
The greedy counsell and the Minions naught,
And all togither did this tempest bring;
Besides the times withall iniustice fraught,
Concurr'd in this confusd disordering,
That we may truly say this spoild the state;
Youthfull Counsell, priuate gaine, partiall hate.

39

And sure the king plainly discouereth
Apparant cause his vncles to suspect;
For *John of Gaunt* was said to seeke his death
By secret meanes, which came not to effect:
The Duke of *Gloster* likewise practiseth
In open world that all men might detest
And leagues his Nobles, and in greatest strength
Rises in armes against him too at length.

40

Vnder pretence from him to take away
Such as they said the states oppressors weare,
To whom the Realme was now become a pray;
The chiefe of whom they nam'd was *Robert Vere*
Then Duke of Ireland; bearing greatest sway
About the king, who held him only dere,
Him they would haue remou'd and diuers more,
Or else would never lay downe armes they swore.

The

41

The king was forst in that next Parliament
To grant them what he durst not well refuse,
For thither arm'd they came and fully bent
To suffer no repulse nor no excuse:
And here they did accomplish their intent
Where iustice did her sword, not ballance vse:
For euen that sacred place they violate
And there arest the Judges as they sate.

42

Which soone with many others had their end,
Cruelly slaine without the course of right,
And still these warres that publique good pretend
Worke most iniustice being done for spight:
For the agricued euermore doe bend
Against those whom they see of greatest might,
Who though themselues are wrong'd & often forst,
Yet for they can doe most are thought the worst.

43

And yet I doe not seeme herein to excuse
The Iustices, and Minions of the king
Which might their office and their grace abuse,
But onely blame the course of managing:
For great men too well grac'd much rigor vse;
Presuming fauorites mischiefe euer bring;
So that concluding I may boldly speake,
Minions too great, argue a king too weake.

Now

THE FIRST BOOKE.

44

Now that so much was granted as was sought,
A reconcilement made although not ment
Appeasd them all in shew, but not in thought
Whilst every one seem'd outwardlie content:
Though hereby king, nor peeres, nor people got
More loue, more strength, or easier gouerment;
But euery day things now succeeded worse,
For good from kings must not be drawne by force.

45

And this it lo continued till by chance (dy'de;
The Queene (which was the emperours daughter)
When as the king t'establish peace with *Fraunce*
And better for home quiet to prouide,
Sought by contracting marriage to aduance
His owne affaires against his vnckles pride:
Tooke the young daughter of king *Charles* to wife
Which after in the end raisd greater strife.

46

For now his vnckle Gloster much repin'd
Against this french aliance and this peace,
Hauing himselfe a working stirring mind
Which neuer was content the warres should cease:
Whether he did dishonourable finde
Those articles that did our boundes decrease,
And therfore storm'd because the crown had wrōg;
Or that he fear'd the king would grow too strong;
Or

47

Or whatsoeuer mou'd him; this is sure
 Hereby he wrought his ruine in the end,
 And was a fatall cause that did procure
 The swift approaching mischiefs that attend :
 For lo the king no longer could indure
 Thus to be crost in what he did intend,
 And therefore watcht but some occasion fit
 T' attach the Duke when he thought least of it.

48

And fortune now to further this intent
 The great *Earle* of *S.Paule* doth hither bring,
 From *Charles* of *Fraunce* vnto the young *Q.* sent
 To see both her and to salute the *king*:
 To whom he shewes his vnckles discontent
 And of his secret dangerous practising,
 How he his subiects sought to sulleuate
 And breake the league with *Fraunce* concluded late.

49

To whom the subtle *Earle* forthwith replies,
 Great Prince it is within your power with ease,
 To remedy such feares, such ielousies,
 And rid you of such mutiners as thease;
 By cutting off that which might greater rise,
 And now at first preuenting this disease,
 And that before he shall your wrath disclose,
 For who threates first means of reuenge doth lose.

D

First

THE FIRST BOOKE

50

First take his head, then tell the reason why,
Stand not to finde him guilty by your lawes,
Easier you shall with him your quarrell try
Dead then aliue who hath the better cause :
For in the murmuring vulgar vsually
This publique course of yours compassion drawes,
Especiallly in cases of the great
Which worke much pitty in the vndiscreat.

51

And this is sure though his offence be such,
Yet doth calamitie attract commorse,
And men repine at Princes bloudshed much
How iust-socuer iudging tis by force :
I know not how their death giues such a tuch
In those that reach not to a true discourse ;
That so shall you obseruing formall right
Be still thought as vniust and win more spight.

52

And of the cause, may come preuented so,
And therefore when tis done, let it be heard ;
So shall you hereby scape your priuate wo
And satisfie the world to, afterward :
What need you weigh the rumors that shall go ?
What is that breath being with your life compard ?
And therefore if you will be rul'd by me
Strangled or poison'd secret let him be.

And

53

And then araigne the chiefe of those you find
 Were of his faction secretly compact,
 Whom you maie wisely order in such kind
 That you maie such confessions then exact,
 As both you maie appease the peoples mind
 And by their death much agrauate the fact:
 So shall you rid your selfe of dangers quite
 And shew the world that you haue done but right.

54

This counsell vtred vnto such an eare
 As willing listes to the safest waies,
 Workes on the yeelding matter of his feare,
 Which easelie to any course obeies:
 For euerie Prince seeing his daunger neere
 By anie meanes his quiet peace assaies:
 And still the greatest wronges that euer were
 Haue then bin wrought when kings were put in fear.

55

And long it was not ere he apprechendes
 The Duke, who clost to *Calice* was conuei'd,
 And th' Earles of *Arundell* and *Warwike* sendes,
 Both in close prisons strongly to be laid;
 And soone the Duke his life vnquiet endes,
 Strangled in secret ere it was bewraide;
 And *Arundell* was put to publike death,
 But *Warwike* by great meanes he banished.

D 2.

And

THE FIRST BOOKE.

56

And for his person he procures a guard
 A thousand Archers daily to attend,
 Which now vpon the a^t he had prepard
 As th' argument his actions to defend :
 But yet the world had now conceiu'd so hard
 That all this nought auaild him in the end :
 In vaine with terror is he fortified
 That is not guarded with firme loue beside.

57

Now storne his vnckles albeit in vaine,
 For that no remedy they could devise,
 They might their sorrowes inwardly complaine,
 But outwardly they needs must temporise :
 The king was great, and they should nothing gaine
 T'attempt reuenge or offer once to rise, (strong
 This league with *France* had made him now so
 That they must needs as yet indure this wrong.

58

For like a Lion that escapes his bounds
 Hauing bin long restraint his vse to straie,
 Raunges the restles woods, staies on no ground,
 Riottes with bloudshed, wantons on his prae :
 Seckes not for need but in his pride to wound,
 Glorying to see his strength and what he may ;
 So this vnbridled king freed of his feares
 In libertie himselfe thus wildly beares.

L.A.

s. A.

For

59

For standing on himselfe he sees his might
Out of the compasse of respectiue awe,
And now beginnes to violate all right
While no restraining feare at hand he saw:
Now he exactes of all, wafts in delight,
Riots in pleasure, and neglects the law;
He thinkes his crowne is licensd to do ill
That lesse should list, that may do what it will.

60

Thus b'ing transported in this sensuall course
No frend to warne, no counsell to withstand,
He still proceedeth on from bad to worse,
Sooth'd in all actions that he tooke in hand
By such as all impiety did nurse,
Commending euer what he did commaund:
Vnhappy kings that never may be taught
To know themselues or to discerne their fault.

61

And whilst all sylent grieue at what is donne,
The Duke of Herford then of courage bold
And worthily great Iohn of *Gaunts* first sonne
Vtters the passion which he could not hold,
In sad discourse vpon this course begun,
Which he to *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk told;
To th' end he being great about the king
Might doe some good by better counselling.

D 3.

The

THE FIRST BOOKE.

62

Proffers.
Pol. Virg.
G. Hall, do-
Euer is in
this fort.

The faithles Duke that presentlie takes hold
Of such aduantage to insinuate
Hastes to the king, peruerting what was told,
And what came of good minde he makes it hate;
The king that might not now be so controld
Or censur'd in his course, much frets thereat;
Sendes for the Duke, who doth such wordes deny
And craues the combate of his enemy.

63

Which straight was granted, and the daie assign'd
When both in order of the field appeare
To right each other as th' euent should find,
And now both euen at point of combate were
When lo the king changd sodenly his min'd,
Casts downe his warden and so staies them there,
As better now aduis'd what waie to take
Which might for his assured safetie make.

64

For now considering (as it likely might)
The victorie should hap on *Herfords* side,
A man most valiant and of noble sprite,
Belou'd of all, and euer worthy tride:
How much he might be grac'd in publique sight
By such an act as might aduance his pride,
And so become more popular by this,
Which he feares, too much he already is.

And

65

And therefore he resolues to banish both,
Though th'one in chiefest fauour with him stood,
A man he dearely lou'd and might be loth
To leaue him that had done him so much good:
Yet hauing cause to do as now he doth
To mitigate the enuie of his bloud,
Thought best to loose a friend, to rid a foe,
And such a one as now he doubted so.

66

And therefore to perpetuall exile hee
Mowbray condemnes; *Herford* but for ten yeares:
Thinking (for that the wrong of this decree
Compard with greater rigour lesse appeares)
It might of all the better liked be:
But yet such murmuring of the fact he heares,
That he is faine soure of the ten forgiue,
And iudg'd him sixe yeares in exile to liue.

67

At whose departure hence out of the land,
O how the open multitude reueale
The wondrous loue they bare him vnderhand,
Which now in this hote passion of their zeale
They plainly shewde that all might vnderstand
How deare he was vnto the common weale:
They feard not to exclaine against the king
As one that sought all good mens ruining.

Vnto

THE FIRST BOOKE.

68

Vnto the shore with teares, with sighes, with mone
They him conduct, cursing the bounds that staine
Their willing feete that would haue further gone
Had not the fearefull *Ocean* stopt their way :
Why *Neptune* hast thou made vs stand alone
Deuided from the world, for this say they ?
Hemd in to be a spoile to tyranny
Leauing affliction hence no way to flic ?

69

Are we lockt vp poore soules, here t'abide
Within the watery prison of thy waues,
As in a fold, where subiect to the pride
And lust of rulers we remaine as flauers ?
Here in the reach of might, where none can hide
From th' eie of wrath, but onely in their graues ?
Happy confiners you of other landes
That shift your soile and oft scape tyrants hands.

70

Ah must we leauue him here ; that here were fit
We should retaine the pillar of our state ;
Whose vertues well deserue to gourne it,
And not this wanton young effeminate ?
Why should not he in regall hon' our sit,
That best knowes how a realme to ordinate ?
Yet one daie ô we hope thou shalt bring backe
Deare *Bullingbrooke* the iustice that we lacke.

Thus

THE FIRST BOOKE.

13

71

Thus muttered lo the malecontented sort
That loue kings best before they haue them still,
And neuer can the present state comport,
But would as oft change as they change their will:
For this good Duke had wonne them in this sort
By sucking them and pittyng of their ill,
That they supposed straight it was one thing,
To be both a good man, and a good king.

72

When as the grauer sort that saw the course
And knew that Princes maie not be controlde,
Likt wel to suffer this for feare of worse;
Since many great, one kingdome cannot hold:
For now they saw intestine strife of force
The apt-deuided state intangle would,
If he should stay whom they would make their head,
By whom the vulgar body might be lead.

73

They saw likewise that Princes oft are faine
To buy their quiet with the price of wrong:
And better twere that now a few complaine
Then all should morne, aswell the weake as strong:
Seeing how little *Realmes* by change doe gaine,
And therefore learned by obseruing long
To admire times past, follow the present will
Wish for good Princes, but t' indure the ill.

E

For

THE FIRST BOOKE

74

For when it nought availes what folly then
To striue against the current of the time ?
Who will throw downe himselfe for other men
That make a ladder by his fall to clime ?
Or who would seeke t' imbroile his country when
He might haue rest ; suffering but others crime ?
Since wisemen euer haue preferred farre
Th' vniustest peace, before the iustest warre.

75

Thus they considered that in quiet sate,
Rich or content, or else vnfit to striue :
Peace louer-wealth, hating a troublous state
Doth willing reasons for their rest contrive :
But if that all were thus considerate
How shold in court the great, the fauour'd thrives ?
Factions must be and these varieties,
And some must fall that other some may rise.

76

But long the Duke remaind not in exile
Before that *John of Gaunt* his father dies,
Vpon whose state the king seasd now this while
Disposing of it as his enemies :
This open wrong no longer could beguile
The world that saw these great indignities,
Which so exasperates the mindes of all
That they resolu'd him home againe to call,

For

77

For now they saw twas malice in the king
 Transported in his il-conceiued thought,
 That made him so to prosecute the thing
 Against all law and in a course so naught:
 And this aduantage to the Duke did bring
 Fitter occasions whereupon he wrought:
 For to a man so strong and of such might
 He giues him more, that takes away his right.

78

The king, in this meane time, I know not how
 Was drawne into some actions forth the land,
 T' appease the *Irish* that reuolted now;
 And there attending what he had in hand (grow,
 Neglects those parts from whence worse daungers
 As ignorant how his affaires did stand:
 Whether the plot was wrought it should be so,
 Or that his fate did draw him on to go.

79

Certaine it is that he committed here
 An ignorant and idle ouersight,
 Not looking to the Dukes proceedings there,
 Being in the court of *Fraunce* where best he might,
 Where both the king and all assured were
 T' haue stopt his course being within thei'r right:
 But being now exild he thought him sure
 And free from farther doubting liu'd secure.

E 2.

Sq.

THE FIRST BOOKE

80

So blindest the sharpest counsels of the wise
This ouershadowing prouidence on hic,
And dazeleth the clearest sighted eies,
That they see not how nakedly they lie:
There where they little thinke the storme doth rise,
And ouercasts their cleare security:
When man hath stopt al waies saue only that
That(least suspected) ruine entersat.

81

And now was all disorder in th' excesse
And whatsocuer doth a change portend,
As idle luxury, and wantonnes,
Proteus-like varying pride, vaine without end:
Wrong-worker *Riot*, motiue to oppresse,
Endles exactions, which the idle spend,
Consuming vsury and credits crackt,
Cald on this purging warre that many lackt.

82

Then ill perswading want in martiall minds,
And wronged patience, long opprest with might,
Loosenes in all, which no religion bindes,
Commaunding force the measure made of right,
Gauc fucll to this fire, that easie findes
The way t'inflame the whole indangerd quite:
These were the publique breeders of this warre,
By which stil greatest states confounded are.

Fos

83

For now this peace with *France* had shut in here
 The ouergrowing humours warres doe spend,
 For where t' cuacuate no employments were
 Wider th' vnwilde burthen doth distend ;
 Men wholy vsd to warre, peace could not beare;
 As knowing no course else whereto to bend:
 For brought vp in the broiles of these two Realmes,
 They thought best fishing still in troubled streames.

84

Like to a riuier that is stopt his course
 Doth violare his bankes, breakes his owne bed,
 Destroies his bounds and ouer-runs by force
 The neighbour fields irregularly spread :
 Euen so this sodaine stop of warre doth nurse
 Home broiles within it selfe, from others lead :
 So dangerous the change hereof is tride
 Ere mindes come soft or otherwise imploid.

85

And all this makes for thee, *o Bullingbrooke*,
 To worke a waie vnto thy Soueraintie ;
 This care the heauens, fate and fortune tooke
 To bring thee to thy scepter easily :
 Vpon the fals that hap which him forsooke
 Who crownd a king, a king yet must not die,
 Thou wert ordaind by prouidence to raise
 A quarrell lasting longer then thy daies.

E 3.

For

THE FIRST BOOKE.

86

For now this absent king out of his land,
Where though he shew'd great sprite and valor then,
(Being attended with a worthy band
of valiant Peeres, and most couragious men)
Gauē time to them at home that had in hand
Th' vngodly worke and knew the season when;
Who faile not to aduise the Duke with speed,
Solliciting to what he soone agreed.

87

For presently vpon so good report,
He doth with cunning traine and pollicy
Conuay himselfe out of the French kings court
Vnder pretence to go to Brittanie;
And with his followers that to him resort
Landed in England. Welcom'd ioyfully
Ofth' altring vulgar apt for changes still
As headlong caried with a present will.

88

And com'd to quiet shore but not to rest,
The first night of his ioyfull landing here
A fearefull vision doth his thoughts molest,
Seeming to see in wofull forme appeare
A nakēd goodly woman all distrest,
Which with ful-weeping eies and rent-white haire,
Wringing her hands as one that grieud and praid,
With sighes commixt, with words it seem'd shee said.

207

O

89

O whither dost thou tend my vnkind sonne?
 What mischiefe dost thou go about to bring
 To her whose Genius thou here lookst vpon,
 Thy mother countrey whence thy selfe didst spring?
 O whither dost thou in ambition run,
 To change due course by foule disordering?
 What bloudihed, o what broyles dost thou cōmence
 To last for many wofull ages hence?

90

Stay here thy foote, thy yet vngilty foote,
 That canst not stay when thou art farther in,
 Retire thee yet vnsaintind whilst it doth boote,
 The end is spoile of what thou dost begin:
 In iustice neuer yet tooke lasting roote,
 Nor held that long impicity did win:
 The babes vnborne, shall o be borne to bleed
 In this thy quarrell if thou doe proceede.

91

Thus said shee ceast, when he in troubled thought
 Grieu'd at this tale and sigh'd, and this replies:
 Deare Country o I haue not hither brought
 These Armes to spoile but for thy liberties:
 Tho sinne be on their head that this haue wrought
 Who wrongd me first, and thee doe tyramise;
 I am thy Champion and I seeke my right,
 Prouokt I am to this by others spight.

This

This this pretence saith shee, th' ambitious finde
 To smooth iniustice, and to flatter wrong:
 Thou dost not know what then will be thy mind
 When thou shalt see thy selfe aduanc'd and strong:
 When thou hast shak'd off that which others binde
 Thou soone forgettest what thou learnedst iong:
 Men doe not know what then themselues will be
 When as more then themselues, themselues they see.

And herewithall turning about he wakes,
 Lab'ring in sprite, troubled with this strange sight:
 And mus'd a while, waking aduisement takes
 Of what had past in sleepe and silent night.
 Yet hereof no important reck'ning makes
 But as a dreame that vanish't with the light:
 The day designes, and what he had in hand
 Left it to his diverted thoughts vnskand.

Doubtfull at first, he warie doth proceed
 Seemes not t' affect, that which he did effect,
 Or els perhaps seemes as he ment indeed,
 Sought but his owne, and did no more expect:
 Then fortune thou art guilty of his deed,
 That didst his state aboue his hopes erect,
 And thou must beare some blame of his great sin:
 That left' st him worse then when he did begin.

Thou

95

Thou didst conspire with pride, and with the time,
 To make so easie an assent to wrong,
 That he that had no thought so hie to clime,
 (With fauoring comfort still allur'd along)
 Was with occasion thrust into the crime,
 Seeing others weakenes and his part so strang:
 And ô in such a case who is it will
 Do good, and feare that maie liue free with ill.

96

We will not say nor thinke O *Lancaster*,
 But that thou then didst meane as thou didst swere
 Vpon th' Euangclists at *Doncaster*,
 In th' cie of heauen, and that assembly there
 That thou but as an vpright orderer
 Sought'st to reforme th' abused kingdome here,
 And get thy right, and what was thine before,
 And this was all, thou would'st attempt no more.

97

Though we might say & thinke that this pretence
 Was but a shadow to th' intended aet,
 Because th' cuent doth argue the offence
 And plainly seemes to manifest the fact:
 For that hereby thou mightst win confidence
 With those whom els thy course might hap distract,
 And all suspition of thy drift remoue,
 Since easilly men credit whom they loue.

F

But

THE FIRST BOOKE.

98

But God forbid we should so nerely pry
Into the low deepe buried sinnes long past
T' examine and conferre iniquity,
Whercoff faith would no memory should last:
That our times might not haue t' exemplifie
With agēd staines, but with our owne shame cast,
Might thinke our blot the first not done before,
That new-made sins might make vs blush the more.

99

And let vnwresting charity beleue
That then thy oth with thy intent agreed,
And others faith, thy faith did first deceiue,
Thy after fortune forc'd thee to this deed:
And let no man this idle censure giue
Because th' euent proues so, twas so decreed:
For ô what counsels sort to other end
Then that which frailty did at first intend?

100

Whilst those that are but outward lookers on,
That cannot sound these misteries of state,
Deemes things were so contriū'd as they are done,
Holding that policie, that was but fate: (begun,
Wondring how strange twas wrought, how close
And thinke all actions else did tend to that,
When ô how short they come, or cast too fare
Making the happy wiser then they are.

But

101

But by degrees he venters now on blood,
And sacrific'd vnto the peoples loue,
The death of those that chiefe in enuy stood
As th' Officers, who first these dangers proue:
The treasurer and those that they thought good,
Busby and *Greene* by death he must remoue,
These were the men the people thought did cause
Those great exactions and abusd the lawes.

102

This done, his cause was preacht with learned skil,
And th' Archbishop of Canterbury shew'd
A pardon sent from Rome, to all that will
Take part with him, and quit the faith they ow'd
To Richard, as a Prince vnfitt and ill,
Oh whom the crowne was fatally bestow'd:
And easie-yeelding zeale was quickly caught
With what the mouth of grauity had taught.

103

O that this powre from euerlasting giuen
The great alliance made twixt God and vs,
Th' intelligence that earth doth hold with heauen,
Sacred religion, o that thou must thus
Be made to smooth our waies vniust, vneuen,
Brought from aboue earth-quarrels to discusse,
Must men beguile our soules to winne our wils,
And make our zeale the furtherer of ils?

E 2.

But

THE FIRST BOOKE.

104

But the ambitious to aduance their might
Dispence with heauen and what religion would,
The armed will finde right, or else make right,
If this meanes wrought not, yet another should:
And this and other now doe all incite
To strength the faction that the Duke doth hold,
Who easily obtained what he sought,
His vertues and his loue so greatly wrought.

105

The king still busied in this *Irish* warre
Which by his valour there did well succeede,
Had newes how here his Lords reuolted are,
And how the Duke of Herford doth proceed:
In these affaires he feares are growne too farre,
Hastes his returne from thence with greatest speed;
But was by tempests, windes, and seas debarr'd
As if they likewise had against him warr'd.

106

But at the length, though late, in wales he landes,
Where thorowly inform'd of *Henries* force,
The Duke of Aumarle
comme to the
Duke of
Turke. And well aduertis'd how his owne case stands,
Which to his griefe he seestendes to the worse:
He leauest Aumarle, at Milford all those bands
He brought from *Ireland*; taking thence his course
To *Conwale* all disguis'd with fourteene more
To th' Earle of *Salisbury* whither sent before.

Thin-

107

Thinking the Earle had raiſd ſome forces there
Whom there he findes forſaken all alone,
The people in thoſe partes which leuied were
B'ing cloſely ſhronke away diſperſd and gone :
The king had ſtayd too long, and they in feare
Reſolued euery man to ſhift for one,
At this amafd ſuch fortunc he lamentes,
Foreſees his fall whereto each thing conſents.

108

In this diſturb'd tumultuous broken ſtate,
Whiſt yet th' euent ſtood doubtfull what ſhould be,
Whiſt nought but headlong running to debate
And glittering troupes and armor men miſt see :
Fury, and feare, compassion, wrath, and hate
Confuſd through all the land no Corner free :
The ſtrong all mad, to ſtrife, to ruine bent;
The weaker waiſd, the aged they lament,

109

And blame their many yeares that liue ſo long
To ſee the horrore of theſe miſeries :
Why had not we (ſaid they) dyde with the ſtrong
In forraine fields in honourable wiſe ?
In iuſt exploits, and lawfull without wrong,
And by the valiant hand of enemis ?
And not thus now reſerued in our age
To home conuision and diſordered rage.

F 3.

Vnto

THE FIRST BOOKE.

110

Vnto the Temples flocke the weake deuout,
Sad wailing women, there to vow and pray
For husbands, brothers, or their sonnes gone out
To bloudshed, whom nor tears, nor loue could stay:
Here graue religious fathers which much doubt
The sad euents these broyles procure them may,
As Prophets warne, exclaime, dissuade these crimes
By the examples fresh of other times.

111

And ô what doe you now prepare said they,
Another conquest by these fatall waies?
What must your own hands make your selues a pray
To desolation, which these tumults raise?
What *Dane*, what *Norman*, shall prepare his way
To triumph on the spoile of your decaies?
That which nor France nor all the world could doe
In vniion, shall your discord, bring you to?

112

Conspire against vs neighbour nations all
That enuy at the height whereto w' are growne;
Coniure the barbarous North, and let them call
Straunge fury from far distant shores vnkowne,
And let them altogether on vs fall;
So to diuert the ruine of our owne,
That we forgetting what doth so incense
May turne the hand of malice to defence.

Calme

113

Calme these tempestuous spirits Omighty Lord,
This threatening storme that ouer hangs the land,
Make them consider ere they vnsheath the sword
How vaine is th' earth, this point wheron they stand,
And with what sad calamities is stoor'd
The best of that, for which th' Ambitious band:
Labor the end of labor, strife of strife,
Terror in death and horrour after life.

114

(good:

Thus they in zeale whose humbled thoughts were
Whil'st in this wide spread volume of the skies,
The booke of prouidence disclosed stood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miseries,
In lines of fire and characters of blood,
There fearefull formes in dreadfull flames arise,
Amazing Comets, threatening Monarchs might
And new-seene starres, vnowne vnto the night.

115

Red fiery dragons in the aire doe flie,
And burning Meteors, poynted-streaming lights,
Bright starres in midst of day appeare in skie,
Prodigious monsters, gastly fearefull fights:
Straunge Ghosts, and apparitions terrific,
The wofull mother her owne birth affrights,
Seeing a wrong deformed infant borne
Grieues in her paines, deceiu'd in shame doth mourn.

The

THE FIRST BOOKE

116

The Earth as if afear'd of bloud and woundes
Trembles in terror of these falling blos :
The hollow concaves giue out groning sounds
And sighing, murmurs to lament our woes :
The Ocean all at discord with his boundes,
Reiterates his strange vntimely floes :
Nature all out of course to checke our course,
Neglects her worke to worke in vs remorse.

117

So great a wracke vnto it selfe doth lo
Disordered mortality prepare :
That this whole frame doth eu'en labour so
Her ruine vnto frailty to declare ;
And trauailes to fore-signifie the wo,
That weake improuidence could not beware :
For heauen and earth, and aire and seas and all
Taught men to see, but not to shun their fall.

118

Is man so deare vnto the heauens that they
Respect the waies of earth, the workes of sin ?
Doth this great all this vniuersall weigh
The vaine designes that weakenes doth begin ?
Or doe our feare father of zeale make way
Vnto this errorr ignorance liues in ?
Making our faults the cause that moue these powres
That haue their cause from other cause then ours ?

Or

119

Or doe the conscience of our wicked deedes
Apply to sinne the terrour of these sightes,
Hapning at the instant when commotion breedes
Amazing only timorous vulgar wights,
Who cuer aggrauating that which feedes
Their feares, still find out matter that affrights,
Whilst th' impious fierce, neglecting feele no touch,
And weigh too light what other feare so much.

120

Ah no th' eternall powre that guides this frame
And serues him with the instruments of heauen
To call the earth and summon vp our shame,
By an edict from euerlasting giuen;
Forbids mortality to search the same,
Where sence is blind, and wit of wit bereauen
Terror must be our knowledge, feare our skill,
T' admire his worke and tremble at his will.

121

And these beginnings had this impious warre,
Th' vngodly bloudshed that did so defile
The beauty of thy fields, and cuen did marre
The flowre of thy chiese pride ô fairest Ile:
These were the causes that incensd so farre
The ciuil wounding hand inragd with spoile,
That now the liuing with afflicted eie
Looke backe with grieve on such calamity.

G

Однако які колгіві відомі відомості
Абсолютичні відомості відомості
Із підніжжя відомості відомості
Анахідні відомості відомості
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THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOKE.

King Richard mones his wrong and wailes his
And here betrayd to London he is led, (raigne:
Basely attyrd attending Herfords traine,
Where th' one is skornd, the other welcomed.
His Wife mistaking him doth much complaine
And both togither greatly sorrowed:
In hope to saue his life and ease his thrall
He yeelds up state, and Rule, and Crowne, and all.

¶ N dearth of faith and scarcify of friends,
¶ The late great mighty monarch on the shore
¶ In th' vtmost corner of his land attends
To call backe false obedience fled before:
Toyles, and in vaine, his toile and labour spends,
More hearts he sought to gaine he lost the more:
All turn'd their faces to the rising sunne
And leaues his setting-fortune night begun.

THE SECOND BOOKE

2

O Percy how by thy example lead

This Percy
was Earle
of Worcester,
and bro-
ther to the
Earle of
Northum-
berland.
The household traine forsooke their wretched Lord,
When with thy staffe of charge dishonoured,
Thou brak'st thy faith, not steward of thy word,
And tookist his part that after tooke thy head: (swords
When thine owne hand had strengthned first his
For such great merits doe obraid, and call
For great reward, or thinke the great too small.

3

And kings loue not to be beholding ought, (worst:
Which makes their chiefest friends oft speed the
For those by whom their fortunes haue bin wrought
Put them in mind of what they were at first:
Whose doubtfull faith if once in question brought
Tis thought they will offend because they durst,
And taken in a fault are neuer spar'd,
Being easier to reuenge, then to reward.

4

And thus these mighty actors sonnes of change,
These partizanes of factions, often tride
That in the smoake of innouations strange
Build huge vncertaine plots of vnsure pride:
And on the hazard of a bad exchange
Haue venterd all the stocke of life beside,
Whilst Princes raisd, disdaine to haue beene raisd
By those whose helpe deserue not to be praisd.

5

O Maiesie left naked all alone,
 But with th' vnarmed title of thy right,
 Those gallant troupes, thy fortune followers gone;
 And all that pompe (the complements of might)
 Th' amazing shadowes that are cast vpon
 The cares of Princes, to beguile the sight,
 Are vanisht cleane, and only frailty left
 Thy selfe of all, besides thy selfe bereft.

6

Like when some great *Colossus*, whose strong base
 Or mighty props are shronke or sunke awaie,
 Fore-thewing ruine, threatening all the place
 That in the danger of his fall doth stay,
 All straight to better safetie flocke apace,
 None rest to helpe the ruine while they maie:
 The perill great and doubtfull the redresse,
 Men are content to leaue right in distresse.

7

As stately *Thames* inricht with many a flood,
 And goodly riuers that haue made their graues
 And buried both their names and all their good
 Within his greatnes to augment his waues;
 Glides on with pompe of waters vnwithstood
 Vnto the *Ocean*, which his tribute craves
 And laies vp all his wealth within that powre,
 Which in it selfe all greatnes doth devoure.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

8

So flocke the mightie with their following traine
Vnto the all-receiuing *Bullingbrooke*,
Who wonders at himselfe how he should gaine
So manie hearts as now his partie tooke,
And with what ease and with how slender paine,
His fortune giues him more then he could looke,
What he imagind neuer could be wrought
Is powrd vpon him, farre beyond his thought.

9

So often things which seeme at first in shew
Without the compasse of accomplishment,
Once ventred on to that successe do grow,
That euen the Authors do admire th' euent:
So manie meanes which they did neuer know
Doe second their designes, and doe present
Straunge vnexpected helpes, and chiefly then
When th' Actors are reputed worthy men.

10

And *Richard* who lookt fortune in the backe,
Sees headlong-lightnes running from the right,
Amazed stands to note how great a wracke
Offaith his riots causd, what mortall spight
The beare him, who did law and iustice lacke:
Sees how concealed hate breakes out in sight,
And feare-depressed enuy pent before
When fit occasion thus vnlockt the dore.

Like

11

Like when some mastiue whelpe dispossed to plaie
A whole confused heard of beastes doth chace,
Which with one vile consent run all awaie,
If any hardier then the rest in place
But turne the head that idle feare to stay,
Backe straight the daunted chaser turnes his face,
And all the rest with bold example led
As fast run on him as before they fled.

12

So with this bold opposer rushes on
This many-headed monster *Multitude* :
And he who late was feard is set vpon,
And by his owne *Attein-like* puruise,
His owne that had all loue and awe forgoone,
Whom breath and shadowes only did delude,
And newer hopes which promises perswade :
Though rare performed promises so made.

13

Which seeing this : thus to himselfe complains :
O why do you fond false deceiued so
Run headlong to that change that nothing gaines
But gaine of sorrow, onlie change of woe ?
Which is all one if he be like that raignes :
Why will you buy with bloud what you forgoe ?
Tis nought but shewes that ignorance esteemes,
The thing posset is not the thing it seemes.

O

And

THE SECOND BOOKE. I

14

And when the sinnes of *Bullingbrooke* shall be
As great as mine, and you vnanswered
In these your hopes; then may you wish for me
Your lawfull Sou'reaigne from whose fafh you fled,
And grieued in your soules the terror see
That thinke promises had shadowed:
As th' humorouſe ſicke removing finde no eafe,
When changed Chambers change not the diſease.

15

Then ſhall you finde this name of liberty
(The watchword of rebellion euer uſed)
The idle echo of vncertainty,
That euermore the ſimple hath abuſed
But new-turnd ſeruitude and miserie,
And euen the ſame and worse before refuſed,
Th' aspirer once attaingd vnto the top
Cuts off those meaneſ by which himſelfe got vp.

16

And with a harder hand and ſtrighter raine
Doth curbe that loſenes he did finde befor,
Doubting th' occation like might ſcruſe againe,
His owne example makes him feare the more,
Then o iniurious land what doſt thou gaine
To aggrauate thine owne afflictions ſore?
Since thou muſt needs obey to gouernement,
And no rule euer yet could all content.

ba

17

O if my youth hath offred vp to lust
 Licitious fruits of indiscreet desires
 When idle heate of vainer yeares did thrust
 That fury on: yet now when it retires
 To calmer state: ô why should you distrust
 To reape that good whereto mine age aspires?
 The youth of Princes haue no bounds for sinne
 Vnlesse themselues do make them bounds within.

18

Who sees not that sees ought (wo worth the while)
 The easie way that greatness hath to fall
 Environd with deceit, hem'd in with guile,
 Sooth'd vp in flattery, fawned on of all:
 Within his owne liuing, as in exile,
 Heares but with others eares or not at all:
 Euen made a pray onely vnto a few,
 Who locke vp grace that would to others shew.

19

And who as let in leafe doe farme the crowne,
 And ioy the vse of *Maiestie* and might,
 Whilst we hold but the shadow of our owne,
 Pleasd but with shewes, and dalied with delight:
 They as huge vnproportion'd mountaines growne
 Betweene our land and vs, shadowing our light,
 Bereauc the rest of ioy and vs of loue,
 And keepe downe all to keepe themselues aboue.

BtA

H

Which

THE SECOND BOOKE.

20

Which wouds with griefe poore vnrespected zeale
When grace holdes no proportion in the partes;
When distribution in the common weale
Of charge and honour due to good desarts
Is stopt, when others greedy hands must deale
The benefit that *Maiestie imparts*:
What good we ment comes gleaned home but light
Whilst we are robd of praise, they of their right.

21

O hence I see, and to my griefe I see,
Th' vnreconcileable disunion
Is growne betweene m' aggraued realme and mee,
And by their fault, whose faith I trusted on:
My easie nature tractable and free,
Soone drawne to what my councel would haue done
Is thus betraied by them and my neglect,
Easiest deceiud where least I did suspect.

22

Thus he complainid, when lo from *Lancaster*
(The new intituled *Duke*) with order sent
Ariu'd *Northumberland*, as to conferre
And make relation of the *Dukes intent*:
And offred there, if that he would referre
The controuersie vnto *Parlament*,
And punish those that had abusid the state
As causers of this vniuersall hate,

And

23

And also see that iustice might be had
 On those the Duke of Glosters death procur'd,
 And such remoud from councell as were bad,
 His cosin *Henrie* would he there assur'd
 On humble knees before his grace be glad
 To aske him pardon to be well i'tcur'd,
 And haue his right and grace restor'd againe,
 The which was all he laboured t' obtaine.

24

And therefore he a Parley doth exhort,
 Perswades him leaue that vnbeseeming place
 And with a Princely hardines resort
 Vnto his people, that attend his grace:
 They ment the publique good and not his hurt,
 And would most ioifull be to see his face:
 He laies his soule to pledge, and takes his oth
 The oſt of Chrift an oſtage for his troth.

25

This profer with ſuch protestations made
 Vnto a king that ſo nere daunger stood,
 Was a ſufficient motiue to perswade
 When no way els could ſhew a face of good:
 Th vnhonourable meanes of ſafety bade
 Danger accept what *Maiestie* withſtood:
 When better choices are not to be had
 We needs muſt take the ſeeming best of bad.

H 2.

Yet

THE SECOND BOOKE.

26

Yet standsh' in doubt a while what way to take,
And doth confer with that small staying troope
That fortune left; which neuer would forsake
Their poore distressed Lord, nor euer stoope
To any hopes the stronger part could make:
The Bishop of Carlile, Ferby and sir Stephen Scroope
With that most worthy *Montague* were al,
That were content with *Maiestie* to fall.

The Bishop of Carlile.
Montague
*Earle of Sa-
lisbury.*

27

O Time, commit not sacrilegious theft
Vpon the holy faith of these good men:
Let not succeeding ages be bereft
Of such examples worthy of our Pen:
Nor thou magnanim'ous *Leigh* shalt not be left
In darkenes for thy constant honour then,
That then to saue thy faith wouldst loose thy head,
That reuerent head that all men pittied.

28

Nor conscience would that I shoulde iniury
O Jenico thy memory so cleere,
For being not ours, though wish that *Gascony*
Claimd not for hers the faith we hold so deere;
So *England* should haue this small companie
Wholy her owne, and shee no partner heere;
But lets deuide this good betwixt vs both,
Take shee thy birth and we will haue thy troth.

*Jenico d'
Artois a
Gascony.*

Graue,

29

Graue Montague, whom long experience taught
 In either fortune; this aduisd his king: *Wcmit pro. I*
Deare Sou'raigne know, the matter that is sought *and*
 Is onely now your Maiesie to bring *tabot 3 a 30. W*
 From out of this poore safety you haue got *tabot 1. T*
 Into their hands, that else hold euery thing: *and 2. T*
 Nothing but onely you they want of all, *W*
 And wanting you, they nothing theirs can call. *W*

30

Here haue you craggy rockes to take your part
 That neuer will betray their faith to you; *1. 1. 1. 1. 1. W*
 These trustie mountaines here will neuer start *1. 1. 1. 1. 1. W*
 But stand t' obraid their shame that are *vntreue*, *1. 1. 1. 1. 1. W*
 Here maie you fence your safetie with *small art* *1. 1. 1. 1. 1. B*
 Against the pride of that *confused Crew*: *2. 1. 1. 1. 1. S*
 If men will not, these very clifffes will fight *1. 1. 1. 1. 1. R*
 And be sufficient to defend your right. *1. 1. 1. 1. 1. A*

31

They keepe you here, and here shall you behold
 Within short space the sliding faith of thos*enai bnA*
 That cannot long their resolution hold, *1. 1. 1. 1. 1. T*
 Repent the course their idle rashnes *ehofet* *2. 1. 1. 1. 1. O*
 For that same mercenarie faith they sold *cinzam 10. I*
 With least occasions discontented growes, *ebloo. 1. I*
 And insolent those voluntarie bands, *ebcol 1. 1. 1. 1. A*
 Presuming how by them he chieflie stands. *1. 1. 1. 1. 1. I*

H 3.

And

THE SECOND BOOKE.

32

And how can he those mighty troupes sustaine
Long time where now he is, or any where? 10 this nL
Besides what discipline can he retaine
Where as he dares not keepe them vnder feare, 100 al
For feare to haue them to revolt againe? 100 much
So that it selfe when greatnes cannot beare 100 jost onL
With her owne waight must needes confusdly fall 100 K
Without the helpe of other force at all. 100 new brA

33

And hither to approach h' will neuer dare 10 H
Where deserts, rockes, and hils no succours giue, 10 T
Where desolation and no comforts are, 100 dillusion
Where few can do no good, manie not liue: 100 J
Besides we haue the *Ocean* to prepare 100 simeon H
Some other place if this should not relieue; 100 A
So shall you tire his force, consume his strength 100 mH
And weary all his followers out at length. 100 bau.

34

Doe but referre to time and to small time, 10 T
And infinite occasions you shall find, 100 hidiW
To quale the reble euen in the prime 100 jamboree
Of all his hopes beyond all thought of mind, 100 R
For manie with the conscience of the crime, 100 J
In colder bloud will curse what they design'd; 100 W
And bad successe obraiding their ill fact 100 old on hA
Drawes them that others draw from such an act. 100 Q

For

35

For if the least imagind ouverture
 But of conceiud reuolt men once espie,
 Straight shrinke the weake, the great wil not indure,
 Th' impatient run, the discontented flie,
 The friend his friends example doth procure,
 And altogether haste them presently
 Some to their home, some hide, others that stay
 To reconcile themselues, the rest betray.

36

What hope haue you that euer *Bullingbrooke*
 Will liue a subiect that hath tride his fate?
 Or what good reconciliation can you looke
 Where he must alwaies feare, and you must hate?
 And never thinke that he this quarrell tooke
 To reobtaine thereby his priuate state;
 Twas greater hopes that hereto did him call
 And he will thrust for all, or else loose all.

37

Nor trust this furtle ~~Agrest~~ nor his oth,
 You know his faith, you tride it before hand,
 His fault is death and now to loose his troth;
 To saue his life he will not greatly stand:
 Nor trust your kinsmans proffer, since you both
 Shew bloud in Princes is no stedfast band:
 What though he hath no title, he hath might
 That makes a title where there is no right.

Thus

*The Bishop
of Carlile.*

Thus he : when that good Bishop thus replies
Out of a mind that quiet did affect,
My Lord, I must confesse as your case lies,
You haue great cause your subiects to suspect
And counterplot against their subtelties,
You all good care and honestie neglect
And feare the worst what insolence maie doe,
Or armed fury maie incense them to.

But yet my Lord, feare maie as well transport
Your care beyond the truth of what is ment,
As otherwise neglect maie fall too short
In not examining of their intent:
But let vs weigh the thing which they exhort,
Tis Peace, submission and a parliament,
Which how expedient tis for either part
T'were good we iudgd with an vnpartiall hart.

And first for you my Lord, in griefe we see
The miserable case wherein you stand
Void here of succour, helpe or maiestic,
On this poore promontory of your land,
And where how long a time your grace may be,
Expecting what may fall into your hand
We know not: since th' euent of things do lie
Clos'd vp in darknes far from mortall eie.

And

41

And how vnfit it were you should protract
Long time in this so dangerous disgrace,
As though that you good spirit and courage lackt
To issue out of this opprobrious place:
When euen the face of kings do oft exact
Feare and remorse in faulty subiects base,
And longer stay a great presumption drawes
That you were guilty or did doubt your cause.

42

What subiects euer so inragd would dare
To violate a Prince, t' offend the bloud
Of that renowned race, by which they are
Exalted to the glorie of this good?
What if some things by chance misguided were,
Which they haue now rebelliously withstood?
They neuer will proceed with that despight
To wracke the state, and to confound the right.

43

Nor doe I thinke that *Bullingbrooke* can bo
So blind ambitious to affect the crowne,
Hauing himselfe no title, and doth see
Others, if you should faile, must keepe him downe:
Besides the Realme, though mad, will neuer gree
To haue a right succession ouerthrowne,
To raise confusion vpon them and theirs
By preiudicing true and lawfull heires.

I

And

THE SECOND BOOKE

44

And now it may be fearing the successe
Of his attempts, or with remorse of mind,
Or else distrusting secret practises,
He would be glad his quarrell were resignd,
So that there were some orderly redresse
In those disorders which the Realme did find:
And this I thinke he now sees were his best
Since farther actions farther but vnrest.

45

And for th' impossibility of peace
And reconcilement which my Lords obiects:
I thinke when doyng iniury shall cease
(The cause pretended) then surcease th' effects:
Time and some other Actions may increase
As may diuert the thought of these respects;
Others law offorgetting iniuries
Maie serue our turne in like calamities.

46

And for his oath my Lord I thinke in conscience;
True honour would not so be found vntrue,
Nor spot his bloud with such a fowle offence
Against his foule, against his God and you:
Our Lord forbid that ever with th' expence
Of heauen and heauenly ioies that shall insue,
Mortality should buy this little breath
T' indure the horror of eternall death.

And

47

And therefore as I thinke you safely maie
 Accept this proffer, that determine shall
 All doubtfull courses by a quiet waie;
 Needfull for you, fit for them, good for all:
 And here my sou'reigne to make longer stay
 T' attend for what you are vnsure will fall.
 May slippe th' occasion and incense their will,
 For feare that's wiser then the truth doth ill.

48

Thus he perswades eu'en of a zealous mind,
 Supposing men had spoken as they ment,
 And vnto this the king likewise inclinde
 As wholy vnto peace and quiet bent,
 And yelds himselfe to th' earle, goes, leaues behinde
 Safety, Scepter, honor, gouernment;
 For gone, all's gone, he is no more his owne;
 And they rid quite offeare, he of the crowne.

49

A place there is where proudly raisd there stands
 A huge aspiring rocke neigbouring the skies
 Whose surly brow imperiously commands
 The sea his bounds that at his proud feet lies:
 And spurnes the waues that in rebellious bands
 Assault his Empire and against him rise:
 Vnder whose craggy gouernment there was
 A niggard narrow way for men to passe.

I 2.

And

50

And here in hidden clifffes concealed lay
 A troope of armed men to intercept
 The vnsuspecting king, that had no way
 To free his foote that into danger stept:
 The dreadfull Ocean on th' one side lay,
 The hard-incroching mountaine th' other kept,
 Before him he beheld his hatefull foes;
 Behind, him traitorous enemies inclose.

51

Enuiron'd thus the Earle begins to cheere
 His all-amased Lord by him betraide:
 Bids him take courage, ther's no cause of feare,
 These troopes but there to guard him safe were laid:
 To whom the king: what needs so many here?
 This is against your oth my Lord he said:
 But now he sees in what distresse hee stood,
 To striue was vaine, t' intreat would do no good.

52

And therefore on with carefull hart he goes
 Complaines (but to himself) sighes, grieues & freats,
 At Rutland dines, though feedes but on his woes,
 The griefe of mind hindred the minde of meats:
 For sorrow, shame and feare, skorne of his foes,
 The thought of what hee was and what now threats,
 Then what he should, and now what he hath done,
 Musters confused passions all in one.

EnA

.2. I

To

53

To Flint from thence vnto a restles bed
 That miserable night he comes conuayd,
 Poorely prouided, poorely followed,
 Vncourted, vnrespected, vnobayd:
 Where if vncertaine sleepe but houered
 Over the drooping cares that heauy weigh'd,
 Millions offigures fantasie presents
 Vnto that sorrow, wakened griefe augmentes.

54

His new misfortune makes deluding sleepe
 Say twas not so, false dreames the truth deny :
 Wherewith he starts : feele's waking cares do creep
 Vpon his soule, and giues his dreame the lie :
 Then sleepes againe, and then againe as deepe
 Deceits of darknes mocke his misery :
 So hard belieu'd was sorrow in her youth (truth)
 That he thinks truth was dreames, & dreames were

55

The morning light presents vnto his view
 Walking vpon a turret of the place,
 The truth of what he sees is prou'd too true ;
 A hundred thousand men before his face
 Came marching on the shore which thither drew
 And more to aggratiate his fowle disgrace,
 Those he had wrongd or done to them dispight
 As if they him obrayd, came first in sight.

I 3.

There

THE SECOND BOOKE.

56

There might he see that false forsworne vile crue,
 Those shameles agents of vnlawfull lust,
 His *Pandars*, *Parasites*, people vntrue
 To God and man, vnworthy any trust :
 Pressing vnto that fortune that was nue
 And with vnblushing faces formost thrust
 As those that liue in sun-shine of delights,
 And flic the winter when affliction lights.

57

There he beheld how humbly diligent
 New adulation was to be at hand,
 How ready *Falshood* stept, how nimblly went
 Base-pickthanke *Flattery* and preuents command :
 He saw the great obay, the graue consent,
 And all with this new-raisd *Aspirer* stand,
 Which when he saw and in his sorrow waid
 Thus out of griefe vnto himselfe he said.

58

O faithlesse *Cosen*, here behold I stand
 Spectator of that act my selfe haue plaid,
 That act of rule which now vpon thy hand
 This wauering mutability hath laid:
 But *Cosen*, know the faith of this false land
 Stands sworne to me, that faith they haue betraid
 Is mine, tis mine the rule, thou dost me wrong
 Tvsurpe the gouernment I held so long.

And

59

And when thou haist but tride what I haue found,
Thou maist repent t' haue bought cōmand so deare,
When thou shalt find on what vnquiet ground
Greatnes doth stand, that stands so high in feare:
Where infinite occasions do confound
The peace of minde, the good thou look'st for here:
O fatall is th' ascent vnto a crowne! (downe.
From whence men come not downe, but must fall

60

O you that cherish fat iniquity,
Inriching sinne, with store, and vice with gaine
By my disgrace, see what you get thereby
To raise the bad, to make the good complaines
These vipers spoile the wombe wherein they lie,
And haue but impudence a grace to gaine,
But bodies and bold browes no mindes within
But minde of ill, that knowes but how to sin.

61

And for the good which now do take thy part
Thou maiste reioyce, for th' others I am glad
To thinke they may in time lkewise subuart
The expectation which of thec men had:
When thou shalt find how difficult an art
It is to rule and please the good and bad:
And feele the gricuance of this fatall fort,
Which still are borne for court are made in court

More

THE SECOND BOOKE.

62

More griefe had said: when lo the Duke he saw
Entering the Castle come to parle there,
Which makes him presently from thence withdraw
Into a fitter place some other where:
His fortune now inforst an yeelding awe
To meete him, who before in humble feare
Would haue beene glad t' haue staid, and to prepare
The grace of audience, with attendant care.

63

The Duke when come in presence of his king,
Whether the sight of maiestie did breed
Remorse of wrong which reuerence did bring
Or whether but to formalize his deed,
He kneeles him downe euен at his entering,
Rose, kneeles againe (for craft will still exceed)
When as the king approcht, put off his hood
And welcomid him, though wishd him little good.

64

To whom the Duke thus said: my Lord I know
That both vnlookt for, and vnsent vnto
I haue presumed to come hither now;
But this your wrong and rigor draue me to,
And being come I purpose now to shew
You better how to rule, and what to doe:
You haue had time too much to worke our ill,
But now redresse is planted in our will.

As

65

As you shall please deare cosin said the king,
 You haue me in your powre, I am content
 And I am pleaseid, if my disgrace may bring
 Good to my countrey which I euer ment:
 But yet God grant your course held in this thing
 Cause nor succeeding ages to repent.
 And so they left: the Duke had hast to go,
 It was no place to end the matter so.

66

Straight towards London in this heate of pride
 The Duke sets forward as they had decreed,
 With whom the *Captive King* constraind must ride,
 Most meanely mounted on a simple steed:
 Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
 Thereby negle~~g~~ of all respect to breed;
 For th' ouer-spreading pompe of prouder might
 Must darken weaknes and debase his sight.

67

Approaching nere the Citty he was met
 With all the sumptuous shewes ioy could deuise,
 Where new-desire to please did not forget
 To passe the vſuall pompe offormer guise;
 Striuing applause as out of prison let,
 Runnes on beyond all boundes to nouelties:
 And voice and hands and knees and all do now
 A straung deformed forme of welcome shew.

K

And

THE SECOND BOOK

68

And manifold confusion running greeces (nere:
Shoothes, cries, clapshands, thrusts, striues and presses
Houses impou'rish were t' inrich the streetes,
And streetes left naked that vnhappy were
Plac'd from the sight where ioy with wonder meets,
Where all of all degrees striue to appeare:
Where diuers-speaking zeale, one murmure findes
In vndistinguisht voice to tell their mindes.

69

He that in glorie of his fortune fate,
Admiring what he thought could neuer be,
Did feele his bloud within salute his state,
And lift vp his rejoicing soule to see
So manie hands and harts congratulate
Th' aduancement of his long-desir'd degree:
When prodigall of thankes in passing by
He resalutes them all with cheerefull cie.

70

Behind him all aloofe came pensiue on
The vnregarded king, that drooping went
Alone, and but for spight scarce lookt vpon,
Iudge if he did more enuy or lament:
O what a wondrous worke this daie is done,
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present,
In th' one to shew the best of glories face,
In th' other worse then worst of all disgrace.

Now

71

Now Isabell the young afflicted Queene,
 Whose yeares had neuer shew'd her but delights,
 Nor louely cies before had euer scene
 Other then smiling ioies and ioyfull sights :
 Bornie great, matcht great, liu'd great and euer beene
 Partaker of the worlds best benefits,
 Had plac'd her selfe, hearing her Lord should passe
 That way where shce vnsene in secret was.

72

Sickē of delay and longing to behold
 Her long mist loue in fearefull ieoperdies,
 To whom although it had in sort beene told
 Of their proceeding, and of his surprize,
 Yet thinking they would neuer be so bold
 To lead their Lord in any shamefull wise,
 But rather would conduct him as their king,
 As seeking but the states reordering.

73

And forth shce looks: and notes the formost traïne
 And grieues to view some there shce wisht not there,
 Seeing the chiefe not come, staies, lookes againe,
 And yet shce sees not him that should appeare :
 Then backe shce stands, and then desires was faine
 Againe to looke to see if he were nere,
 At length a glittering troupe farre off shce spies,
 Perceiues the thronge and heares the shoots & cries.

K. 2.

Lo.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

74

Lo yonder now at length he comes (saith shee)
Looke my good women where he is in sight :
Do you not see him ? yonder that is hee
Mounted on that white courser all in white,
There where the thronging troupes of people bee,
I know him by his seate, he sits s' vpright :
Lo now he bows: deare Lord with what sweet grace :
How long haue I longd to behold that face ?

75

O what delight my hart takes by mine eie ?
I doubt me when he comes but something neare
I shall set wide the window : what care I
Who doth see me, so him I may see cleare ?
Thus doth false ioy delude her wrongfully
Sweet lady in the thing she held so deare ;
For nearer come, shee findes shee had mistooke,
And him shee markt was *Henrie Bullingbrooke*.

76

Then *Ennie* takes the place in her sweet eies
Where sorrow had prepard her selfe a seat, (rise,
And words of wrath from whēce complaints should
Proceed from egar lookes, and browes that threat :
Traytor saith shee: i'st thou that in this wise
To braue thy Lord and king art made so great ?
And haue mine eies done vnto me this wrong
To look on thee ? for this staid I so long ?

o.1

o

77 o8

O haue they grae'd a perjur'd rebell so? W
 Well for their error I will weepe them out, Rides
 And hate the tongue defilde that praisde my so, son
 And loath the minde that gaue me not to doubt: HA
 O haue I added shame vnto my woe? Red soem
 Ile looke no more; *Ladies* looke you about, Lyne in V
 And tell me if my Lord bee in this traime, Red soem
 Leaft my betraying eies should erre againe. Lyng f M

78

And in this passion turnes her selfe away: blu
 The rest looke all, and carefull note each wight; blu al
 Whilst she impatient of the least delay blu ofly givov
 Demaunds againe, and what not yet in sight? vba
 Where is my Lord? what gone some other way? O
 I muse at this, O God graunt all go right. vno n ied O
 Then to the window goes againe at last vno n ied
 And sees the chieffest traime of all was past. vno n ied

79

And sees not him her soule desir'd to see, vnu n ied
 And yet hope spent makes her not leue to looke, vnu n ied
 At last her loue-quicke eies which ready be, vnu n ied
 Fastens on one whom though shee neuer tooke
 Could be her Lord: yet that sad cheere which he O
 Then shew'd, his habit and his wofull looke, vnu n ied
 The grace he doth in base attire retaine, vnu n ied
 Causd her she could not from his sight refraine. vnu n ied

and T

K 3.

What

THE SECOND BOOKE.

80

What might he be she said that thus alone
Rides pensiuue in this vniuersall joy?
Some I perceiue as well as we doe mone,
All are not pleaseid with euery thing this day,
It maie be he laments the wronge is done
Vnto my Lord, and grieues as well he may,
Then he is some of ours, and we of right
Must pitty him, that pitties our sad plight.

81

But stay, ist not my Lord himselfe I see?
In truth if twere not for his base ariake,
I verily should thinke that it were he;
And yet his basenes doth a grace bewray:
Yet God forbid, let me deceiued be;
O be it not my Lord although it may:
And let desire make vowes against desire,
And let my sight approue my sight a liar.

82

Let me not see him, but himselfe, a king;
For so he left me, so he did remoue:
This is not he, this feeleſſe ſome other thing,
A paſſion of diſlike or elſe of loue:
O yes tis he, that princely face doth bring
The euidence of maiestie to proue:
That face I haue conferr'd which now I ſee
With that within my hart, and they agree.

Thus

83

Thus as shee stode assur'd and yet in dōubt,
 Wishing to see, what scene shee grieud to see,
 Hauing belief, yet faine would be without;
 Knowing, yet striuing not to know twas he:
 Her hart relenting, yet her hart so stout
 As would not yeeld to thinke what was, could be:
 Till quite condemnd by open ptoofe of sight
 Shee must confesse or else denie the light.

84

For whether loue in him did sympathize
 Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt,
 Euen iust before, where shee thus secret prize,
 He staies and with cleare face lookes all about:
 When shee tis ô too true, I know his cies
 Alas it is my owne deare Lord, cries out:
 And with that crie sinkes downe vpon the flore,
 Abundant griefe lackt words to vtter more.

85

Sorrow keepes full possession in her soule,
 Lockeshim within, laies vp the key of breath,
 Raignes all alone a Lord without controule
 So long till greater horror threatneth:
 And cuen in daunger brought, to loose the whole
 H'is forst come forth or else to stay with death,
 Opens a sigh and lets in sence againe,
 And sence at length giues words leaue to complaine.

Then

Then like a torrent had beeene stopt before,
 Teares, sighes, and words, doubled togither flow,
 Confusdly striuing whether should do more
 The true intelligence of griefe to shew:
 Sighes hindred words, words perisht in their store,
 Both intermixt in one together grow:
 One would do all, the other more then's part
 Being both sent equall agents from the hart.

At length when past the first of sorrowes worst,
 When calm'd confusion better forme affords
 Her hart commands her words should past out first,
 And then her sighes should interpoint her words;
 The whiles her eies out into teares should burst,
 This order with her sorrow she accords,
 Which orderles all forme of order brake,
 So then began her words and thus she spake.

O dost thou thus returne againe to mee?
 Are these the triumphs for thy victories?
 Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee
 From that vnhappy Irish enterprise?
 O haue I made so many vowes to see
 Thy safe returne, and see thee in this wise?
 Is this the lookt for comfort thou dost bring,
 To come a captiue that wentst out a king?

And

And yet deare Lord though thy vngratefull land
 Hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy part,
 I do remaine the same vnder thy hand,
 Thou still dost rule the kingdomc of my hart;
 If all be lost, that gouernment doth stand
 And that shall neuer from thy rule depart:
 And so thou be, I care not how thou be,
 Let greatness goe, so it goe without thee.

And welcome come, how so vnfornatue,
 I will applaud what others do dispise,
 I loue thee for thy selfe not for thy state,
 More then thy selfe is what without thee, lies:
 Let that more go, if it be in thy fate,
 And hauing but thy selfe it will suffize:
 I married was not to thy crowne but thee,
 And thou without a crowne all one to mee.

But what doe I heare lurking idlie mone
 And waile a part, and in a single part
 Make seuerall griefe which shoulde both in one,
 The touch being equall of each others hart?
 Ah no sweete Lord thou must not mone alone,
 For without me thou art not all thou art,
 Nor my teares without thine are fullie teares,
 For thus vniwyn'd sorrow but halfe appears.

THE SECOND BOOKE. T

928

Joine then our plaints & make our griefe ful griefe,
Our state being one, ô lets not part our care,
Sorrow hath only this poore bare reliefe,
To be bemon'd of such as wofull are :
O should I rob thy griefe and be the thiefe
To steale a priuate part, and severall share,
Defrauding sorrow of her perfect due
No no my Lord I come to helpe thee rue.

93

Then forth shee goes a close concealed way
As grieuing to be seene not as shee was;
Labors t' attaine his presence all shee maie,
Which with most hard a doe was brought to passe :
For that night vnderstanding where he lay
With earnest treating shee procur'd her passe
To come to him. Rigor could not deny
Those teares, so poore a stite or put her by.

94

Entering the chamber where he was alone
As one whose former fortune was his shame,
Loathing th' obraiding eie of anie one
That knew him once and knowes him not the same :
When having giuen expresse command that none
Should presse to him, yet hearing some that came
Turnes angrily about his grieved eies
When lo his sweet afflicted Queene he spies.

Straight

95

Straight cleeres his brow & with a borrowed smile
 What my dere Queen, o welcom deare he saies?
 And striuing his owne passion to beguile
 And hide the sorrow which his eie betraies, (while,
 Could speake no more but wrings her hands the
 And then (sweet lady) and againe he staies:
 Th' excesse of ioy and sorrow both affords
 Affliction none, or but paore niggard words.

96

Shee that was come with a resolute hart
 And with a mouth full stoor'd, with words wel chose,
 Thinking this comfort will I first impart
 Vnto my Lord, and thus my speech dispose:
 Then thus ile say, thus looke, and with this arte
 Hide mine owne sorrow to relieue his woes,
 When being come all this prou'd nought but winde,
 Teares, lookes, and sighes doe only tell her minde.

97

Thus both stood silent and confused so,
 Their eies relating how their harts did morn
 Both bigge with sorrow, and both great with woe
 In labour with what was not to be borne:
 This mighty burthen wherewithall they goe
 Dies vndelivered, perishes vnborne,
 Sorrow makes silence her best oratore
 Wher words may make it lese not shew it more.

L 2.

But

THE SECOND BOOKE

98

But he whom longer time had learn'd the art
To indure affliction as a vsuall touch:
Straines forth his wordes, and throwes dismay apart
To raise vp her, whose passions now were such
As quite opprest her ouerchardged hart,
Too small a vessell to containe so much, (frame
And cheeres and mones, and fained hopes doth
As if himselfe belieu'd, or hop'd the same.

99

And now the while these Princes sorrowed,
Forward ambition come so nere her ende,
Sleepes not nor slippes th' occasion offered
To accomplish what it did before intende:
A parliament is foorthwith summoned
In Richards name, whereby they might pretend
A forme to grace disorder and a shew
Of holic right, the right to ouerthrow.

100

Ah could not *Majestie* bee ruined
But with the fearefull powre of her owne name?
And must abusd obedience thus be led
With powrefull titles to consent to shame?
Could not confusion be established
But forme and order must confirme the same?
Must they who his authority did hate,
Yet vsc his stile to take away his state?

Bns

T. S.

Or-

101

Order, & how predominant art thou!
That if but only thou pretended art,
How soone deceiu'd mortality doth bow
To follow thine as still the better part?
Tis thought that reverent forme will not allow
Iniquity: or sacred right peruart:
Within our soules since o thou dwel'st so strong
How ill do they that vse thee to do wrong?

102

So ill did they that in this formall course
Sought to establish a deformed right:
Who might as well effected it by force, (might:
But that men hold it wrong what's wrought by
Offences vrg'd in publique are made worse,
The shew of iustice aggrauates despight:
The multitude that looke not to the cause
Reft satisfied, so it be done by lawes.

103

And now doth enuie articles obiect
O frigor, malice, priuate fauourings,
Exaction, riot, falsehood and neglect;
Crimes done, but not to b' answered by kings:
Which subiectes mai complaine but not correct:
And all these faults which Lancaster now brings
Against a king, must be his owne when he
Ey vrging others sinnes a king shall be.

L 3.

For

THE SECOND BOOKE

104

For all that was most odious was devised
 And publisht in these articles abrode,
 All th' errors of his youth were here comprisid
 Calamitie with obloquie to dode: T
 And more to make him publikely dispisid T
 Libels, inuictiues, rayling rimes were sow'd T
 Among the vulgar, to prepare his fall T
 With more applause and good consent of all. H

105

Looke how the day-hater *Minervas* bird
 Whil'st priuiledg'd with darknes and the night,
 Doth liue secure t' himselfe of others feard,
 But if by chance discouered in the light S
 O how each little foule with envy stirr'd S
 Cals him to iustice, vrges him with spight; S
 Summons the feathered flockes of all the wood S
 To come to scorne the tyrant of their blood. S

106

So fares this king layd open to disgrace
 Whilst euery mouth full of reproch inuaies,
 And euery base detractor in this case
 Vpon th' aduantage of misfortune plaies:
 Downe-falling greatnes vrged on a pace
 Was followed hard by all disgracefull waies,
 Now in the point t' accelerate an end
 Whilst misery had no meanes to defend.

Upon

107

Vpon these articles in parliament
So haynous made, inforst, and vrgd so hard,
He was adiugd vnsit for gouernment
And of all regall powre and rule debarr'd:
For who durst contradict the *Dukes* intent,
Or if they durst should patiently be heard?
Desire of change, old wrongs, new hopes, fresh feare
Being far the maior part, the cause must beare.

108

Yet must we thinke that some which saw the course
The better few, whom passion made not blind,
Stood carefull lookers on with sad commorse,
Amazd to see what headlong rage dessign'd:
And in a more considerate discourse
Of tragical euents thereof deuind,
And did or might their grieved harts to easc
Vtter their sorrowes in like termes as these.

109

What dissolute proceedings haue we here?
What strange presumptuous disobedience?
What vnheard fury void of awe or feare,
With monstrous vnexampled insolence?
Durst subiects ever here or any where
Thus impiously presume so fowle offence?
To violate the power commanding all,
And into iudgement maiestic to call.

O

THE SECOND BOOKE, ^T

110

O fame conceale and doe not carry word
To after-comming ages of our shame,
Blot out of bookes and rase out of Record
All monuments memorials of the same:
Forget to tell how we did lift our sword,
And envious idle accusations frame
Against our lawfull sou'raigne, when we ought
His end and our release haue staid not sought.

111

Since better yeares might worke a better care,
And time might well haue cur'd what was amisse;
Since all these faults fatall to greatnes are,
And worse deserte haue not bee[n]e punisht thus,
But ô in this the heauens we feare prepare
Confusion for our sinnes as well as his,
And his calamity beginneth our:
For he his owne, and we abusd his powre.

112

Thus grieved they: when to the king were sent
Certainte that might perswade and vrge him on
To leaue his crowne, and make with free consent
A voluntarie resignation,
Seeing he could no otherway preuent
The daunger of his owne confusion,
For not to yeeld to what feare would constraine,
Would barre the hope of life that did remaine.

And

THE SECOND BOOKE.

42

113

And yet this scarce could worke him to consent
 To yeeld vp that so soone men hold so deare :
 Why let him take (said he) the gouernment,
 And let me yet the name, the title beare :
 Leaue me that shew and I will be content,
 And let them rule and gouerne without feare :
 O can they not my shadowe now indure
 When they of all the rest do stand secure ?

114

Let me hold that, I aske no other good :
 Nay that I will hold, Henrie doe thy worst,
 For ere I yeeld my crowne ile loose my bloud,
 That bloud that shall make thee and thine accurst :
 Thus resolute awhile he firmly stood,
 Till loue of life and feare of being forst
 Vanquisht th' innated valour of his minde ;
 And hope and friends, so wrought that he resignd.

115

Then to the towre (where he remained) went
 The Duke withall the Peeres attended on :
 To take his offer with his free consent,
 And testifie his resignation :
 And thereso to informe the parliament
 That all things might more formally be done :
 And men might rest more satisfide thereby
 As no sorte of constraint but willingly.

et

M

And

THE SECOND BOOKE.

116

And forth h' is brought vnto th' accomplishmēt
Deckt with the crowne in princely robes that day,
Like as the dead in other landes are sent
Vnto their graues in all their best array;
And euen like good did him this ornatment,
For what he brought he must not beare away,
But buries there his glory and his name
Intombd for euermore in others blame.

117

And there vnto th' assembly of these states
His sorrow for their long indured wrong
Through his abusd authority relates,
Excuses with confessions mixt among:
And glad he saies to finish all debates
He was to leaue the rule they sought for long,
Protesting if it might be for their good
He would as gladly sacrifice his bloud.

118

There he his subiects all in generall
Assoyles and quites of oth and fealty,
Renounces interest, title, right and all
That appertaind to kingly dignitie,
Subscribes thereto and doth to witnes call
Both heauen and earth, and God and saints on hie,
And all this did he but t' haue leaue to die
The which was all he crav'd that they would giue.

baA

M

Tis

119

Tis said with his owne hands he gaue the crowne
 To *Lancaster*, and wisht to God he might
 Haue better joy thereof then he had knowne,
 And that his powre might make it his by right:
 And furthermore he craud of all his owne
 But life to liue apart a priuate wight;
 The vanity of greatnes he had tride
 And how ynsurely standes the foote of pride.

120

This brought to passe the lords returne with speed
 T' acquaint the Parliament with what is done,
 Where they at large publisht the kings owne deed
 And manner of his resignation:
 When *Canterbury* vrgd them to proceed
 Forthwith vnto a new election,
 And *Henry* make his claime both by dissent
 And resignation to the gouernement.

Arundell
Bishop of
Canterbury.

12.1

Who there with full and generall applause
 Is straight proclaiimd as king and after crownd,
 The other cleane reiected by the lawes,
 As one the Realme had most vnworthy found.
 And yet o *Lancaster* I would thy cause
 Had had as lawfull and as sure a ground
 As had thy vertues, and thy glorious worth
 For Empire borne, for Gouernment brought forth.

M 2.

Then

THE SECOND BOOKE.

122

Then had not ô that sad succeeding age
Her fieldes engrain'd with bloud, her riuers dide
With purple streaming wounds of her owne rage,
Nor seene her Princes slaine, her Peeres distroide?
Then hadst not thou deare country come to wage
Warre with thy selfe, nor those afflictions tride
Of all-consuming discord here so long,
Too mighty now against thy selfe too strong.

123

So had the bloud of thirteene battels fought
About this quarrell, fatall to our land,
Haue beene reseru'd with glory to haue brought
Nations and kingdomes vnder our commaund:
So should all that thy sonne and thou had got,
With glorious praise haue still beene in our hand,
And that great worthy last of all thy name
Had ioind the westerne Empire to the same.

124

So should his great imperiall daughter now
Th' admired glory of the earth, hereby
Haue had all this nere bordring world to bow
To her immortalized maiestie:
Then proud Iberas Lot did not seeking how
To attaine a false-conceiued Monarchie,
Had kept his barraine boundes and not haue stood
Invaine attemptst' inrich the seas with bloud.

Nor

125

Nor interposd his greedy medling hands
 In other mens affaires t' aduance his owne,
 Nor tyrannisd ouer so manie landes
 From late obscurity so mighty growne:
 But we with our vndaunted conquering bandes
 Had lent our Ensignes vnto landes vnkowne,
 And now with more audacious force began
 To march against th' earths-terror *Ottoman*.

126

Where thou (*O worthy Essex*) whose deare blood
 Reseru'd from these sad times to honour ours,
 Shouldst haue conducted Armies and now stood
 Against the strength of all the *Easterne Powres*:
 There shold thy valiant hand perform'd that good
 Against the barbarisme that all deuoures,
 That all the states of the redeemed *Earth*
 Might thee admire, and gloriſe thy birth.

127

Thence inight thy valor haue brought in despight
 Eternall *Tropheis* to *Elizas* name,
 And laid downe ather sacred feete the right
 Of all thy deedes and glory of the same.
 All that which by her powre, and by thy might
 Thou hadſt attaingd to her immortall fame
 Had made thee wondred here, admir'd a farre
 The *Mercury* of peace, the *Mars* of warre.

M 3.

And

THE SECOND BOOKE.

128. 1

And thour my llyord the glorie of my muse
 Pure-spirited Mountayn, th' ornament of men,
 Hadst had a large and mighty field to vse
 Thy holie gifte and learned counsels then: almoⁿ
 Whole landes and Prouinces should not excuse
 Thy trusty faith, nor yet sufficient beeⁿe^u molba^h
 For those great vertues to haue ordered^w w^o n^u b^u A
 And in a calme obediencie gouerned.ⁱ g^a d^u m^o T

129

Nor had I then at solitary brooke^W
 Sate framing bloody accents of these times,^W
 Nor told of woundes that grieued eies might looke
 Vpon the horror of their fathers crimes,^W
 But rather a more glorious subiect tooke^W
 To register in everlasting rimes^W
 The sacred glories of ELIZABETH,^W
 Thau^t haue kept the wonder of her worth from death.^W

130

And likewise builded for your great designes^W
 O you two worthies bewties of our state,^W
 Immortall tombes of vnconsuming lines^W
 To keepe your holie deedes inuolate:^W
 You in whose actions yet the image shines^W
 Of ancient honor neere worne out of date,^W
 You that haue vertue into fashion brought^W
 In these neglected times respected nought.^W

LNA

. & M

But

But whither am I carried with the thought
Of what might haue beeene, had not this beeene so?
O sacred *Fury* how was I thus brought
To speake of glory that must tell of wo?
These acted mischieves cannot be vnwrought
Though men be pleaseid to wish it were not so.
And therefore leaue sad *Muse* th' imagin'd good,
For we must now returne againe to bloud.



But whisper still I carry with the sponge
Of water which is peace, for this peace
Of silence now we have I the sponge
To speak of glory triumphant to us
The age of miracles comes to man
Through men's belief of what we call
A spiritual lesson of Mary, a good
For we may now learn of Jesus a good





THE ARGYMENT OF THE THIRD BOOKE.

Henry the fourth the Crowne established,
The Lords that did to Glosters death consent,
Degraded doe rebell, are vanquished:
King Richard vnto Pomfret Castle sent
Is murthered ther. The Percies making head
Against the king, receiue the punishment:
And in the end a sedious troublous raigne
A grieuous death concludes with care, and paine.

Now risen is that head, by which did spring (rights;
The birth of two strong heads, two crownes, two
That monstrous shape that afterward did bring
Deform'd confusion to distracted wights:
Now is attain'd that dearely purchas'd thing
That fill'd the world with lamentable sights:
And now attain'd, all care is how to frame
Meanes to establish, and to hold the same.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

2

Striuing at first to build a strong conceit
Of his weake cause, in apt-abused mindes,
He deckes his deed with colours of deceit
And ornaments of right, which now he findes:
Succession, conquest, and election straight
Suggested are, and prou'd in all three kindes:
More then inough he findes, that findes his might
Hath force to make all that he will haue, right.

3

All these he hath when one good would suffice.
The worlds applause, and liking to procure,
But who his owne cause makes doth still devise
To make too much to haue it more then sure:
Feare castes too deepe, and euer is too wise,
The doubtfull can no vsuall plots indure:
These selfe-accusing titles all he had
Seeking to make one good of manie bad.

4

Like foolish he that feares, and faine would stop
An inundation working on apace,
Runs to the breach, heapes mighty matter vp,
Throwes indigested burthens on the place,
Loades with huge waights, the outside and the top,
But leaues the inner parts infeeble case:
Thinking for that the outward forme seemes strong
Tis sure inough, and may continue long.

But

gaining
S

N

5
But when the vnderworking waues come on
Searching the secrets of vnfenced waies,
The full maine *Ocean* following hard vpon
Bears downe that idle frame, skorning such staies;
Prostrates that frustrate paines as if not done,
And proudly on his silly labors plaies,
Whilst he perceiues his error, and doth finde
His ill proceeding contrary to kind.

6

So fares it with our indirect dissignes
And wrong-contriued labors at the last,
Whilst working time or Justice vndermines
The feeble ground-worke craft thought laid so fast:
Then when out-breaking vengeance vncombines
The ill-joynd plots so fairely ouercast,
Turnes vp those strong pretended heapes of shoues
And all these weake illusions ouerthrowes.

7

But wel he thought his powre made al seem plain,
And now t' his coronation he proceeds,
Which in most sumptuous sort (to intertaine
The gazing vulgar whom this error feedes)
Is furnisht with a stately-glorious traine,
Wherein the former kings he far exceeds:
And all t' amuse the world, and turne the thought
Of what, and how twas done, to what is wrought.

N 2.

And

THE THIRD BOOKE.

8

And that he might on many props repose
He strengthens his owne, and who his part did take:
New officers, new counsellours he chose,
His eldest sonne the Prince of *Wales* doth make,
His second *Lord high Steward*, and to those
Had hazarded their fortunes for his sake
He giues them charge, as merites their desart;
Seeking all meanes t' oppresse the aduerse part.

9

All Counsellors vnto the former king,
All th' officers, and iudges of the state,
He to disgrace, or els to death did bring
Lead by his owne, or by the peoples hate:
Who euermore by nature mallicing
Their might whom not their vertues, but their fate
Exalted hath, who when kings do what's naught
Because tis in their powre, tis thought their fault.

10

And plac'd for these such as were popular
Belou'd of him, and in the peoples grace,
Learned graue *Shirley* he makes *Chauncellor*,
One of great spirit, worthy his worthy race:
And *Clifford* he ordaines *Lord Treasurer*,
A man whose vertues well deseru'd that place:
Others to other roomes (whom people hold
So much more lou'd how much they loathd the old)

Then

17

Then against those he strictly doth proceed
 Who chiefe of *Glosters* death were guilty thought,
 (Not so much for the hatred of that deed)
 But vnder this pretext the meanes he sought,
 To ruine such whose might did much exceed
 His powre to wrong, nor els could wel be wrought;
 Law, Justice, bloud, the zeale vnto the dead
 Were on his side, and his drift shadowed.

12

Here manie of the greatest of the land
 Accusd were of the act, strong proofes brought out
 Which strongly were refell'd, the Lords all stand
 To cleere their cause most resolutely stoute:
 The king perceiuing what he tooke in hand
 Was not with safety to be brought about
 Desistes to vrge their death in anie wise,
 Respecting number, strength, friends, and allies.

13

Nor was it time now in his tender raigne
 And infant-young-beginning gouernment,
 To striue with bloud when lenity must gaine
 The mighty wight, and please the discontent:
 New kings do feare, when old courts farther straine,
 Establisht states to all things will consent:
 He must dispence with his will, and their crime,
 And seekt' oppresse and weare them out with time.

N 3.

Yet

*The Duke of Surrey, Exeſter, & Aumars.
 The Earle of Salisbu-
 ry and Glo-
 ster, the Bis-
 hop of Car-
 lile, Sir Thom-
 as Blun-
 and other
 were the
 parties ad-
 ed.*

THE THIRD BOOKE

14

Yet not to sceme but to haue something done
In what he could not as he would effect,
To satisfie the people that begun
Reuenge of wrong, and iustice to expect:
He causd be put to execution
One that to doe this murther was elect,
A base meane man whom few or none would misse,
Who first did serue their turne, and now serues his.

15

And to abase the too high state of thosē
That were accusd, and lessen their degrees,
Aumarle, Surry, Exeter, must lose
The names of Dukes, their titles, dignities,
And what soever honour with it goes:
The Earles their titles and their Signories,
And all they gote in th' end of Richards raigne
Since *Glosters* death, they must restore againc.

16

By this as if by *Otracismēt* abate
That great presumptiue wealth, wheron they stand;
For first hereby impou'rising their state
He kils the meanes they might haue to withstand:
Then equals them with other whom they hate,
Who (by their spoiles) are raisd to hie command,
That weake, and enuied if they should conspire
They wracke themselues, and he hath his desire.

And

17

And by this grace which yet must be a grace Y
 As both they, and the world, are made belieue, yd vT
 He doth himselfe secure and them deface, boor buA
 Thinking not rigor that which life doth giue: nroW
 But what an error was it in this case, i radiborni B
 To wrong so many, and to let them liue? omon oT
 But errors are no errors but by fate, i bwoor nroW
 For oft th' euent make soule faults fortunate. lg vT

18

The parliament which now is held, decreed c15
 What euer pleasd the king but to propound; owo
 Confirm'd the crowne to him and to his seed, qaid T
 And by their oth their due obediencie bounde dho I
 And ob' it sinne t' examine how this deed lom 151 O
 How iust tis done and on how fure a ground? fso I
 Whether that Court maie change due course or no
 Or ought the realme against the realme can do? ob I

19

Here was agreed to make all more secure uoN
 That Richard should remaine for euermore od vT
 Close-prisoner, least the realme might chace indure
 Some new revolt, or any fresh vpror: dho bluor S
 And that if any should such broile procure Boiduyd
 By him or for him, he shoulde die therfore: egbis oT
 So that a talke of tumult and a breath uor by buA
 Would serue him as his passing-bell to death, gribis d
 bwsH

Yet

20

Yet reverent *Carlike* thou didst there oppose
 Thy holy voice to saue thy Princes bloud,
 And freely check'st this iudgement and his foes,
 When all were bad, yet thou darst to be good:
 Be it inrold that time may neuer lose
 The memory how firme thy vertues stood,
 When powre, disgrace, nor death could ought diuert
 Thy glorious tongue, thus to reueale thy hart.

21

Graue, reverent Lords, since that this sacred place
 Our *Auentine*, Retire, our holy hill; *old house and*
 This place, soule of our state, the Realmes best grace
 Doth priuiledge me speake what reason will:
 O let me speake my conscience in this case
 Least sin of silence shew my hart was ill,
 And let these walles witnes if you will not,
 I do discharge my soule of this foule blot.

22

Neuer shall this poore breath of mine consent
 That he that two and twenty yeres hath raignd
 As lawfull Lord, and king by iust dissent,
 Should here be iudgd vnheard, and vnraignd
 By subiects two: Judges incompetent
 To iudge their king vnlawfully detainid,
 And vn-brought forth to plead his guiltles cause,
 Barring th' annoihted libertie of lawes.

Haue

23

Haue you not done irough?blush,blush to think,
 Lay on your harts those hands; those hands too rash,
 Know that this staine that's made doth farther sinke
 Into your soules then all your blouds can wash,
 Leaue with the mischiefe done and doe not linke
 Sin vnto sin, for heauen, and earth will dash
 This ill accomplisht worke ere it be long,
 For weakhe builds that fences wrong with wrong.

24

Stopt there was his too vehemēt speech with speed,
 And he sent close to warde from where he stood:
 His zeale vntimely deem'd too much t' exceed
 The measure of his wit and did no good:
 They resolute for all this doe proceed
 Vnto that iudgement could not be withstood:
 The king had all he craud or could compell,
 And all was done we will not say how well.

25

Now *Muse* relate a wofull accident
 And tell the bloudshed of these mighty Peeres
 Who lately reconcild, rest discontent,
 Grieu'd with disgrace, remaining in their feares
 How euer seeming outwardly content,
 Yet th' inward touch that wounded honor beares
 Rests closely rankling and can find no ease
 Till death of oncside cure this great disease.

BEMI3A

Q

Meanes

THE THIRD BOKE

26

Meanes how to feele, and learnē each others hart
By th' Abbot now of Westminster is found,
Who secretly disliking Henries part
Inuites these Lords, and those he ment to sound,
Feasts them with cost, and drawes them on with art,
And darke, and doubtful questions doth propound:
Then plainer speakes, and yet vncertaine speakes,
Then wishcs wel, then off abruptly breakes.

27

My Lords saith he, I feare we shall not finde
This long-desired king such as was thought:
But yet he may doe well: God turne his minde:
Tis yet new daies: but ill bodes new and nought:
Some yet speed well: though all men of my kind
Haue cause to doubt; his speech is not forgot,
That Princes had too little, we too much;
God giue him grace, but tis ill trusting such.

28

This open-close, apparent-darkē discourse
Drew on much speech, and every man replies,
And every man ads heat, and wordes inforce
And vrge out words, for when one man espies
Anothers minde like his, then ill breedes worse,
And out breakes all in th' end what closest lies,
For when men well haue fed th' bloud being warne
Then are they most imprudent of harme.

Bewray

THE THIRD BOOKE.

29

Bewray they did their inward boyling spight
Each stirring other to reuenge their cause,
One saies he neuer should indure the sight
Of that forsworne, that wrongs both land and lawes:
Another vowes the same of his minde right:
A third t' a point more nere the matter drawes,
Sweares if they would, he would attempt the thing
To chaste th' vsurper, and replace their king.

30

Thus one by one kindling each others fire
Till all inflam'd they all in one agree,
All resolute to prosecute their ire,
Seeking their owne, and Countries cause to free:
And haue his first that their bloud did conspire,
For no way else they said but this could be
Their wrong-detained honor to redeeme, (reeme.
Which true-bred bloud shoulde more then life es-

31

And let not this our new-made faithles Lord
Saith *Surry* thinke, that we are left so bare
Though bare inough: but we will find a sword
To kill him with, when hee shall not beware:
For he that is with life and will but stoor'd,
Hath for reuenge inough, and needs not care,
For time will fit and furnish all the rest,
Let him but cuen attend, and doe his best.

O 2.

Then

THE THIRD BOOKE.

32

Then of the manner how t' effect the thing
Consulted was, and in the end agreed
That at a maske and common reuelling (deed;
Which should b' ordaind, they should performe the
For that would be least doubted of the king is b. 1. A.
And fittest for their safety to proceed,
The night, their number, and the suddaine act
Would dash all order, and protect their fact. is b. 1. T.

33

Besides they might vnder the faire pretence
Of Tilts and Turnements which they intend,
Prouide them horse, and armour for defence,
And all things else conuenient for their end;
Besides they might hold sure intelligence is b. 1. A.
Among themselves without suspect offend:
The king would think they sought but grace in court
Withall their great preparing in this sort. is b. 1. T.

34

A solemn oth religioustly they make is b. 1. A.
By intermutuall vowes protesting there is b. 2. d. 2.
This neuert to reueale; nor to forsake is b. 2. d. 2.
So good a cause, for daunger hope, or feare: is b. 1. T.
The Sacrement the pledge of faith they take, is b. 1. T.
And euery man vpon his sword doth sweere is b. 1. H.
By knighthood, honor, or what els should binde, is b. 1. H.
To asseure the more each others minde. is b. 1. H.

And

855

And when all this was done, and thought well done
 And every one assures him good successe,
 And easie seemes the thing to every one
 That nought could cross their plot or the suppressse:
 Yet one among the rest, whose mind not wonne
 With th' ouerweening thought of hot excesse,
 Nor headlong carried with the stremme of will,
 Nor by his owne election lead to ill:

360

Sober, milde Blunt, whose learning, valor, wit
 Had taught true judgement in the course of things,
 Knew daungers as they were, and th' humerous fit
 Of ware-lesse discontent, what end it brings:
 Counsels their heat with calme graue words, & fit
 Words wel forethought that from experiece springs,
 And warnes a warier carriage in the thing
 Least blind presumption workes their ruining.

Sir Thomas
Blunt.

37

My Lords (saith he) I know your wisedomes such
 As that of my advise you haue no need,
 I know you know how much the thing doth touch
 The maine of all your states, your bloud, your seed:
 Yet since the same concernes my life as much
 As his whose hand is chieffest in this deed,
 And that my ffoote must go as farre as his,
 I thinke my tongue may speake what needfull is.

O 3.

The

10. THE THIRD BOKE.

38

The thing we enterprize I know doth bear
Great possibility of good effect,
For that so many men of might there are
That venter here this action to direct :
Which meaner wights of trust, and credit bare
Not so respected could not looke effect ;
For none without great hopes will follow such
Whose powre, and honor doth not promise much.

39

Besides this new, and doubtfull gouernment,
The wauering faith of people vaine, and light,
The secret hopes of many discontent,
The naturall affection to the right,
Our lawfull sou'raignes life, in prison pent,
Whom men begin to pitty now, not spight,
Our wel-laid plot, and all I must confess
With our iust cause doth promise good successe.

40

But this is yet the outward fairest side
Of our disigne : within rests more of feare,
More dread of sad euent yet vndiscride
Then o most worthy Lords I would there were :
But yet I speake not this as to deuide
Your thoughts from th'act, or to dismay your cheere,
Onely to adde vnto your forward will
A moderate feare to cast the worst of ill.

Dan-

41

Danger before, and in, and after th' act
 You needs must grant, is great, and to be waigh'd
 Before: least while we doe the deed protract
 It be by any of our selues bewraid: But
 For many being priuy to the fact
 How hard it is to keepe it vnbetraid
 When the betrayer shall haue grace and life
 And rid himselfe of danger and of strife.

42

For though some few continue resolute,
 Yet many shrinke, which at the first would dare
 And be the formost men to execute,
 If th' act, and motion at one instant were: But
 But intermission suffers men dispute
 What dangers are, and cast with farther care
 Cold doubt cauils with honor, skorneth fame,
 And in the end feare waighes downe faith with shame.

43

Then in the act, what perils shall we finde
 If either place, or time, or other course
 Cause vs to alter th' order now assign'd?
 Or that, then we expect things happen worse?
 If either error, or a fainting minde,
 An indireet amazement or remorse
 In any at that instant should be found,
 How much it might the act, and all confound?

After

44

After the deed the daungers are no lesse,
 Least that our forwardnes not seconded
 By our owne followers, and accomplices
 Being kept backe or slow or hiddered:
 The hasty multitude rush on t' oppresse
 Confused weaknes there vnsuccored,
 Or raise another head of that same race
 T' auenge his death, and prosecuto the case.

45

All this my Lords must be considered
 The best and worst of that which mai succeed,
 That valour mixt with feare, boldnes with dread,
 May march more circumspect with better heed:
 And to preuent these mischieves mentioned
 Is by our faith, our secerete and speed,
 For euē already is the worke begun
 And we rest all vndone, till all be done.

46

And o I could haue wist another course
 In open field t' haue hazarded my bloud,
 But some are heere whose loue is of that force
 To draw my life, whom zeale hath not withstood:
 But like you not of your disigne the worse
 If the successe be good your course is good:
 And ending well our honor then begins,
 No hand of strife is pure, but that which wins.

This

47

This said, a sad still silence hold their minds,
 Vpon the fearefull project of their woe,
 But that not long ere forward fury finds
 Incouraging persuasions on to go:
 We must said they, we will, our honour bindes,
 Our safety bids, our faith must haue it so,
 We know the worst can come, tis thought vpon,
 We cannot shift, being in, we must goe on.

48

And on indeed they went, but o not farre,
 A fatall stop trauersd their headlong course,
 Their drift comes knowne, and they discouered are,
 For some of many will be false of force:
 Aumarle became the man that all did marre
 Whether through indiscretion, chance or worse,
 He makes his peace with offring others bloud
 And shewes the king how all the matter stood.

49

Then ledismaid confusion all possesse
 Th afflicted troupe hearing their plot discride,
 Then runnes amazd distresse with sad vnrest
 To this, to that, to flie, to stand, to bide:
 Distracted terror knew not what was best
 On what determination to abide,
 At last despaire would yet stand to the sword,
 To trie what friends would doe or fasse affoord.

P

Then

Then this then that mans ayd they craue, implore,
 Post here for helpe, seeke there their followers;
 Coniure the frendes they had, labor for more,
 Sollicite all reputed fauorers,
 Who Richards cause seem'd to affect before,
 And in his name write, pray, send messengers;
 To try what faith was left, if by this art
 Anie would step to take afflictions part:

And some were found, & some againe draw backe
 Vncertaine power could not it selfe retaine,
 Intreat they may, autority they lacke,
 And here, and there they march, but all in vaine:
 With desp'rat course, like those that see their wracke
 Euen on the Rockes of death, and yet they straine
 That death maie not them idly find t'attend
 Their certaine last, but worke to meet their end.

And long they stand not ere the chiefe surprizd
 Conclude with their deare bloud their tragedie:
 And all the rest disperst, run some disguised
 To vnowne costes, some to the shores do flie,
 Some to the woodes, or whether feare aduised,
 But running from all to destruction hye,
 The breach once made vpon a battered state
 Downe goes distresse, no shelter shroudes their fate.

53

Now what horror in their soules doth grow?
 What sorrowes with their frendes, and nere allyes?
 What mourning in their ruin'd houses now?
 How many childrens plaints and mothers cryes?
 How many wofull widowes left to bow
 To sad disgrace? what perisht families? (frame)
 What heires of hie rich hopes their thought smust
 To bace-downe-looking pouerty and shame!

54

This slaughter, and calamitic forgoes:
 Thy eminent destruction wofull king,
 This is the bloudie comet of thy woes
 That doth fortell thy pre sente ruyning:
 Here was thy end decreed when these men rose
 And euen with their, this a^t thy death did bring
 Or hastened, at the least vpon this ground;
 Yet if not this, another had beene found.

55

Kinges (Lordes of times and of occasions)
 May take th' aduaunage, when, and how they list,
 For now the Realme with these rebellions
 Vext, and turmoyl, was thought woulde not resist
 Nor feele the wound, when like confusions
 Should by this meanes be stavyd, as all men wist,
 The cause be'ing once cutoff, that did molest,
 The land shoulde haue her peace, and he his rest.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

56

He knew this time, and yet he would not seeme
Too quicke to wrath, as if affecting bloud;
But yet complaines so far, that men might deeme
He would twere done, and that he thought it good;
And wilth that some would so his life esteemme
As rid him of these feares wherein he stood:
And therewith cies a knight, that then was by,
Who soone could learne his lesson by his cie.

This Knights
was Sir
Purce of
Eaton.

57

The man he knew was one that willingly
For one good looke would hazard soule and all,
An instrument for any villanie,
That needed no commission more at all:
A great ease to the king that should hereby
Not need in this a course of iustice call,
Nor seeme to wil the act, for though what's wrought
Were his own deed, he grieues should so be thought.

58

So soule a thing o' thou iustice art
That tortrest both the doer and distrest,
For when a man hath don a wicked part,
O how he striues t' excuse to make the best,
To shift the fault, t' vnburthen his charg'd hart
And glad to finde the least surmisse of rest:
And if he could make his seeme others sin,
O what repose, what casoltie findes therinc?

59

.. P

This

59

This knight, but o' why should I call him knight?
 To giue impiety this reverent stile,
 Title of honour, worth, and vertues right
 Should not be giuen to a wretch so vile?
 O pardon me if I doe not aright,
 It is because I will not here defile
 My vnstaind verse with his opprobrious name,
 And grace him so to place him in the same.

60

This caitife goes and with him takes eight more
 As desperat as himselfe; impiously bold
 Such villaines as he knew would not abhorre
 To execute what wicked act he would,
 And hastes him downe to *Pomfret* where before
 The restles king conuaid, was laide in hold: (bring
 There would he do the deed he thought should
 To him great grace and fauour with his king.

61

Whether the soule receive intelligence
 By her nere *Genius* of the bodies end,
 And so impartes a sadnessse to the sense
 Forgoing ruine whereto it doth tend:
 Or whether nature else hath conference
 With profound sleepe, and so doth warning send
 By prophetizing dreames what hurt is neere,
 And giues the heauie carefull hart to feare:

P. 3.

How

THE THIRDE BOOKE

62

How euer so it is, the now sad king
Tost here and there his quiet to confound,
Feeles a straunge waight of sortowes gathering
Vpon his trembling hart, and sees no ground:
Feeles sodayne terror bring cold shiuering.
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleepes vnsound,
His sences droope, his steedy eyc vnquicke
And much he ayles, and yet hee is not sick.

63

The morning of that day, which was his last,
After a weary rest rysing to paine
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Vpon those bordering hills, and open plaine,
And viewes the towne, and sees how people past,
Where others libertie makes him complaine
The more his owne, and grieues his soule the more
Conferring captiue-Crownes with freedome pore.

64

O happy man, saith hee, that lo I see
Grazing his cattel in those pleasant fieldes!
O if he knew his good, how blessed hee
That feeles not what affliction greate yeedes,
Other then what he is he would not bee,
Nor chaung his state with him that Scepters weyldees;
O thine is that true life, that is to liue,
To rest secure, and not rise vp to grieue.

woH

39

Thou

THE THIRD BOOKE.

36

65

Thous sit'st at home safe by thy quiet fire
And hear'st of others harmes, but feelest none;
And there thou telst of kinges and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who doe mone;
Perhappes thou talkst of mee, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I liue alone,
O know tis others sin not my desart,
And I could wish I were but as thou art.

66

Thrice-happie you that looke as from the shore
And haue no venter in the wracke you see,
No sorrow, no occasion to deplore
Other mens trauayles while your selues sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make vs the more
To see our misery and what we bee?
O blinded greatness! thou with thy turmoyle
Still seeking happie life, mak'st life a toyle.

67

But looke on mee, and note my troubled raigne,
Examine all the course of my vext life;
Compare my little ioyes with my long paine,
And note my pleasures rare, my sorrowes rife,
My childhood spent in others pride, and gaine,
My youth in daunger, farther yeares in strife,
My courses crost, my deedes wrost to the worst,
My honour spoild, my life in daunger forst.

This

THE THIRD BOOKE.

68

This is my state, and this is all the good
That wretched I haue gotten by a crowne,
This is the life that costes men so much bloud
And more then bloud to make the same their owne,
O had not I then better beene t' haue stood
On lower ground, and safely liu'd vknowne,
And beene a heards man rather then a king,
Which inexperience thinkes so sweet a thing.

69

*Dioclesian
the Empe-
rour.*
O thou great Monarch, and more great therfore
For skorning that whereto vaine pride aspires,
Reckning thy gardens in Illiria more
Then all the Empire; took'st those sweet retires,
Thou welldidst reach, that ô he is not poore
That little hath, but he that much desires:
Finding more true delight in that small ground
Then in possessing all the earth was found.

70

But what do I repeating others good
To vexe mine owne perplexed soule the more?
Alas how should I now free this poore bloud
And care-worne body from this state restore?
How should I looke for life or lively-hood
Kept here distrest to die, condemn'd before,
A sacrifice prepared for his peace
That can but by my death haue his release?

aid T

Arc

71

Are kings that freedom give them selues not free,
 As meane men to take what they maie giue?
 O are they of so fatall a degree
 That they cannot descend from that and liue?
 Vnlesse they still be kings can they not bee,
 Nor maie they their autority surviue?
 Will not my yeelded crowne redeeme my breath?
 Still am I fear'd: is there no way but death?

72

Scarce this word death had sorrow vttered,
 But in rusht one, and tels him how a knight
 Is come from court, his name deliuered,
 What newes with him said he that traitorous wight?
 What more remoues? must we be farther lead?
 Are we not sent inough yet out of sight?
 Or hath this place not strength sufficient
 To guard vs in? or haue they worse intent?

73

By this the bloody troupe were at the dore,
 When as a sodaine and a strange dismay
 Inforst them straine, who should go in before;
 One offers, and in offring makes a stay:
 Another forward sets and doth no more,
 A third the like, and none durst make the way:
 So much the horror of so vyle a deed
 In vilest mindes hinders them to proceed.

Q

At

THE THIRD BOOKE.

74

At length, as to some great assault the knight
Cheeres vp his fainting men all that he can,
And valiantly their courage doth incite
And all against one weake vnaarmed man:
A great exployt worthy a man of might,
Much honour wretch therein thy valor wan:
Ah poore weake prince, yet men that presence feare
Which once they knew autoritic did beare.

75

Then on thrustes one, and he would formost be
To shead anothers bloud, but lost his owne;
For entring in, as soone as he did see
The face of maiestie to him well knowne,
Like *Marius* soldier at *Minternum*, hee
Stood still amazd his courage ouerthowne:
The king seeing this, startes vp from where he sate
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gat.

76

Thus eu'en his foes that came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon that before had none,
That yet he might not idly loose his breath
But die reuengd in action not alone:
And this good chaunce that this much sauoureth
He slackes not, for he presently speedes one,
And Lion-like vpon the rest he flies,
And here falles one, and there another lies.

And

77 80

And vp and downe he trautes his ground,
 Now wardes a felling blow, now strikes againe,
 Then nimblly shifteſ a thrust, then lendes a wound,
 Now backe he giues, then rushes on amaine,
 His quicke and readie hand doth ſo confound
 These shamefull beaſtes that fourre of them lies ſlain,
 And all had periſht happily and well
 But for one aꝝ, that oꝝ I greiu to tell.

78

This coward knight ſeeing with shame and feare
 His men thus ſlaine and doubting his owne end,
 Leapes vp into a chaire that loꝝ was there,
 The whiles the king did all his courage bend
 Againſt thofe fourre that now before him were,
 Doubting not who behind him doth attend,
 And plies his handes vndaunted, vnaſfeard
 And with good hart, and life for life he ſtird.

79

And whiles he this, and that, and each mans blow
 Doth eyc, defend, and ſhift, being laid to ſore
 Backward he beares for more aduaantage now,
 Thinking the wall would ſafegard him the more,
 When loꝝ with impious hand oꝝ wicked thou
 That shamefull durſt not come to ſtrike before,
 Behind him gauſt that wofull deadly wound,
 That laid that moſt ſweet Prince flat on the ground.

Q 2.

Monſter

82 THE THIRD BOOKE.

8

Monster of men, what hast thou here done
Vnto an ouerpessed innocent,
Lab'ring against so many, he but one,
And one poore soule with care, with sorrow spent?
O could thy eies indure to looke vpon
Thy hands disgrace, or didst thou then relent?
But what thou didst I will not here deuine
Nor straine my thoughts to enter into thine.

81

But leaue thee wretch vnto blacke infamie,
To darke eternall horror, and disgrace,
The hatfull skorne to all posterity,
The out-cast of the world, last of thy race,
Of whose curst seed, nature did then deny
To bring forth more her faire workes to deface:
And as ashamed to haue produc'd that past
She staies her hand, and makes this worst her last.

82

There lies that comely body all imbrude
With that pure bloud, mixt with that fowle he shed:
O that those sacred streames with such vyle rude
Vnhallowed matter should be mingled!
O why was grossenes with such grace indude,
To be with that sweet mixture honoured?
Or seru'd it but as some vile graue ordaind,
Where an imbalmed corpes should be containd?
Moufse
Those

83

Those faire distended limmes all trembling lay,
 Whom yet nor life nor death their owne could call,
 For life remou'd had not rid all away,
 And death though entring seas'd not yet on all:
 That short-tim'd motion (that soone finish shall
 The mouer ceasing) yet a while doth stay,
 As th' organ sound a time suruiues the stop
 Before it doth the dying note giue vp:

84

So holdes those organs of that goodly frame
 The weake remaines of life a little space,
 But ah full soone cold death posseth the same,
 Set are those sun-like eies, bloudleffe that face,
 And all that comely whole a lump became,
 All that fair forme which death could scarce disgrace
 Lies perisht thus, and thus vntimely fate
 Hath finisht his most miserable state.

85

And thus one king most aere in bloud allide
 Is made th' oblation for the others peace:
 Now only one, both name and all beside
 Intirely hath, plurality doth cease:
 He that remaines, remaines vnterrifide
 With others right; this day doth all release:
 And henceforth he is absolutely king,
 No crownes but one, this deed confirmes the thing.

Q. 3.

And

THE THIRD BOOKE.

86

And yet new Hydræs lo, new heades appeare,
T'afflict that peace reputed then so sure,
And gaue him much to do, and much to feare,
And long and daungerous tumults did procure,
And those euen of his chiefeſt followers were
Of whom he might presume him most ſecure,
Who whether not ſo grac'd or ſo preferd
As they expec'ted, theſe new factions ſtird.

87

The Percyes were the men, men of great micht,
Strong in alliance, and in courage strong
That thus conſpire, vnder pretence to right
The crooked courses they had ſuffered long:
Whether their conſcience vrgd them or despight,
Or that they ſaw the part they tooke was wrong,
Or that ambition hereto did them call,
Or others enuide grace, or rather all.

88

What cauſe ſoeuer were, ſtrong was their plot,
Their parties great, meaneſ good, th' occaſion fit:
Their practiſe close, their faith ſuſpected not,
Their ſtates far off and they of wary wit:
Who with large promises draw in the Scot
To ayde their cauſe, he likes, and yceldes to it,
Not for the loue of them or for their good,
But glad hereby of meaneſ to ſhed our bloud.

Then

89

Then ioynie they with the *Welsh*, who fitly traind
 And all in armes vnder a mighty head
 Great *Glendowr*, who long warr'd, and much attaind,
 Sharp conflicts made, and many vanquished: *Owen Glendowr.*
 With whom was *Edmond Earle of March* retaind
 Being first his prisoner, now confedered,
 A man the king much fea't'd, and well he might
 Leaſt he ſhould looke whether his Crown ſtood right!

90

For *Richard*, for the quiet of the ſtate,
 Before he tooke those *Irish* warres in hand *Rich. 2.*
 About ſucceſſion doth deliberate,
 And finding how the certaine right did stand,
 With full conſent this man did ordinate
 The heyre apparent to the crowne and land:
 Then iudge if this the king might nerely touch,
 Although his might were ſmal, his right being much.

91

With theſe the *Percyes* them confederate,
 And as thre e heades they league in one intent,
 And instituting a *Triumvirate*
 Do part the land in triple gouernment:
 Deuiding thus among themſelues the ſtate,
 The *Percyes* ſhould rule all the *North* from *Trent*
 And *Glendowr Wales*: the *Earle of March* ſhould bee
 Lord of the ſouth from *Trent*; and thus they gree.

Then

THE THIR D BOOKE.

92

Then those two helpe which still such actors find
Pretence of common good, the kings disgrace
Doth fit their course, and draw the vulgar mind
To further them and aide them in this case:
The king they accusd for cruell, and vnkind
That did the state, and crowne, and all deface;
A periurde man that held all faith in skorne,
Whose trusted othes had others made forsworne.

93

Besides the odious detestable act
Of that late murdered king they agrauate,
Making it his that so had will'd the fact
That he the doers did remunerate:
And then such taxes daily doth exact
That were against the orders of the state,
And with all these or worse they him assaile
Who late of others with the like preuaild.

94

Thus doth contentious proud mortality
Afflict each other and it selfe torment:
And thus o thou mind-tortring misery
Restles ambition, borne in disconteht,
Turn st and retossest with iniquity
The vncertain courses frailty did inuent:
And fowlst faire order and defilst the earth
Fostring vp warre, father of bloud and dearth.

Great

95

Great seemd the cause, and greatly to, did ad
 The peoples loue thereto these crimes reheatst,
 That manie gathered to the troupes they had
 And many more do flocke from coasts dispersd:
 But when the king had heard these newes so bad,
 Th'vnlookt for dangerous toyle more nearly perst;
 For bēt'wards Wales t' appease those tumults there,
 H'is for'st diuert his course, and them forbearc.

96

Not to giue time vnto th'increasing rage
 And gathering fury, forth he hastes with speed,
 Lest more delay or giuing longer age
 To th'euill growne, it might the cure exceed:
 All his best men at armes, and leaders sage
 All he prepar'd he could, and all did need,
 For to a mighty worke thou goest ô king,
 To such a field that power to power shall bring.

97

There shall young *Harespur* with a fury lead
 Meete with thy forward sonne as fierce as he:
 There warlike *Worster* long experienced
 In forraine armes, shall come t'incounter thee:
 There *Douglas* to thy *Stafford* shall make head:
 There *Vernon* for thy valiant *Blunt* shalbe:
 There shalt thou find a doubtfull bloody day,
 Though sicknesse keepe *Northumberland* away.

*The son
 to the
 Earle of
 Northu-
 berland.*

R. I.

Who

THE THIRD BOOKE

98

Who yet reseru'd, though after quit for this,
 Another tempest on thy head to raise,
 As if still wrong reuenging *Nemesis*
 Did meane t'afflict all thy continuall dayes:
 And yet this field he happily might misse
 For thy great good, and therefore well he staies:
 What might his force haue done being ioynd there
 When that already gaue so much to do? (to,

99

The swift approach and vnexpected speed
 The king had made vpon this new-raised force
 In th'vnconfirmed troupes much feare did breed,
 Vntimely hindring their intended course;
 The ioyning with the *Welsh* they had decreed
 Was hereby stopt, which made their part the worse,
Northumberland with forces from the *North*
 Expected to be there, was not set forth.

100

And yet vndauanted *Hotspur* seeing the king
 So neare approch'd, leauing the worke in hand
 With forward speed his forces marshalling,
 Sets forth his farther comming to withstand:
 And with a cheerfull voice incouraging
 By his great spirit his well imboldned band,
 Bringes a strong host offirme resolued might,
 And plac'd his troupes before the king in sight.

This

101

This day (faith he) of faidfull valiaunt frendes,
 What cuer it doth giue, shall glorie giue: R 101
 This day with honor frees our state, or endes b 101
 Our misery with fame, that still shall liue, b 101
 And do but thinke how well this day he spendes d 101
 That spendes his bloud his countrey to belieue: b 101
 Our holie cause, our freedome, and our right, b 101
 Sufficient are to moue good mindes to fight. d 101

102

Besides th'assured hope of victory, Y 102
 That wee may cuen promise on our side, C 102
 Against this weake+constrained companie, b 102
 Whom force & feare, not will, and loue doth guide A 102
 Against a prince whose foule impietym Y 102
 The heauens do hate, the earth cannot abide, b 102
 Our number being no less, our courage more, b 102
 What need we doubt if we but worke therefore. d 102

103

This said, and thus he sol'd euembent to charge
 Vpon the king, who well their order viewed d 103
 And carefull noted all the forme at large b 103
 Of their proceeding, and their multitude b 103
 And deeming better if he could dischargethem oon dA
 The day with safetie, and some pbase conclude, b 103
 Great proffers sendes of pardon, and of grace b 103
 If they would yeeld, and quietnes imbrace. b 103

R 2.

But

104

THE THIRD BOOKE

104

But this refusd, the king with wrath incensid
Rage against fury doth with speede prepare:
And o saith he, though I could haue dispensid
With this daies bloud, which I haue sought to spare,
That greater glory might haue recompenid
The forward worth of these that so much dare,
That we might honor had by th' overthrown (own.)
That th' wounds we make, might not haue bin our

105

Yet since that other mens iniquity
Calles on the sword of wrath against my will,
And that themselues exact this cruelty,
And I constrained am this bloud to spill:
Then on my maisters, on couragiously
True-harted subiects against traitors ill,
And spare not them who seeke to spoile vs all,
Whose fowle confused end soone see you shall.

106

Straight moves with equall motion equall rage
The like incensid armies vnto blood,
One to defend, another side to wage
Foule ciuill war, both vowes their quarrell good:
Ah too much heare to bloud doth now inrage
Both who the deed prouokes and who withstand,
That valor here is vice, here manhood sin,
The forward sthands doth o'lcast honor win.

But

But

107

But now begin these fury-mouing soundes
 The notes of wrath that musicke brought from hell,
 The ratling drums which trumpets voice cōfounds,
 The cryes, th'encouragements, the shouting shrell;
 That all about the beaten ayre reboundes,
 Thundring confused, murmurs horrible,
 To rob all sence except the sence to fight,
 Well handes may worke, the mind hath lost his sight.

108

O war! begot in pride and luxury,
 The child of wrath and of dissention,
 Horrible good; mischiefe necessarie,
 The fowle reformer of confusion,
 Vniust-iust scourge of our iniquitie,
 Cruell recurer of corruption:
 O that these sin-sicke states in need should stand
 To be let bloud with such a boystrous hand!

109

And o how well thou hadst bene spar'd this day
 Had not wrong counsaild *Percy* bene peruers,
 Whose yong vndanger'd hand now rash makes way
 Vpon the sharpest fronts of the most fierce:
 Where now an equall fury thrusts to stay
 And rebeat-backe that force and his disperse,
 Then these assaile, then those chace backe againe,
 Till staid with new-made hils of bodies slaine.

bnA

R 3.

The
Prince
of Wales.

There

110

There lo that new-appearing glorious starre
 Wonder of Armes, the terror of the field
 Young *Henrie*, laboring where the stoutest are,
 And eu'en the stoutest forces backe to yeild,
 There is that hand boldned to bloud and warre,
 That must the sword in woundrous actions weild:
 But better hadst thou learnd with others bloud
 A lesse expence to vs, to thee more good.

111

Hadst thou not there lent present speedy ayd
 To thy indaungerde father nerely tyrde,
 Whom fierce incountring *Douglas* ouerlaid,
 That day had there his troublous life expirde:
Which was Heroycall Couragious *Blunt* araid
sir Walter In habite like as was the king attirde
Blunt And deemd for him, excusd that fate with his,
 For he had what his Lord did hardly misse.

112

For thought a king he would hot now disgrace
 The person then supposd, but prin:celike shewes
 Glorious effects of worth that fit his place,
 And fighting dyes, and dying ouerthrowes:
Another Another of that forward name and race
'Blunt In that hotte worke his valiant life bestowes,
which was Who bare the standard of the king that day,
the kings Whose colours ouerthrowne did much dismaye.
Standard
bearer.

113

And deare it cost, and ô much bloud is shed
 To purchase thee this loosing victory
 O trauayld king: yet hast thou conquered
 A doubtfull day, a mightie enemy:
 But ô what woundes, what famous worth lyes dead!
 That makes the winner looke with sorrowing eye,
 Magnanimous *Stafford* lost that much had wrought,
 And valiant *Shorly* who great glory gote.

114

Such wracke of others bloud thou didst behold
 Of furious *Hotspur*, ere thou lost thine owne!
 Which now once lost that heate in thine waxt cold,
 And soone became thy Arme ouerthowne;
 And ô that this great spirit, this courage bold,
 Had in some good cause bene rightly showne!
 So had not we thus violently then
 Haue term'd that rage, which valor should haue ben.

115

But now the king retires him to his peace,
 A peace much like a feeble sickmans sleepe,
 (Wherein his waking paines do never cease
 Though seeming rest his closed eyes doth keepe)
 For ô no peace could euer so release
 His intricate turmoiles, and sorrowes deepe,
 But that his cares kept waking all his life
 Continue on till death conclude the strife.

Whose

*Sir Hugh
Shorly.*

THE THIRD BOOKE.

116

Whose harald sicknes, being sent before
With full commission to denounce his end,
And paine, and griefe, enforcing more and more,
Besieg'd the hold that could not long defend,
And so consum'd all that imboldning store
Of hote gaine-striuing bloud that did contend,
Wearing the wall so thin that now the mind
Might well looke thorow, and his frailty find.

117

When so, as if the vapours vanisht were,
Which heate of boyling bloud & health did breed,
(To cloude the fense that nothing might appeare
Vnto the thought, that which it was indeed)
The lightned soule began to see more cleere
How much it was abus'd, & notes with heed
The plaine discouered falsehood open laid
Of ill perswading flesh that so betraid.

118

And lying on his last afflicted bed
Wherc death & conscience both before him stand,
Th'one holding out a booke wherein he red
In bloudie lines the deedes of his owne hand;
The other shewes a glasse, which figured
An ougly forme offowle corrupted sand:
Both bringing horror in the hyest degree
With what he was, and what he straight should bee.

Which

119

Which seeing all confusd trembling with feare
 He lay a while, as ouerthrowne in sprite,
 At last commaunds some that attending were
 To fetch the crowne and set it in his sight,
 On which with fixed eye and heauy cheere
 Casting a looke, *O God* (saith he) what right
 I had to thee my soule doth now conceiue;
 Thee, which with bloud I gote, with horror leaue.

120

Wert thou the cause my climing care was such
 To passe those boundes, nature, and law ordaind?
 Is this that good which promised so much,
 And seemd so glorious ere it was attaind?
 Wherein was never ioye but gaue a touch
 To checke my soule to thinke, how thou wert gaind,
 And now how do I leaue thee vnto mine,
 Which it is dread to keepe, death to resigne.

121

With this the soule rapt wholy with the thought
 Of such distresse, did so attentiuē weigh
 Her present horror, whilst as if forgote
 The dull consumed body senceles lay,
 And now as breathles quite, quite dead is thought,
 When lo his sonne comes in, and takes awaie
 The fatall crowne from thence, and outhe goes
 As if vnwilling longer time to lose.

S

And

THE THIRD BOOKE.

122

And whilst that sad confused soule doth cast
Those great accounts of terror and distresse,
Vpon this counsell it doth light at last
How she might make the charge of horror le sse,
And finding no way to acquit that's past
But onely this, to vse some quicke redresse
Of a~~ct~~ed wrong, with giuing vp againe
The crowne to whom it seem'd to appertaine.

123

Which found, lightned with some small ioy shee
Rouses her seruaunts that dead sleeping lay, (hyes,
(The members of hir house,) to exercise
One feeble dutie more, during her stay:
And opening those darke windowes he espies
The crowne for which he lookt was borne awaie,
And all-agrieu'd with the vnkind offence
He causd him bring it backe that tooke it thence.

124

To whom (excusing his presumteous deed
By the supposing him departed quite)
He said: ô Sonnewhat needes thee make such speed
Vnto that care, where feare exceeds thy right,
And where his sinne whom thou shalt now succeed
Shall still vpbraid thy inheritance of might,
And if thou canst liue, and liue great from wo
Without this carefull trauaile; let it go.

Nay

125

Nay father since your fortune did attaine
 So hye a stand: I meane not to descend,
 Replyes the Prince; as if what you did gaine
 I were of spirit vnable to defend:
 Time will appease them well that now complaine,
 And ratifie our interest in the end;
 What wrong hath not continuance quite outworne?
 Yeares makes that right which neuer was so borne.

126

If so, God worke his pleasure (said the king)
 And ô do thou contend with all thy might
 Such euidence of vertuous deeds to bring,
 That well may proue our wrong to be our right:
 And let the goodnes of the managing
 Race out the blot offoule attayning quite:
 That discontent may all aduaantage misse
 To wish it otherwise then now it is.

127

And since my death my purpose doth preuent
 Touching this sacred warre I tooke in hand,
 (An aⁿction wherewithall my soule had ment
 To appease my God, and reconcile my land)
 To thee is left to finish my intent,
 Who to be safe must neuer idly stand;
 But some great actions entertaine thou still
 To hold their mindes who else will practise ill.

S 2.

Thou

THE THIRD BOOKE

128

Thou hast not that aduantage by my raigne
 To riot it (as they whom long descent
 Hath purchasd loue by custome) but with payne
 Thou must contend to buy the worlds content:
 What their birth gaue them, thou hast yet to gaine
 By thine owne vertues, and good gouernment,
 And that vnles thy worth confirme the thing
 Thou canst not be the father to a king.

129

Nor art thou born in those calme daies, where rest
 Hath brought a sleepe sluggish securitie;
 But in tumultuous times, where mindes adrest
 To factions are inurd to mutinie,
 A mischiefe not by force to be supprest
 Where rigor still begets more enmitie,
 Hatred must be beguild with some new course,
 Where states are strong, & princes doubt their force

130

This and much more affliction would haue said.
 Out of th'experience of a troublous raigne,
 For which his high desires had dearly paide
 Th'interest of an euer-toyling paine
 But that this all-subduing powre here staid
 His faultring tongue and paine r'inforc'd againe,
 And cut off all the passages of breath
 To bring him quite vnder the state of death

In

113

In whose possession I must leaue him now,
And now into the *Ocean* of new toyles,
Into the stormie Maine where tempests grow
Of greater ruines, and of greater spoiles
Set forth my course to haften on my vow
O're all the troublous deepe of these turmoiles:
And if I may but liue t'attaine the shore
Of my desired cnd, I wish no more.

132

Help on ô sou'raigne *Muse*, helpe on my course
If these my toyles be gratafull in thy eyes;
Or but looke on, to cheere my feeble force
That I faint not in this'great enterprize:
And you ô worthy you, that take remorse
Of my estate, and helpe my thoughts to rise;
Continue still your grace that I may giue
End to the worke wherein your worth may liue.

It would be difficult to find a man

Who would not be glad to have a place

Where he could be free from the embitterment

Of his master's unmerciful and unkindness

So that he might have a place to call his own

Where he could be free from the master's

Oppression and the master's unkindness

So that he might have a place to call his own

Where he could be free from the master's

Oppression and the master's unkindness

So that he might have a place to call his own

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Oppression and the master's unkindness

So that he might have a place to call his own

Where he could be free from the master's

Oppression and the master's unkindness

He left on a long journey and he went

He left on a long journey and he went

He left on a long journey and he went

He left on a long journey and he went

He left on a long journey and he went

He left on a long journey and he went

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He left on a long journey and he went



THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOVRTH BOOKE.

Henry the fifth cuts off his enemy
The earle of Cambridge that conspir'd his death:
Henry the sixt maryed unluckely
His and his countryes glory ruineth:
Suffolke that made the match preferd too hie
Going to exile a pirat murthereth:
What meanes the Duke of Yorke obserud to gaine
The worlds goodwill, seeking the crowne t' attaine.

I

Close smothered lay the low depressed fire,
Whose after-issuing flames confounded all
Whilst thou victorious Henry didst conspire
The wracke of Fraunce, that at thy feete did fall:
Whilst ioyes of gotten spoiles, and new desire
Of greater gaine to greater deedes did call (taine
Thy conquering troupes, that could no thoughts re-
But thoughts of glorie all that working raigne.

Hen. 5.

What

THE FOVRTH BOOKE.

2

What do I feele ô now in passing by
These blessed times that I am forst to leaue?
What trembling sad remorse doth terrefie
M' amazed thought with what I do conceiue?
What doth my pen commit impictie
To passe those sacred *tropheis* without leaue?
And do I sin, not to salute your ghostes
Great worthies, so renown'd in forraine coasts?

3

Who do I see out of the darke appeare,
Covered almost with clowdes as with the night,
That here presents him with a martiall cheere
Seeming of dreadfull, and yet louely sight?
Whose eye giues courage, & whose brow hath feare
Both representing terror and delight,
And staies my course, and off my purpose breakes,
And in obraiding wordes thus fierfly speakes.

4

Vngratefull times that impiously neglect
That worth that neuer times againe shall shew,
What, merites all our toile no more respect?
Or else standes idlenes ashame'd to know
Those wondrous Actions that do so obiect
Blame to the wanton, sin vnto the slow?
Can *England* see the best that shee can boast
Ly thus vnsgrac'd, vndeckt, and almost lost?

Why

5
 Why do you seeke for fained *Palladins*
 Out of the smoke of idle vanitie,
 That maie giue glorie to the true diffignes
 Of Bourchier, Talbot, Neville, Willoughby?
 Why should not you striue to fill vp your lines
 With wonders of your owne, with veritie?
 To inflame their offspring with the loue of Good
 And glorious true examples of their bloud.

6
 O what eternall matter here is found!
 Whence new immortall *Iliads* might proceed,
 That those whose happy graces do abound
 In blessed accents here maie haue to feed
 Good thoughts, on no imaginary ground
 Of hungry shadowes which no profit breed:
 Whence musicke like, instant delight may grow,
 But when men all do know they nothing know.

7
 And why dost thou in lamentable verse
 Nothing but bloudshed, treasons, sin and shame,
 The worst of times, th' extreme of ils rehearse,
 To raise old staines, and to renew dead blame?
 As if the minds of th' evill, and peruerse
 Were not far sooner trained from the same
 By good example of faire vertuous acts,
 Then by the shew of soule vngodly facts.

THE FOWV R TH BOOKE.

8

O that our times had had some sacred wight,
Whose wordes as happie as our swordes had bin
To haue prepard for vs *Tropheis* a right
Of vndecaying frames t'haue rested in:
Triumphant Arkes of perdurable might
O holy lines: that such aduauntage win
Vpon the Sieth of time in spight of yeares
How blessed they that gaine what neuer weares.

9

What is it ô to do, if what we do
Shall perish nere as soone as it is donne?
What is that glorie we attaine vnto
With all our toile, if lost as soone as wonne?
O small requitall for so great a doo
Is this poore present breath a smoake soone gone;
Or these dombe stoncs created for our sake,
Which formles heapes few stormie chaunges make.

10

Tell great ELIZA since her daies are grac'd
With those bright ornaments to vs denide,
That she repaire what darknes hath defac'd,
And get our ruyn'd deedes reedifie:
Shee in whose all directing eye is plac'd
A powre the highest powers of wit to guide,
She may commaund the worke and ouersee
The holy frame that might eternall bee.

T

O

¶

O would she be content that time should make
 A rauenous pray vpon her glorious raigne; A
 That darknes and the night should ouertake ouer
 So cleere a brightnes, shining without staine? A
 Ah no, she foyers some no doubt that wake Ille
 For her eternite, with pleasing paine: A beggynge
 And if she for her selfe prepare this good, How
 O let her not neglect those of her bloud. H
 H
 H
 H
 H

¶

This that great Monarch Henry seemd to erarie; Hen. 5.
 When weighing what a holy motiue here
 Vertue proposd, and fit for him to haue, W
 Whom all tyme ought of dutie hold most deare) E
 I sighd, and wishd that some would take vngraue T
 With curios hand so proud a worke to reare, S
 To grace the present, and to blesse times past, B
 That might for euer to our glorie last. V
 V
 V
 V

¶

So should our well taught tyme haue learn'd alike
 How faire shind vertue, and how foule vice stood,
 When now my selfe haue druen to mislike
 Those deedes of worth I dare not vow for good: A
 I cannot mone who lose, nor praise who seeke
 By mightie Actions to aduaunce their bloud; N
 I must saie who wrought most, least honor had,
 How euer good the cause, the deedes were bad. li 2 A
 odW

T 2.

And

THE FOUVRTH BOOKE.

14

And onely tell the worst of euery raine
And not the intermedled good report,
I leaue what glorye vertue did attaine
At th'ouermemorable Agincorte:
I leaue to tell what wit, what powre did gaine
Th'assieged Roan, Caen, Dreux, or in what sort:
How maestie with terror did aduaunce
Her conquering foote on all subdued Fraunce.

15

All this I passe, and that magnanimous King
Mirror of vertue, miracle of worth,
Whose myghtie Actions with wise managing
Forst prouder boſting climes to serue the North:
The best of all the best the earth can bring
Scarſe equals him in what his raigne brought forth,
Being of a mind as forward to aspire
As fit to gouerne what he did desire.

16

His comely body was a goodly ſeate
Where vertue dwelt most faire as lodgd most pure,
A bodie ſtrong where vſe of strength did get
A stronger ſtate to do, and to endure:
Making his life th' example to beget
Like ſpirit in thofe he did to good in vre,
Most glorying to aduaunce true vertuous bloud,
As if he greatness ſought but to do good.

Who

17

Who as the chiefe, and all-directing head,
 Did with his subiects as his members liue,
 And them to goodnes forced not, but lead
 Winning not much to haue, but much to giue:
 Deeming the powre of his, his powre did spread
 As borne to blesse the world & not to grieue:
 Adornd with others spoiles not subiects store,
 No king exacting lesse, none winning more.

18

He after that corrupted faith had bred
 An ill iaur'd obedience for commaund,
 And languishing luxuriousnes had spred
 Feeble vnaptnes ouer all the land,
 Yet he those long vnoordred troupes so led
 Vnder such formall discipline to stand,
 That eu'en his soule seeind only to direct
 So great a bodie such exployts t'effect.

19

He brings abrode distracted discontent,
 Disperst ill humors into actions hie,
 And to vnite them all in one consent
 Plac'd the faire marke of glorie in their eye,
 That malice had no leasure to dissent,
 Nor enuie time to practise treachery,
 The present actions do diuert the thought
 Of madnes past, while mindes were so well wrought.

T 3

Here

17 THE FOUVRTH BOOK.

20

Here now were pride, oppression, vsury,
The canker-eating mischeifes of the state,
Cal'd forth to praic vpon the enemy,
Whilst the home-burthned better lightned sate:
Ease was not suffered with a gredie eye
T'examine states or priuate wealthes to rate,
The silent Courtes warr'd not with busie wordes,
Nor wretched law gaue the contentious swordes.

2181

Now nothing entertainesth'attentiuе care
But stratagems, assaults, surprises, fights;
How to giue lawes to them that conquered were,
How to articulate with yeelding wights:
The weake with mercie, and the proud with feare
How to retaine, to giue desarts their right,
Were now the Arts, and nothing else was thought
But how to win and maintaine what was gote.

22

Here o were none that priuately posseſſt
And held alone imprisoned maieſtie,
Proudly debarring entraunce from the rest
As if the praic were theirs by victories:
Here no detractor woundes who merits best,
Nor shameles brow cheeres on impietie,
Vertue who all her toyle with zeale had spent
Nor here all varewarded, sighing went.

But

23

But here the equally respecting eye
 Of powre, looking alike on like desarts,
 Blessing the good made others good thereby,
 More mightie by the multitude of harts:
 The field of glorie vnto all doth lie
 Open alike, honor to all imparts;
 So that the only fashion in request
 Was to bee good or good-like, as the rest.

24

So much ô thou example dost effect
 Being far a better maister then commaund,
 That how to do by doing dost direct
 And teachest others, action by thy hand.
 Who followes not the course that kings elect?
 When Princes worke, who then will idle stand?
 And when that dooing good is onely thought
 Worthy reward; who will be bad for naught?

25

And had not th' earle of Cäbridge with yaine speed
 Vntimely practizd for anothers right,
 With hope t' aduaunce those of his proper seed,
 (On whom yet rule seem'd destined to light)
 The land had scene none of her owne to bleed
 During this raigne, nor no aggrieved sight:
 None the least blacknes interclouded had
 So faire a day, nor any eyc lookt sad.

But

27
THE FOWRTH BOOKE.

26

But now when *Fraunce* perceiving from afar
The gathering tempest growing on from hence
Readie to fall, threatening their state to marre,
They labor all meanes to prouide defence:
And practising how to preuent this warre,
And shut out such calamities from thence,
Do foster here some discord lately growne
To hold Ambition busied with her owne.

27

Finding those humors which they saw were fit
Soone to be wrought and easie to be fed,
Swolne full with enuie that the crowne should sit
There where it did, as if established:
And whom it toucht in bloud to grieue at it
They with such hopes and helps sollicited,
That this great Earle was drawne t'attempt the thing
And practises how to depose the king.

28

For being of mightie meanes to do the deed
And yet of mightier hopes then meanes to do,
And yet of spirit that did his hopes exceed,
And then of bloud as great to ad thereto:
All which, with what the gold of *Fraunce* could breed
Being powers inough a climbing mind to woo,
He so imploid, that many he had wonne
Euen of the chiefe the king relide vpon.

The

29

The wel-known right of the Earle of March alurd
 A leaning loue, whose cause he did pretend; fl bna
 Whereby he knew that so himselfe procurd fls bna
 The Crowne for his owne children in the end: lli 2A
 For the Earle being (as he was assurd) boog ipli 2A
 Vnapt for issue, it must needes descend. lli 2A
 On those of his being next of Clarence race, won bna
 As who by course of right should hold the place. idV

30

It was the time when as the forward Prince N
 Had all prepar'd for his great enterprize, But this is
 And readie stand his troupes to part from hence. N
 And all in stately forme and orderly es: id 2A
 When open fame giues out intelligence. id 2A
 Of these bad complots of his enemies! id 2A
 Or else this time of purpose chosen is id 2A
 Though knowne before, yet let run on till this. id 2A

31

That this might yeeld the more to agrauate Y
 Vpon so soule a deed so viley sought, id 2A
 Now at this time t'attempts to ruinate id 2A
 So glorious great dissignes so forward brought: id 2A
 Whilst carefull vertut seekes t'aduaunce the state. id 2A
 And for her everlasting honor sought id 2A
 That though the cause were right, and title strong id 2A
 The time of doing it, yet makes it wrong. id 2A

At
South-
hampton.

SHE

V

And

THE THIRDE BOOKE

322

And straight an vnlameted deirth he had,
 And straight were ioyfully the Anchors weighd
 And all flocke fast aboord, with visage glad,
 As if the sacrificize had now beene payd
 For their good speed; that made their stay so sad
 Lothing the least occasion that delayd.
 And now new thoughts, great hopes, calme seas, fair
 Whith present action intertaines their mindes.

33

No other crosse ^{Richard} ^{Duke of} ^{Torke.} Henry saw thy daies
 But this that toucht thy now possessed hold;
 Nor after long, till this mans sonne assaies
 To get of thine the right that he controwld:
 For which contending long, his life he paies;
 So that it fatall seemd the father should
 Thy winning seeke to staie, and then his sonne
 Should be the cause to loose, when thou hadst won.

34

Yet now in this so happie a meane while
 And interlightning times thy vertues wrought,
 That discord had no leasure to defil
 So faire attempts with a tumultuous thoughts
 And euen thy selfe, thy selfe didst so beguiles
 With such attention vpon what was sought,
 That time affordes not now with care or hate
 Others to seeke, and to securt thy state.

V

Else

35

Else ô how easie had it beeene for thee
 All the pretendant race t'haue laid full low
 If thou proceeded hadst with crueltie,
 Not suffering anie fatall branch to grow:
 But vsuspicio[n]us magnanimite
 Shames such effects of feare, and force to shew:
 Busied in free, and open Actions still
 Being great, for being good, hates to be ill.

36

Which ô how much it were to be requir'd
 In all of might, if all were like of mind;
 But when that all depraued haue conspird
 To be vniust, what saftie shall they find
 (After the date of vertue is expird)
 That do not practize in the selfe-same kind,
 And countermine against deceite with guiles?
 But ô what mischiefe feeleth the world the while?

37

And yet such wronges are held meete to be don,
 And often for the state thought requisite,
 As when the publicke good depends thereon,
 When most iniustice is esteemd most right:
 But ô what good with doing ill is won?
 Who hath of bloud made such a benefite
 As hath not fear'd more after then before,
 And made his peace the lesse, his plague the more?

V 2.

Far

THE ROVVNTH BOOKE.

38

Far otherwise dealt this vndaunted king
That cheerished the offspring of his foes
And his competitors to grace did bring,
And then his frendes for Armes, and honors, chose:
As if plaine courses were the safest thing
Where vpright goodnes, sure, and stedfast goes
Free from that subtile mask't impietie,
Which this depraved world calles policie.

39

Yet how hath fate dispos'd of all this good?
What haue these vertues after times availd?
In what steed hath hy-raised valor stood,
When this continuing cause of greatnes faild?
Then when proud-growne the irritated bloud
Enduring not it selfe it selfe assaild,
As though that Prowesse had but learnt to spill
Much bloud abrode to cut her throte with skill.

40

O doth th' *Eternall* in the course of things
So mixe the causes both of good and ill,
That thus the one effects of th' other brings,
As what seemes made to blisse, is borne to spill?
What from the best of vertues gloric springes
That which the world with miserie doth fill?
Is th' end of happines but wretchednesse,
Hath sin his plague, and vertue no successe?

261

2 V

Either

41

Either that is not good, the world holds good,
 Or else is so confusd with ill, that we
 Abused with th' appearing likelihod
 Run to offend, whilst we thinke good to be :
 Or else the heauens made man, in fuitious bloud
 To torture man: And that no course is free
 From mischiefe long. And that faire daies do breed
 But storms, to make more soule, times that succeed.

42

Who would haue thought but so great victories,
 Such conquests, riches, land, and kingdome gained,
 Could not but haue establish't in such wise
 This powreful state, in state to haue remaind ?
 Who would haue thought that mischiefe could devise
 A way so soone to loose what was attaingd ?
 As greatnes were but shewd to grieue not grace,
 And to reduce vs into far worse case.

43

With what contagion *France* didst thou infect
 The land by thee made proud, to disagree ?
 To inrage them so their owne swords to dire &
 Vpon them selues that were made sharpe in thee ?
 Why didst thou teach them here at home t'creat
Trophees of their bloud which of thine should be ?
 Or was the date of thy affliction our
 And so was ours by course to come about ?

V 3

But

THE FOWRTH BOOKE.

44

But that vntimely death of this Great King,
Whose nine yeares raign so mighty wōders wrought
To thee thy hopes, to vs despaire did bring
Not long to keepe, and gouerne what was gote:
For those that had th'affaires in managing
Although their countries good they greatly sought,
Yet so ill accidents vnsiftly fell
That their desseignes could hardly prosper well.

45

An infant king doth in the state succeed
Skarsē one yeare old, left vnto others guide,
Whose carefull trust, though such as shewd indeed
They waighid their charge more then the world be-
And did with dutie, zeale and loue proceed: (side;
Yet for all what their trauaile could prouide
Could not woo fortune to remaine with vs
When this her Minion was departed thus.

46

But by degrees first this, then that regaind
The turning tide beares backe with flowing chaunce
Vnto the Dolphin all we had attaind,
And fils the late low-running hopes of Fraunce,
When Bedford who our onely hold maintaing
Death takes from vs their fortune to aduaunce,
And then home strife that on it selfe did fall
Neglecting forraine care, did soone loose all.

Nere.

47

Nere three score years are past since *Bullinbrooke*
 Did first attaine (God knowes how iust) the crowne:
 And now his race for right possessors tooke
 Were held of all, to hold nought but their owne:
 When *Richard Duke of Yorke*, begins to looke
 Into their right, and makes his title knowne:
 Wakening vp sleeping-wrong that lay as dead
 To witnes how his race was iniured.

48

His fathers end in him no feare could moue
 T'attempt the like against the like of might,
 Where long possession now offearc, and loue
 Seem'd to prescribe eu'en an innated right,
 So that to proue his state was to disproue
 Time, law, consent, oth, and allegiance quight:
 And no way but the waie of bloud there was
 Through which with all confusion he must passe.

49

O then yet how much better had it beene
 T'indure a wrong with peace, then with such toyle
 T'obtaine a bloudie right; since Right is sinne
 That is ill sought, and purchased with spoile?
 What madnes vncstraineid to begin
 To right his state, to put the state in broyle?
 Justice her selfe maje eu'en do wrong in this,
 No war be'ing right but that which needfull is.

And

THE FOWRTH BOOKE.

50

And yet that oportunity which led
Him to attempt, seemes likewise him t'excuse:
A feeble spirited king that gouerned
Vnworthy of the Scepter he did vse; ~~is to his~~
His enemies that his worth maliced, ~~is not~~
Who both the land and him did much abuse,
The peoples loue, and his apparent right,
May seeme sufficient motiues to incite.

51

Besides the now ripe wrath (deferd till now,) ~~is~~
Of that sure and vnfailing *Justicer*, ~~is to his~~
That never suffers wrong so long to grow ~~is to his~~
And to incorporate with right so farre; ~~is to his~~
That it might come to seeme the same in shew, ~~is to his~~
T'incourage those that euill minded are ~~is to his~~
By such successe; but that at last he will ~~is to his~~
Confound the branch whose root was planted ill. ~~is to his~~

52

Else might the ympious say with grudging spright,
Doth God permit the great to riotfree,
And blesse the mighty though they doe vairight,
As if he did vnto their wrongs agree?
And only plague the weake and wretched wights
For smallest faults eu'en in the highest degree?
When he but vsing them others to scourge,
Likewise of them at length the world doth purge.

But

53

But could not ô for bloudshed satisfie
 The now well-ruling of th' ill-gotten crowne?
 Must eu'en the good receiue the penaltie
 Of former sinnes that never were their owne?
 And must a iust kings bloud with miserie
 Pay for a bad vnjustly ouerthowne?
 Then ô I see due course must rightly goe
 And th' earth must trace it or else purchasfe woe.

54

And sure this king that now the crowne possest
Henry the sixt was one, whose life was free
 From that commaund of vice, whereto the rest
 Of many mighty soueraignes subiectes be:
 And numbred might haue beene among the best
 Of other men, if not of that degree:
 A right good man, but yet an euill king
 Vnfit for what he had in managing.

55

Mild, meeke of spirit, by nature patient:
 No thought t' increase or scarce to keepe his owne:
 Apter for pardoning then for punishment,
 Seeking his bounty, not his powre t' haue knowne;
 Far from reuenge, soone won, soone made content:
 As fitter for a cloyster then a crowne:
 Whose holy minde so much addicted is
 On th' world to come, that he neglecteth this.

X

With

THE THIRD BOOKE

56

With such a weake,good,feeble,godly king
Hath *Richard Duke of Yorke* his cause to trie:
Who by th'experience of long managing
The warres of *Fraunce* with supreame dignitie;
And by his owne great worth with furthering
The common good against the enemie,
Had wrought that zeale and loue attend his might
And made his spirit equall vnto his right.

57

For now the *Duke of Bedford* beeing dead,
He is ordaind the Regent to succeed
In *Fraunce* for fiue yeares, where he trauailed
Whith ready hand and with as carefull heed
To secke to turne backe fortune that now fled,
And hold vp falling power,in time of need:
And gote, and lost and reattaines againe
That which againe was lost for all his paine.

58

His tiue expird, he shold for fiue yeares more
The Duke of Somers
for a great enemy to the Duke of Yorke & had ever enuied his prefermet.
Haue had his charge prolong'd, but *Somerset*
That still had enuide his commaund before,
That place and honor for himselfe did get:
Which ans that matter to th' alreadie store
Of kindled hate, which such a fire doth set
Vnto the touch of that confounding flame (fame.
As both their blouds could neuer quench the
And

59

And now the weaknes of that feeble head
 That doth neglect all care, but his soules care,
 So easie meanes of practise ministred
 Vnto th'ambitious members to prepare
 Their owne desires, to what their humors lead;
 That all good A&ions coldly followed are,
 And seurall-tending hopes do wholy bend
 To other now then to the publique end.

60

And to draw on more speedy misery,
 The king vnto a fatall match is led
 With *Rayners* daughter king of *Sicilie*,
 Whom with vnlucky starres he married:
 For by the meanes of this affinitie
 Was lost all that his Father conquered,
 Euen as if *Fraunce* had some *Erynnis* sent
 T'auenge their wrongs done by the insolent.

61

This marriage was the *Duke of Suffolks* deed
 With great rewardes won to effect the same:
 Which made him that he tooke so little heed
 Vnto his countries good, or his owne shame:
 Being a match could stand vs in no steed
 For strength, for wealth, for reputation, fame:
 But cunningly contriued for their gaine
 To cost vs more then *Aniou*, *Mauns*, and *Maine*.

This Rai-
 ner was
 Duke of
 Anion &
 only inioide
 the title of
 the K. of
 Sicilia.

which
 were deli-
 vered up to
 her father
 vpon the
 match.

X 2.

And

THE THIRD BOOKE

62

And yet as if he had accomplished
Some mighty benefit vnto the land;
He gote his trauailes to be registred
In Parliament, for euermore to stand
A witness to approue all what he did:
To th' end that if hereafter it were scand,
Autoritie might yet be on his side,
As doing nought but what was ratifie.

63

Imagining th' allowance of that place (naught,
Would make that good the which he knew was.
And so would his negotiation grace
As none would thinke it was his priuat fault:
Wherein though wit dealt wary in this case,
Yet in the end it selfe it ouer raught,
Striuing to hide he opened it the more,
His after care shewd craft had gone before.

64

Deare didst thou buy ô king so faire a wife,
So rare a spirit, so high a minde the while:
Whose portion was destruction, dowry strife,
Whose bed was sorrow, whose imbracing spoile:
Whose maintenance cost thee, and thine their life,
And whose best comfort neuer was but toyle:
What *Paris* brought this booty of desire
To set our mighty *Ilium* here on fire?

I

65

I grieue that I am forst to say thus much,
To blame her, that I yet must wonder at;
Whose so sweet beauty, wit and worth were such,
As euerlasting admiration gat:
Yet doth my countries zeale so nerely touch
That I am drawne to say I know not what,
And yet ô that my pen should euer giue
Staine to that sex by whom her fame doth liue.

66

For sure those vertues well deseru'd a crowne,
And had it not beene ours, no doubt she might
haue matcht the worthiest that the world hath known.
And now fate faire with fame, with glorie bright:
But comming in the way where sin was grown
So foule and thicke, it was her chance to light
Amidst that grosse infection of those times,
And so came stain'd with blacke disgracefull crimes.

67

And somē the world must haue on whom to lay
The heauie burthen of reproach, and blame,
Against whose deedes th' afflicted may inuay
As th' only Authors, whence destruction came:
When yet perhaps twas not in them to stay
The current of that streame, nor helpe the same;
But liuing in the eie of Action so
Not hindring it, are thought to draw on wo.

X 3

80

THE FOWRTH BOOKE.

68

So much vnhappie doth the mightie stand
 That stand on other then their owne defence,
 When as destruction is so neare at hand,
 That if by weakenes, folly, negligence,
 They do not comming miserie withstand
 They shall be thought th'authors of the offence,
 And to call in that which they kept not out, (bout.
 And curst as those, that brought those plagues a-

69

And so remaine for euer registred
 In that eternall booke of infamie:
 When ô how many other causes lead
 As well to that, as their iniquitie:
 The worst complots oftly close smothered,
 And well ment deedes fall out vnluckily:
 Whilst the aggrieved stand not t'waigh th' intent
 But euer iudge according to th'euent.

70

I say not this t'excuse thy Sinne ô *Queene*,
 Nor cleare their faults that mightie Actors are:
 I cannot but affirme thy pride hath beene
 A speciall meanes this commonwealth to marre:
 And that thy wayward will was plainly seene
 In vaine ambition to presume too farre,
 And that by thee the onely way was wrought
Humphrey Duke of Gloster. The *Duke of Gloster* to his death was brought.

A

71

A man though seeming in thy thought to sit
Betweene the light of thy desires and thee,
Yet did his taking thence plainly permit
Others to looke to that they could not see
During his life, nor would aduenture it:
When his remoue quite made that passage free;
So by his fall thinking to stand alone
Hardly could stand at all when he was gone.

72

For this *Duke* as *Protector* many yeares
Had rul'd the land, during the kings young age:
And now the selfe same charge and title beares
As if he still were in his pupillage:
With such disgrace vnto the *Queene* appeares
That all incensd with an ambitious rage
She doth conspire to haue him made awaie,
As who the course of her maine will doth staic.

73

Thrust thereinto not onely with her pride
But by her fathers counsell and consent,
That gricu'd likewise that any else beside
Should haue the honor of the gouerment:
And therfore he such deepe aduise applide
As forraine craft and cunning could inuent,
To circumuent an vnsuspecting wight
Before he should discerne of their despight.

And

THE FOWRTH BOOKE.

74

And manie ready hands shee straight doth find
To aide her deede, of such as could not brooke
The length of one mans office in that kind
That to himselfe th' affaires all wholly tooke :
And ruling all had neuer any minde
T' impart a part with others that would looke
To haue likewise some honor in their hands,
And gricu'd at such ingrossing of commaunds.

75

And had he not had such a greedy loue
Of still continuing of his charge too long,
Enuie had beene vnable to reprove
His acted life without shee did him wrong :
But hauing liu'd so manie yeeres aboue
He grieues now to descend to be lesse strong,
And kils that fame that vertue did beget,
Chose to be held lesse good, then seene lesse great.

76

O could the mighty but giue bounds to pride
And weigh backe fortune ere shee pull them downe,
Contented with inough, with honors satisfide,
Not striuing how to make so much their owne
As to leaue nothing for the rest beside,
Who seeme by their high spreading ouergrowne :
Whilst they themselues remaine in all mens sight
The odious marke of hatred and dispight.

Then

778

Then should not so many tragedies
 Burthen our knowledge with their bloody end,
 Nor their disgrac'd confounded families
 From so hye pride to so low shame descend;
 But planted on that ground where safety lies,
 Their branches should to eternity extend;
 But euer those that ouerlooke so much
 Must ouersee themselues; their state is such.

78

Seuere he was, and strictly did obserue
 Due forme of Iustice towardes eucry wight,
 Vnmoueable, and neuer wont to swerue
 For any cause in what he thought was right:
 Wherein although he did so well deserue,
 In the licentious yet it bread despight;
 So that euen vertue seemes an Actor too
 To ruine those fortune prepares to yndoo.

79

Those, thus prouided whom the *Queene* wel knew
 Hated his might, and glad to inouate
 Vnto so great, and strong a party grew
 As easie t'was to ouerthrow his state:
 And onely hope of alteration drew
 Manie to yeld that had no cause to hate:
 For euen with goodnes men grow discontent
 Where states are ripe to fall, and vertue spent.

Y

And

A

THE FOWRTH BOOKE.

85

And taking all the rule into her hand
(Vnder the shadowe of that feeble king)
The Duke sh' excludes from office and command,
And in the reach of enmyt doth bring
From that respected height where he did stand,
Whilst malice scarce durst mutter any thing:
When straight the worst of him comes all reveald
Which former feare, or rigor kept conceald.

81

Now is he taxed that he rather sought
His priuate profit then the publique good,
And many things presumptuously had wrought
Other then with our lawes, and customes stood:
As one that would into the land haue brought,
The ciuile forme in casestouching bloud, (sound,
And such poore crimes that shewd their spight was
But yet bewraide, their matter wanted ground.

82

Yet seru'd they well the turne, and did effect
That which is easie wrought in such a case,
Where what suborned Justice shall obiect
Is to the purpose, and must passe with grace:
And what the wretched bring of no effect
Whose hainous faults his matter must deface:
For where powre hath decreed to find th' offence
The cause is better still then the defence.

BriA

A

83

A Parliament at Berry summoned
 Dispatcht the deed more speedily then well,
 For thither came the *Duke* without all dread
 Or ought imagining of what befell :
 Where as the matter is so followed
 That he conuented is ere he could tell
 He was in danger or had done offence,
 And presently to prison sent from thence.

84

Which quicke, and sodaine action gaue no time
 For men to weigh the iustice of the deed,
 Whilst looking only on the vrged crime
 Vnto the farther drift they take no heed:
 For these occasions taken in the prime
 Of courses new, that old dislikes succeed,
 Leaue not behind that feeling touch of wrong,
 Sacietie makes passions still lesse strong.

85

And yet they seem'd some mutiny to doubt
 For thus proceeding with a man of might,
 Seeing he was most popular and stout
 And resolute would stand vpon his fight:
 And therefore did they cast this way about
 To haue him closely murdred out of sight,
 That so his trouble, and his death hereby
 Might come togither and togither dye.

THE FOWRTH BOOKE

86

Reckning it better since his end is ment
 And must be wrought, at once to rid it cleere
 And put it to the fortune of th'euent,
 Then by long doing to be long in feare:
 When in such courses of high punishment
 The deed and the attempt like daunger beare;
 And oft things done perhaps doe lesse annoy
 Then may the doing handled with delay.

87

And so they had it straight accomplished,
 For that day after his committing he
 Is dead brought foorth being found so in his bed,
 Which was by sodaine sicknes said to bee
 That had vpon his sorrowes gathered,
 As by apparant tokenes men might see:
 And thus ô *Sicknes* thou art oft belide,
 When death hath many waies to come beside.

88

Are these the deedes hyc forraine wits inuent?
 Is this that wisedome whereof they so boast?
 O then I would it neuer had bcene spent
 Here amongst vs, nor brought from out their coast!
 O let their cunning in their limits pent
 Remaine amongst themselues that like it most!
 And let the *North* they count of colder bloud
 Beheld more grosse, so it remaine more good.

Let

89

Let them haue fairer citties, goodlier soiles,
 And sweeter fields for beautie to the eie,
 So long as they haue these vngodly wiles,
 Such detestable vile impietie:
 And let vs want their vines, their fruites the whiles,
 So that we want not faith and honestie,
 We care not for those pleasures, so we may
 Haue better harts, and stronger hands then they.

90

Neptune keepe out from thy imbraced Ile
 This foule contagion of iniquities,
 Drowne all corruptions comming to defile
 Our faire proceedings ordred formally;
 Keepe vs mere *English*, let not craft beguile
 Honor and Iustice with strang subtiltie:
 Let vs not thinke, that that our good can frame,
 Which ruinde hath the Authors of the same.

91

But by this impious meanes that worthy man
 Is brought vnto this lamentable end,
 And now that current with maine fury ran
 (The stop remou'd that did the course defend)
 Vnto the full of mischiefe that began
 T'a vniuersall ruine to extend,
 That *Isthmus* failing which the land did keepe
 From the intire possession of the deepe.

Y 3

And

3
THE FOUVRTH BOOKE.

92

And now the king alone all open lay,
No vnderprop of bloud to stay him by,
None but himselfe standes weakely in the way
Twixt Yorke and the affected sou'raignty:
Gone is that barre that would haue beene the stay
T' haue kept him backe from mounting vp so hie.
But ô in what a state stand these men in
That cannot liue without, nor with their kin?

93

The Queene hath yet by this her full desire
And now she with her minion Suffolke raignes,
Now shee hath all authority intire,
And all affaires vnto her selfe retaines:
And only Suffolke is aduanced hyre,
He is the man rewarded for his paines:
He that did her instead most chiefly stand,
And more aduanc'd her, then he did the land.

94

Which when they saw who better did expect,
Then they beganne their error to descry,
And well perceiue that only the defect
Was in their iudgements, passion-drawne awry:
Found, formall rigour fitter to direct
Then pride and insolent inconstancie;
Better seuerity that's right and iust
Then impotent affections led with lust.

And

95

And thereupon in sorrow thus complainc:
 O what great inconuenience do they feele,
 Where as such imbecility doth raigne
 As so neglectes the care of common weale?
 Where euer one or other doth obtaine
 So high a grace thus absolute to deale:
 The whilst th' aggrieved subiect suffers still
 The pride of some predominating will.

96

And euer one remou'd, a worse succeeds;
 So that the best that we can hope is warre,
 Tumults and stirres, that this disliking breedes,
 The sword must mend, what insolence doth marre:
 For what rebellions, and what bloody deedes
 Haue euer followed where such courses are?
 What oft remoues, what death of counsailers,
 What murder, what exile of officers?

97

Witness the *Spencers, Gaueston and Vere*
 The mighty minions of our feeblest kings;
 Who euer subiects to their subiects were,
 And only the procurers of these things:
 When worthy *Monarchs* that hold honor deare
 Maister themselues, and theirs; which euer brings
 That vniuersall reuerence, and respect:
 For who waighes him that doth himselfe neglect?

And

THE FOUVRTH BOOKE.

98

And yet our case is like to be farre worse
 Hauing a king though not so bent to ill,
 Yet so neglecting good, that giuing force
 By giuing leaue doth all good order kill:
 Suffring a violent woman take her course
 To manage all according to her will,
 Which how she doth begin, her deeds expresse,
 And what will be the end, our selues may gesse.

99

Thus well they deem'd what after followed
 When now the shamefull losse of *Fraunce* much
 Which vnto *Suffolke* is attributed (grieues,
 As who in all mens sight most hatefull liues:
 He with the enemy confedered
Articles obiecte Betraies the state, and secret knowledge giues
against de la Poole Of all our strength; that all which we did hold
Duke of Suffolke. By his corruption is or lost or sold.

100

And as he deales abroad, so likewise here
 He robs at home, the treasurie no lesse
 Here, where he all authorities doth beare
 And makes a *Monopoly* of offices:
 He is inricht, h' is rais'd, and placed neere
 And only he giues counsaile to oppresse:
 Thus men obiect, whilst many vp in armes
 Offer to be reuenged of these harmes.

The

101

The *Queene* perceiving in what case shee stood,
To loose her minion or ingage her state;
(After with long contention in her bloud
Loue and ambition did the cause debate)
Shee yeeldes to pride, and rather thought it good
To sacrifice her loue vnto their hate,
Then to aduenture else the losse of all
Which by maintaining him was like to fall.

102

Yet seeking at the first to temporize,
She tries if that some short imprisonment
would calme their heat: when that would not suffice,
Then to exile him shee must needes consent:
Hoping that time would salue it in such wise
As yet at length they might become content,
And shee againe might haue him home at last,
When the first fury of this rage was past.

103

But as he to his iudged exile went,
Hard on the shore he comes incountered
By some, that so far off his honor sent,
As put his backe-returne quite out of dread:
For there he had his rightfull punishment
Though wrongly done, and there he lost his head,
Part of his bloud hath *Neptune*, part the sand,
As who had mischiefe wrought by sea and land.

Z

Whose

28. THE FOWRTH BOOKE, T

104

Whose death when swift-wingd fame at full con-
Vnto the trauaile Queen misdoubting nought, (uaid
Despight and sorrow such affliction laid
Vpon her soule as wondrous passions wrought:
O God (saith she) and art thou thus betraide?
And haue my fauours thy destruction brought?
Is this their gaine whom highnes fauoureth,
Who chiefe preferd, stand as preferd to death?

105

O fatall grace without which men complaine
And with it perish, what preuailes that we
Thus beare the title of a soueraigne,
And suffred not to be that which we be?
O must our subiects limit and constraine
Our fauors where as they themselues decree?
Must we our loue at their appointment place?
Do we commaund, and they direct our grace?

106

O will they then our powre, and will deuide?
And haue we might, but must not vse our might?
Poore maestic that other men must guide
Whose discontent can neuer looke aright:
For euermore we see those that abide
Gracious in ours, are odious in their sight,
Who would all-maistring maestly defeat
Of her best grace, that is to make men great.

Deere

107

Deere Suffolke, & I saw thy wofull cheere
 When thou perceiu'dst no helpe but to depart:
 I saw that looke wherein did plaine appeare
 The lamentable message of thy heart:
 That seemd to say: O Queene, and canst thou beare
 My ruine so? the cause whereof thou art:
 Canst thou indure to see them worke their will
 And not defend me from the hand of ill?

108

Haue I for thee aduentured so much,
 Made shipwracke of my honor, faith and fame?
 And doth my seruice giue no deeper touch
 To thy hard heart better to feele the same?
 Or dost thou feare, or is thy weakenes such
 As not offorce to keepe me from this shame?
 Or else now hauing seru'd thy turne of me,
 Art well-content my ouerthow to see?

109

As if my sight did read vnto thy minde
 The lecture of that shame thou wouldest forget,
 And therefore peraduenture glad to finde
 So fit occasion dost it forward set:
 Or else thy selfe from dangerous toile t' vnwinde
 Downe on my necke dost all the burthen let;
 Since kings must haue some hated worse then they,
 On whom they may the waight of enuy lay.

28 THE FOWRTH BOOKE.

114

No Suffolke, none of this, my soule is cleere;
Without the thought of such impiety:
Yet must I needes confesse that too much feare
Made me defend thee lesse couragiouly:
Seeing more Princes euer ruind were
By their immoderate fauoring priuately
Then by feueritie in generall,
For best h' is lik't, that is alike to all.

115

Thus in her passion lo shee vttered,
When as far greater tumults now burst out,
Which close and cunningly were practised
By such as sought great hopes to bring about:
For vp in armes in Kent were gathered
A mighty insolent rebellious rout
Vnder a daungerous head, who to deter
The state the more, himselfe nam'd *Mortimer*.

116

The Duke of Yorke that did not idle stand
But seekes to worke on all aduantages,
Had likewise in this course a secret hand,
And hartned on their chiese accomplices,
To try how that the people of the land
Would (if occasion seru'd) b' in readines
To aide that line if one should come indeed
To moue his right, and in due course proceed.

Know-

113

Knowing himselfe to be the onely one
 That must attempt the thing if any should,
 And therefore lets the Rebel now runne on
 With that false name t' effect the best he could
 To make a way for him to worke vpon,
 That but on certaine ground aduenture would:
 For if the traitor sped, the gaine were his;
 If not, yet he standes safe, and blamcles is.

114

If t' attempt with others dangers, not his owne,
 He countes it wisedome if it could be wrought:
 And t' haue the honor of the people knowne
 Was now that which was chiefly to be sought:
 For with the best he knew himselfe was growne
 In that account, as made him take no thought,
 Hauing obseru'd in those he ment to proue
 Their wit, their wealth, their cariage, and their loue.

115

With whom and with his owne alliances
 He first begins to open in some wise
 The right he had, yet with such doubtfulnes,
 As rather sorrow then his drift descries:
 Complaining of his countries wretchednes
 In what a miserable case it lies,
 And how much it importes them to prouide
 For their defence against this womans pride.

THE THIRD BOOKE

116

Then with the discontented he doth deale
In sounding theirs, not vtering his intent,
As being sure not so much to reueale
Whereby they might be made againe content:
But when they grieued for the common weale
He doth perswade them to be patient,
And to indure there was no other course,
Yet so perswades as makes their malice worse.

117

And then with such as with the time did run
He doth in most vpright opinion stand,
As one that neuer crost what they begun,
But seem'd to like what stil they tooke in hand:
Seeking all causes of offence to shun,
Praises the rule, and blames th' vnrule land:
Workes so with giftes, and kindlie offices
That euен of them he serues his turne no lesse.

118

Then as for those that were his followers
Being all choice men for vertues or desarts,
He so with grace, and benefits prefers,
That he becomes the monarch of their harts:
He drawes the learned for his Counsailers
And cherishes all men of rarest partes,
To whom good done doth an impression strike
Ofioie and loue in all that are alike.

And

119

And now by meanes of th' intermitted warre
Manie most valiant men impou'ished,
Onely by him fed and reliued are,
Onely respected, grac'd and honoured :
Which let him in, vnto their hearts so farre,
As they by him were wholy to be led :
He onely treads the sure and perfect path
To greatnes who loue and opinion hath.

120

And to haue one some certaine prouince his
As the maine body that must worke the seate,
Torkeshire he chose, the place wherein he is
By title, liuings, and possessions great :
No country he preferres so much as this,
Here hath his bountie her abiding seat,
Here is his Iustice and relieuing hand
Ready to all that in destresse do stand.

121

What with his tenants, seruants, followers, friends,
And their alliances, and amities,
All that *Shire* vniuersally attendes
His hand held vp to any enterprize :
And thus farre vertue with her power extendes,
The rest touching th' euent in fortune lies.
With which accomplement so mighty growne
Forward he tendes with hope t' attaine a crowne.

The end of the fourth booke.

111. *Interventio* *pro* *bonis*

Amoris et amicorum
Misericordia et misericordie
Omnipotentia et omnipotentie
Omnis scientia et scientie
Misericordia et misericordie
Aeternitas et aeternitatis
Honos et honoris
Tolerationis et tolerationis

112.

Amoris et amicorum
Aeternitatis et aeternitatis
Tolerationis et tolerationis
Misericordia et misericordie
Honos et honoris
Habitus et habitus
Rerum et rerum

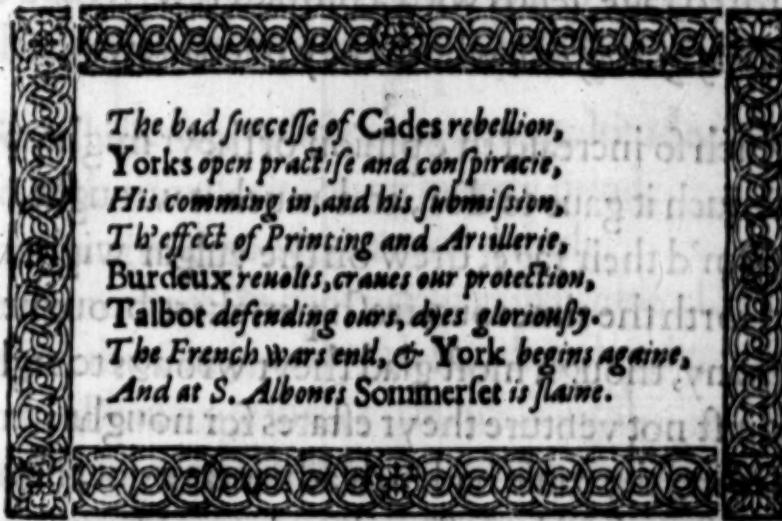
113.

Amoris et amicorum
Aeternitatis et aeternitatis
Tolerationis et tolerationis
Misericordia et misericordie
Honos et honoris
Habitus et habitus
Rerum et rerum



The fist Booke of the Ciuill warres
betweene the two Houses of Lancaster
and Yorke.

So THE ARGUMENT.



The bad successe of Cades rebellion,
Yorks open practise and conspiracie,
His comming in, and his submission,
Th' effect of Printing and Artillerie,
Burdeux revolts, cranes our protection,
Talbot defending ours, dyes gloriously.
The French wars end, & York begins againe,
And at S. Albones Sommerset is slaine.

THE furious trayne of that tumultuous rout,
Whom close subayding powre & good successse,
Had made vnewisely proud, and fondly stout,
Thrust headlong on, oppression to oppresse:
And now to fulnes growne, boldly giue out
That they the publique wrongs meant to redresse;
Formlesse themselves, reforming doe pretend,
As if confusion could disorder mend.

Aa.

And

THE FIFT BOOKE.

*Jack
Cade.* edT
And on they march with theyr false-named head,
Of base, and vulgar birth, though noble sayn'd,
Who pufst with vaine desires, to London led
His rash abused troupes, with shadowes trayn'd.
When as the King thereof ascertained,
Supposing some small power would haue restrain'd
Disordred rage, sends with a simple crew
Syr Humfry Stafford, whom they ouerthrew.

3
Which so increasd th'opinion of theyr might,
That much it gave to doe, and much it wrought,
Confirm'd their rage, drew on the vulgar wight,
Calld forth the timerous, fresh pertakers brought;
For many, though most glad theyr wrongs to right,
Yet durst not venture theyr estates for nought:
But see'ing the cause had such aduantage got,
Occasion makes them styr, that els would not.

4
So much he errs, that scornes or els neglects
The small beginnings of arysing broyles,
And censures others, not his owne defects,
And with a selfe conceite himselfe beguiles:
Thinking small force will compasse great effects,
And spares at first to buy more costly toyles:
When true obseruing prouidence in war
Still makes her foes, far stronger then they are.

edT
Yet

Yet thys good fortune all theyr fortune mard
Which fooles by helping euer doth supprese:
For warelesse insolence whilst vndebarde
Of bounding awe, runnes on to such excesse,
That following lust, and spoyle, and blood so hard,
Sees not how they procure theyr owne distresse:
The better, lothing courses so impure,
Rather will like theyr wounds, then such a cure.

For whilst thys wilde vnrained multitude
(Led with an vnfore-seeing greedy minde
Of an imagin'd good, that did delude
Their ignorance, in theyr desires made blind,) 6
Ransack the City, and with hands imbrude,
Run to all out-rage in th'extreamest kind,
Heaping vp wrath and horror more and more,
Adding fresh guilt, to mischieves done before.

And seeing yet all thys draw to no end
But to theyr owne, no promisd aydet'appeare,
No such pertakers as they dyd attend,
Nor such successes as imagin'd were:
Good men resolu'd the present to defend
Iustice against them with a brow seuere.
Themselues feard of themselues, tyr'd with excesse,
Found, mischiefe was no fit way to redresse.

THE FIFT. BOOKE.

8

Like when a greedy Pyrat hard in chace
 Pursuing of a rich supposed prize,
 Works for the winds, plyes sayles, beares vp a pace,
 Out-runnes the clowdes, scoures after her that flyes,
 Pryde in his hart, and wealth before his face,
 Keepes his hands wrought, & fixed keepes his eyes,
 So long, till that ingag'd within some straight
 He falls amid his foes layd close in wayt:

9

Where all too late discouering round about
 Danger and death the purchase of his hast ;
 And no back flying, no way to get out,
 But there to perrih, or to yeeld disgraft,
 Cursing his error, yet in th'error stout :
 Hee toyles for life, now charges, now is chast :
 Then quailes, and then fresh courage takes againe,
 Striuing t'vnwind himselfe, but all in vaine.

10

So stands thys rout in desperat comberment,
 Enuirond round with horror, blood, and shame :
 Crost of theyr course, dispairing of th'event
 When pardon, that smooth bayt of basenes came :
 Pardon, (the snare to catch the impotent) (same,
 Beeing once pronounc'd, they straight embrace the
 And as huge snowy Mountaines melt with heat,
 So they dissolu'd with hope, and home they get.

Leauing

Leauing their Captaine to discharge alone
The shott of blood consumed in theyr heat: as 200.1
paid on V
Too small a sacrifice for mischieses done sub 500.1 ed T
Was one mans breath, which thousands dyd defeat. D
Vnrighteous Death, why art thou but all one as 200.1 ed
Vnto the small offender and the great? h 100.1 b 1A
Why art thou not more then thou art, to those d 100.1 A
That thousands spoyle, and thousands liues doe lose? as 200.1

Thys fury passing with so quick an end, ad 100.1
Disclosd not those, that on th' aduantage lay, 200.1 ed T
Who seeing the course to such disorder tend, l 100.1 v 1
With-drew theyr foote, asham'd to take that way; 200.2
Or els preuented whilst they dyd attend l 100.1 b 1
Some mightier force, or for occasion stay, as 200.1 ed
But what they meant, ill fortune must not tell, as 200.1 ed T
Mischiefe be'ing iost made good by speeding well. as 200.1

Put by from thys, the Duke of Yorke dissignes 200.1
Another course to bring his hopes about: 200.1 ed T
And with those frends affinity combines l 100.1
Insurest bonds, his thoughts he poureth out, o M b 1A
And closely feeles, and closely vndermines l 100.1 ed V
The fayth of whom he had both hope and doubt: as 100.1
Meaning in more apparant open course 200.1 ed
To try his fight, his fortune, and his force. 100.1 ed V

THE FIFT BOOKE.

14

Loue and aliance had most firmly ioynd
 Vnto his part, that mighty family
 The fayre discended stock of Neviles kind,
 Great by theyr many issued progeny ;
 But greater by theyr worth, that cleerely shind
 And gaue faire light to theyr nobilitie :
 A mightie partie for a mighty cause
 By theyr united amitie hee drawes.

15

For as the spreading members of proud Po,
 That thousand-branched Po, whose limmes embrace
 Thy fertile and delicious body so
 Sweet Lombardie, and beautifies thy face :
 Such seemd this powreful stock ; frō whence did grow
 So many great discents, spreading theyr race
 That euery corner of the Land became,
 Enricht with some great Heroes of that name.

16

But greatest in renowne doth Warrick sit,
 That great King-maker Warrick, so far growne
 In grace with Fortune, that he gouerns it,
 And Monarchs makes, and made, againe puts downe ;
 What revolutions his first mouing w^t
 Heere brought about, are more then too well knowne ;
 That fatall kindle-fire of those hote dayes,
 Whose worth I may, whose worke I cannot prayse.
 With

17
With him, with *Richard Earle of Salisbury,*
Courtney and Brooke, his most assured frends,
Hee intimates his minde, and openly,
The present bad proceedings discommends ;
Laments the state, the peoples misery,
And that which such a pittyer seldom mends,
Oppression, that sharpe two edged sword
That others wounds, and wounds likewise his Lord.

18
My Lord, sayth he, how things are carryed heere
In thys corrupted state, you plainly see,
What burden our abused shoulders beare
Charg'd with the weight of imbecillitie ;
And in what base account all we appeare
That stand without their grace that all must be :
And who they be, and how their course succeeds,
Our shame reports, and time bewrayes theyt deeds.

19
Aniou and Maine, (O maine that foule appeares,
Eternall scarre of our dismembred Land)
And, *Guien's* lost, that did three hundred yeeres
Remaine subiected vnder our commaund,
From whence, me thinks, there sounds vnto our eares
The voyce of those deere ghosts, whose liuing hand
Got it with sweat, and kept it with theyr blood,
To doe vs, thankles vs, theyr of-spring good.

And

THE FIFT BOOKE.

20

And seeme to cry ; O how can you behold
Their hatefull feet vpon our graues should tred? C
Your Fathers graues, who gloriously dyd hold
That which your shame hath left recouered. sligq eIT
Redeeme our Tombes, O spirits too too cold,
Pull backe these Towres our Armes haue honored : A
These Towres are yours, these Forts we built for you,
These walls doe beare our names, and are your due, T

21

Thus well they may obreyd our rechlesnes, polvM
Whilst we, as if at league with infamie, iquitos evditi
Ryot away for nought, whole Prouinces ; pbindi dW
Giue vp as nothing worth all Normandy, diw b'gnd
Taffique strong holds, sell Fortressses, led iaiwai hA
So long, that nought is left but misery diw brnsf i dT
Poore Callice, and these water-walls about, di odw hA
That basely pownd vs in, from breaking out. wslmQ

22

And which is worse, I feare we shall in th'end
Throwne from the glory of invading war, gallicis iE
Be forst our proper limmits to defend, l'asimQ, hA
Where euer, men are not the same they are l'asimisR
Where hope of conquest doth theyr sprits extend Ei
Beyond the vsuall powres of valor far : wslmQ, i dT
For more is he that ventureth for more, wslmQ, i dT
Then who fights but for what he had before. wslmQ, i dT

Put

23

Put to your hands therefore to reskew nowe
 Th' indangered state, dere Lords, from thys disgrace,
 And let vs in our honor, labour how
 To bring thys scorned Land in better case:
 No doubt but God our action will allow
 That knowes my right, and how they rule the place
 Whose weakenes calls vp our vnwillingnesse,
 As opening euен the doore to our redresse.

24

Though I protest it is not for a Crowne
 My soule is moou'd, (yet if it be my right,
 I haue no reason to refuse myne owne)
 But onely these indignities to right.
 And what if God whose iudgements are vndenknowne,
 Hath me ordaynd the man, that by my might
 My Country shall be blest; if so it be,
 By helping me, you rayse your selues with me.

25

In those whom zeale and amitie had bred
 A fore-impression of the right he had,
 These styrring words so much encouraged,
 That with desire of innouation mad,
 They seem'd to runne before, not to be led,
 And to his fire doe quicker fuell ad:
 For where such humors are prepard before,
 The opening them makes them abound the more.

Bb.

Then

THE FIFT BOOKE.

26

Then counsell take theyr fitting theyr desire,
(For nought that fits not theyr desire is wayghd)
The Duke is straight aduised to retyre
Into the bounds of Wales to leauy ayde ;
Which vnder smooth pretence he doth require
T' amoue such persons as the state betrayd,
And to redresse th' oppression of the land,
The charme which weakenes seldom doth withstand.

27

Ten thousand straight caught with this bait of breth
Are towards greater lookt-for forces led,
Whose power the King by all meanes trayaileth,
In theyr arising to haue ruined :
But theyr preuenting head so compasseth,
That all ambushments warilie are fled,
Refusing ought to hazard by the way,
Keeping his greatnes for a greater day.

28

And to the Citty straight directis his course,
(The Citty, seate of Kings, and Kings cheeze grace)
Where finding of his entertainment worse
By far then he expected in that place,
Much disappoyned, drawes from thence his force,
And towards better trust marches a pace ;
And downe in Kent (fatall for discontents)
Nere to thy banks fayre Thames doth pitch his Tents.

And.

29

And there intrencht, plants his Artillery,
 Artillery th' infernall instrument,
 New brought from hell to scourge mortality
 With hideous roring, and astonishment :
 Engin of horror, fram'd to terrifie
 And teare the earth, and strongest Towers to rent ;
 Torment of Thunder, made to mock the skyes,
 As more of power in our calamities.

30

O if the fire subtile *Prometheus* brought
 Stolne out of heauen, did so afflict mankind,
 That euer since plagu'd wyth a curious thought
 Of styrring search, could neuer quiet find,
 What hath he done who now by stealth hath got
 Lightning and Thunder, both in wondrous kind ?
 What plague deserves so proude an enterprize ?
 Tell Muse, and how it came, and in what wise.

31

It was the tyme when fayre *Europa* late
 With many goodly Diadems addrest,
 And all her parts in florishing estate
 Lay beautifull, in order at their rest :
 No swelling member vnpportionate
 Grown out of forme, sought to disturbe the rest :
 The lesse, subsisting by the greater's might,
 The greater, by the lesser kept vpright.

THE FIFT BOOKE.

32

No noyse of tumult euer wak'd them all,
 Onely perhaps some priuat iarrs within
 For tytles or for confines might befall,
 Which ended soone, made better loue begin;
 But no eruption dyd in generall
 Breake downe theyr rest with vniuersall sin:
 No publique shock dysioynted thys fayre frame,
 Till Nemesis from out the Orient came.

33

Fierce Nemisis, mother of fate and change,
 Sword-bearer of th' eternall prouidence,
 That had so long with such afflictions strange
 Confounded Asias proude magnificence,
 And brought soule impious Barbarisme to range
 On all the glory of her excellencie,
 Turnes her sterne looke at last vnto the West,
 As greeu'd to see on earth such happy rest.

34

And for Pandora calleth presently,
 (Pandora, Iones fayre gift, that first deceiu'd
 Poore Epimetheus imbecillitie,
 That thought he had a wondrous boone receiu'd,
 By meanes whereof curious mortalitie
 Was of all former quiet quite bereau'd)
 To whom being come, deckt with all qualitie,
 The wrathfull Goddessesse breakes out in thys wise:

Doost

Doost thou not see in what secure estate
Those florishing fayre Westerne parts remaine? O
As if they had made couenant with Fate
To be exempted free from others paine: C
At one with theyr desires, frends with debate,
In peace with pride, content with theyr owne gaine,
Their bounds cōtaine their minds, their minds applide
To haue their bounds with plentie beautified. H. and T.

Deuotion, (mother of Obedience,) A noting O
Beares such a hand on theyr credulity, A mod-worship
That it abates the spirit of eminence, A mod-zeal T. li. A
And busies them wyth humble pietie: A mod-basf. n. I
For see what works, what infinite expence, A mod. g. n. I
What monuments of zeale they edifie, A mod. v. 156. V
As if they would, if that no stop were found, A mod. ill. T
Fill all with Temples, make all holy ground. A mod. b. n. A

But we must coole thys all-beleeuing zeale, A mod. l. A
That hath enjoyd so fayre a turne so long, A mod. sp. 1. 1. I
And other reuolutions must reueale, A mod. q. 1. 1. 1. T
Other desires, other designes among: A mod. c. 1. 1. 1. I
Dislike of thys, first by degrees shall steale A mod. i. 1. 1. 1. I
Vpon the soules of men perswaded wrong, A mod. b. 1. A
And th'abus'd power that such a power hath got, A mod. A
Shall givē herselfe the sword to cut her throat. A mod. c. 1. 1. T

THE FIFT BOOKE

38

Goe thou therefore with all thy styrring trayne
 Of swelling sciences, (the gyfts of græfe) linch 30d T
 Goe loose the lynks of that soule-binding chayne, li 2A
 Inlarge thys vniquisitiue beleefe, 20s 10d 3d 0 T
 Call vp mens spirits, whom darknes doth detaine, 20s 1A
 Enter theyr harts, and Knowledge make the theefe 20s 1d
 To open all the doores to let in light, 30s 10d 10s 1d T
 That all, may all things see, but what is right. 10s 1d 0 T

39

Opinion Arme against opinion growne, 10s 1d 0 T
 Make new-borne contradiction still so rise Beside 10s 1d 0 T
 As if Thebes-founder Cadmus tonges had sowne 10s 1d 0 T
 In stead of teeth, for greater mutinies. mark asilud ba A
 Bring lyke defended fayth against fayth knowne, 10s 1d 0 T
 Weary the soule with contrarieties: a 10s 1d 0 T
 Till all Religion become retrograde, 10s 1d 0 T
 And that fayre tyre, the maske of sin be made. 10s 1d 0 T

40

And better to effect a speedy end, 10s 1d 0 T
 Let there be found two fatall instruments, 10s 1d 0 T
 The one to publish, th' other to defend 10s 1d 0 T
 Impious contention, and proud discontent 10s 1d 0 T
 Make that instamped Characters may send 10s 1d 0 T
 Abroad to thousands, thousand mens intents, 10s 1d 0 T
 And in a moment, may dispatch much more 10s 1d 0 T
 Then could a world of pennes performe before. 10s 1d 0 T
 Wherby

41
Whereby all quarrels, tytles, secrecies,
May vnto all be presently made knowne,
Factions prepard, parties allur'd to rise,
Sedition vnder fayre pretentions sowne ;
Whereby the vulgar may become so wise,
That with a selfe presumption ouer-growne
Hee may of deepest misteries debate,
Controule his betters, censure acts of state.

42
And then, when this dispersed mischiefe shall
Haue brought confusion in each misterie,
Calld vp contempt of all states generall,
Ripened the humor of impietie,
Then haue they th' other Engin, where-with-all
They may torment theyr selfe-wrought misery,
And scourge each other, in the strangest wise
As tyme or Tyrants neuer could devise.

43
For by this stratagem they shall confound
All th' ancient forme and discipline of war :
Alter theyr camps, alter theyr fights, theyr ground,
Daunt mighty spirits, proesse and manhood mar ;
For basest cowards from a far shall wound
The most couragious, forst to fight a far ;
Valor rapt vp in smoake, as in the night,
Shall perishe without witnes, without sight.

But

THE FIFT BOOKE.

44

But first, before thys generall disease
Breake forth into so greate extreemity,
Prepare it by degrees; first kill thys ease,
Spoyle thys proportion, mar thys harmony;
Make greater States vpon the lesser feaze,
Ioyne many kingdomis to one soueraignty,
Rayse a few great, that may with greater power
Slaughter each other, and mankind deuoure.

45

And first begin with factions, to deuide
The fayrest land, that from her thrusts the rest,
As if shee car'd not for the world beside,
A world within her selfe, with wonders blest;
Rayse such a strife as tyme shall not decide,
Till the dere blood of most of all her best
Be poured forth, and all her people lost
With vnkind tumults, and almost all lost.

46

Let her be made the sable Stage whereon
Shall first be acted bloody Tragedies:
That all the neighbour States gazing thereon,
May make their profit by her miseries.
And those whom shee before had march'd vpon,
(Hauing by this both tyme and meane to rise)
Made martiall by her Armies, shall grow so great,
As saue theyr owne, no force shall them defeat.

That

47

That when theyr power vnable to sustaine
 And beate it selfe, vpon it selfe shall fall,
 Shee may (recouered of her wounds againe)
 Sit and behold theyr parts as tragicall :
 For there must come a tyme that shall obtaine
 Truce for distresse. When make peace *Hymen* shall
 Bring the conioyned aduers powers to bed,
 And set the Crowne made one, vpon one head.

48

Out of which blessed vnioun shall arise
 A sacred branch, with grace and glory blest,
 Whose vertue shall her Land so patronize,
 As all our power shall not her dayes moleste
 For shee, fayre shee, the Minion of the skyes,
 Shall purchase of the higheſt to her ſuch rest,
 (Standing betweene the wrath of heauen and them)
 As no distresse shall touch her Diadem.

49

Though thou ſhalt ſeeke by all the means thou may,
 And Arme impiety and hell and all,
 Styrre vp her owne, make others to assay,
 Bring fayth diſguisid, the power of *Pluto* call,
 Call all thy crafts to practise her decay,
 And yet ſhall thys take no effect at all:
 For ſhee ſecure, (as intimate with Fate)
 Shall ſit and ſcorne those base diſsignes of hate.

Cc.

And

THE FIFT BOOKE

50
And from the Rocks of safoty shall discry
The wondrous wracks that wrath layes ruined,
All round about her, blood and misery,
Powers betrayd, Princes slaine, Kings massacred,
States all confusd, brought to calamite,
And all the face of kingdoms altered.
Yet she the same inviolable stands,
Deere to her owne, wonder to other Lands.

51
But let not her defence discourage thee,
For neuer none but shee, shall haue thys grace
From all disturbs to be so long kept free,
And with such glory to discharge that place:
And therefore, if by such a power thou be
Stopt of thy course, reckon it no disgrace;
Sith shee alone (being priuiledg'd from hie)
Hath thys large Patent of eternitie.

52
This charge the Goddesse gaue, when ready straight
The subtil messenger accompanayd
With all her crew of crafts that on her wayt,
Hastes to effect what shee was counsailed
And out shee pours of her nimens conceit,
Upon such searching spirits as traialiéd
In penetrating hidden secreties,
Who soone these meanes of misery devise.
And

53
And boldly breaking with rebellious minde
Into theyr mothers close-lockt Treasury,
They mineralis combustible doe finde,
Which in stopt concaves placed cunningly
They fire, and fire imprisoned against kind,
Teares out away, thrusts out his enemy,
Barking with such a horror, as if wroth
With man, that wrongs himselfe and nature both.

54
And this beginning had this cursed frame,
Which Yorke hath now planted against his King,
Presuming by his power, and by the same,
His purpose vnto good effect to bring;
When diuers of the grauest Counsell came
Sent from the King, to vnderstand what thing
Had thrust him into these proceedings bad,
And what he sought, and what intent he had.

55
Who with words mildly-sharp, gently-seuere,
Wrought on those wounds that must bee toucht with
Applying rather salves of hope then feare,
Least corasives should desperat mischieves breed.
And what my Lord, sayd they, shold moue you here
In thys vnseemely manner to proceed,
Whose worth being such, as all the Land admires,
Hath fayrer wayes then these to your desires.

THE FIFT BOOKE.

56

Will you whose meanes, whose many friends, whose
 Can work the world in peace vnto your wil, ¹⁷⁶(grace),
 Take such a course as shall your blood deface, ¹⁷⁷im yed T
 And make by handling bad, a good cause ill? ¹⁷⁸in thid w
 How many harts hazard you in thys case, ¹⁷⁹in eft yed T
 That in all quiet plots would ayde you still, ¹⁸⁰in no seft T
 Hauing in Court a Partie far more strong, ¹⁸¹in w gudis
 (Then you conceiue) prest to redresse your wrong. ¹⁸²

57

Fy, fy, forsake thys hatefull course, my Lord, ¹⁸³bnA
 Downe with these Armes that wylt but wound your
 What peace may do, hazard not with the sword, (cause
 Fly from the force that from your force with-drawes,
 And yeeld, and we will mediat such accord ¹⁸⁴in gudis
 As shall dispence with rigor and the lawes: ¹⁸⁵in not gudis
 And interpose thys solemnē fayth of our ¹⁸⁶in fayth bna
 Betwixt your fault, and the offended power. ¹⁸⁷in dwd bna

58

Which ingins of protests, and proffers kinde, ¹⁸⁸in w
 Vrg'd out of seeming greefe, and shewes of loue, ¹⁸⁹in w
 So shooke the whole foundation of his minde, ¹⁹⁰in lqq A
 As it dyd all his resolution moue: ¹⁹¹in luoit zenuit to fleas I
 And present seem'd vnto theyr course inclind, ¹⁹²in bna
 So that the King would *Somerset* remoue, ¹⁹³in syd n
 The man whose most intollerable pride, ¹⁹⁴in now dol w
 Trode downe his worth, and all good mens beside. ¹⁹⁵in

Which

59
 Which they there vow'd should presently be done;
 For what will not peace-lovers willing grant
 Where dangerous events depend thereon;
 And mete vnfurnisht; and the state in want?
 And if with words, the conquest will be won,
 The cost is small: and who holds breath so scant
 As then to spare, tho' against his dignity,
 Better descend, then end in maiestie.

60
 And here-^{vpon} the Duke dissolues his forces,
 Submits him to the King, on publique vow.
 The rather to, presuming on thys course
 For that his sonne the Earle of March was now
 With mightier powers abroad, which would enforce
 His peace, which els the King would not allow.
 For seeing not all of him in him he hath,
 His death would but gyue life to greater wrath.

61
 Yet comming to the King, in former place
 Hys foe, the Duke of Sommerset he finds,
 Whom openly reproching to hys face,
 Hee charg'd with treason in the highest kinds.
 The Duke returnes lyke speeches of dysgrace,
 And fiery words bewrayd theyr flaming minds:
 But yet the tryall was for them deferd
 Till fitter tyme allow'd it to be heard.

THE FIFTE BOOKE.

62

At Westminstra Councell gathered
Deliberats what course the cause should end
Of th' apprehended Duke of Yorke, whose head
Doth now on others doubtfull breath depend;
Law fiercely vrgd his deed, and found him dead;
Frends fayld to speake where they could not defend:
Onely the King himselfe for mercy stood,
As prodigall of lyfe, nyggard of blood.

63

And as if angry with the Lawes of death,
And why should you, sayd he, vrgt things so far?
You, that invyd with mercinari breath,
And hytred tongue so peremptory are?
Brauing on him whom sorrow prostrateth;
As if you dyd with poore affliction war,
And pray on frailty, folly hath betrayd,
Bringing the lawes to wound, never to layd.

64

Dispence sometyme with sterne seueritie,
Make not the lawes still traps to apprehend,
Win grace vpon the bad with clementie,
Mercy may mend whom malice made offend:
Death gives no thanks, but chekks authority,
And lyfe doth onely majestic command.
Reuenge dyes not, rigor begets new wrath,
And blood hath neuer glory, mercy hath.

And

63
And for my part, (and my part should be chiefe)
I am most willing to restore his state; He oblym mod
And rather had I win him with relief; W
Then loose him with despight, and get more hate: V
Pitty drawes loue, bloodshed as natures griefe, D
Compassion, followes the vnfornuate. joy ushers in mal
And loosing him, in him I loose my power; and His o
We rule who liue, the dead are none of our. ayl bu

66
And should our rigor lessen then the same Com
Which we with greater glory should retaine? lw. v. i. l
No, let hym lyue, his lyfe must giue vs fame, word i. 2d
The chyld of mercy, newly borne againes; is uuldiu. 3d
As often burials is Phisitions shame, ys new bloud yd
So, many deaths, argues a Kings hard raighe. word i. 2d. o T
Why should we say, the law must haue her vigor? Q. v
The law kills him, but quits not vs of rigor. buim b. 3d A

67
You, to get more preferment by your wit, and i. 2d
Others, to gaine the spoyles of misery, sun. x. v. o. 2d T
Labour with all your power to follow it; 1. b. 2d. b. 2d W
Shewing vs feares, to draw on cruelty. ad. 2. 2d. b. 2d T
You vrge th' offence, not tell vs what is fits, ad. 2. 2d. b. 2d A
Abusing wrong-informed maiestie: ion. 11. m. 2d. 2d H
As if our power, were onely but to slay, ols. 2d. 2d H
And that to slue, were a most dangerous way. ols. 2d. 2d H

THE FIFT^T BOOKE.

68

Thus out of pitty speake that holy King, to thynA
Whom mylde affections led to hope the best. or me I
When Sommerset began to vrge the thing indyn baA
With words of hotter temper, thys exprest: fool and T
Deare soueraigne Lord, the cause in managing b ynd T
Is more then yours, t'importes the publique rest, County
We all haue part, it touches all our good, l gyllool baA
And lyfe's ill spard, that's spar'd to cost more blood. W

Compasshion here is cruelty, my Lord, l ynd baA
Pitty will cut our throats for sauing so. d i w o w r b i d W
What benefit shall we haue by the sword l myl isl, o N
If mischiefe shall escape to draw on mo? l o b l y d o n T
Why should we gyne what Law cannot afford. s to s A
To be' accessaries to our proper wo? d i l a b y n d n, o S
Wisdom must iudgetwixt me hapt to amnd. o n l y d W
And minds incurable, borne to offend. d e l l i l w i l s d T

It is no priuat cause (I doe protest) n 139.01, n o Y
That moues me thus to prosecute his deede, o i e r e b i d O
Would God his blodd and myne had well recaust o d s I
The dangers that his pryme is lyke to breed: v g i w d s
Although at me, he seemes to haue addrest d e g y v u o Y
His spight, tis not his end he hath decreed: w g a i l d A
I am not he alone, hee doth pursue. n 139.02 n o l i s A
But thorow me, he meane to shoothe at you. r a d h a A
aud T

For

71
 For this course euer they deliberate
 Which doe aspyre to reach the gouernment,
 To take aduantage of the peoples hate,
 Which euer hate those that are eminent:
 For who can manage great affayres of state,
 And all a wayward multitude content?
 And then these people-minions they must fall
 To worke out vs, to worke themselues int' all.

72
 But note my Lord, first who is in your hand,
 Then, how he hath offended, what's his end:
 It is the man whose race would seeme to stand
 Before your right, and doth a right pretend;
 Who (Traytor-like) hath raysd a mighty band
 With coullor your proceedings to amend:
 Which if it should haue hapned to succeed,
 You had not now fate to adiudge hys deed.

73
 If oftentimes the person not th'offence
 Haue beene sufficient cause of death to some,
 Where publique safety puts in evidence
 Of mischiefe, likely by theyr lyfe to come;
 Shall he, whose fortune and his insolence
 Haue both deseru'd to dye, escape that doome?
 When you shall saue your Land, your Crowne therby,
 And since you cannot lyue unlesse he dye?

D d.

Thus

101
THE FIFT BOOKE.

74

Thys spake th'agreeued Duke, that grauely saw
Th'incompatible powers of Princes minds;
And what affliction his escape might draw
Vnto the state, and people of all kinds.
And yet the humble yeelding and the aw
Which *Yorke* there shew'd, so good opinion finds,
That, with the rumor of his sonnes great strength
And French affayres, he there came quit at length.

75

For eu'en the feare t'exasperat the heat
Of th' Earle of *March*, whose forward youth & might
Well followd, seem'd a proude reuenge to threat
If any shame should on his Father light:
And then desire in *Gascoyne* to reget
The glory lost, which home-broyles hinder might,
Aduaunaged the Duke, and sau'd his head,
Which questionlesse had els been hazarded.

76

For now had *Burdenx* offered vpon ayd
Present revolt, if we would send with speed.
Which fayre aduantage to haue then delayd
Vpon such hopes, had been a shamefull deed:
And therfore this, all other courses stayd,
And outwardly these inward hates agreed:
Giving an interpause to pride and spight,
Which breath'd but to break out with greater might.

and T

102
D

VWhilst

77

Whilst dreadfull Talbot terror late of Fraunce
 (Against the Genius of our fortune) stroue
 The down-throwne glory of our state t'aduaunce ;
 Where Fraunce far more then Fraunce hee now doth
 For frends, opinion, & succeeding chaunce, (proue.
 Which wrought the weak to yeld, the strong to loue,
 Were not the same, as he had found before
 In happyer tymes, when leſſe would haue done more.

78

For both the Britayne and Burgonian now
 Came altered with our luck, & won with theirs
 Those bridges and the gates that dyd allow
 So easie passage vnto our affayres.
 Iudging it safer to endeouour how
 To linke with strength, then leane vnto dispayres ;
 And who wants frends, to back what he begins
 In Lands far of, gets not, although he wins.

*The Duke
of Britany
and Bur-
gundie.*

79

Which too well prou'd thys fatall enterprize,
 The last that lost vs all we had to lose :
 Where, though aduantag'd by some mutenies,
 And petty Lords that in our cause arose,
 Yet those great fayld ; whose ready quick supplyes
 Euer at hand, cheerd vs, and quaild our foes :
 Succours from far, come seldom to our mind,
 For who holds league with Neptune, or the wind ?

D d 2

Yet

THE FIFT BOOKE.

80

Yet worthy Talbot, thou didst so employ
 The broken remnants of discattered power,
 That they might see it was our destiny
 Not want of spirit that lost vs what was our :
 Thy dying hand sold them the victory
 With so deere wounds as made the conquest sower :
 So much it cost to spoyle who were vndon,
 And such a doe to win, when they had won.

81

For as a fierce couragious mastiue fares
 That hauing once sure fastned on his foe,
 Lyes tugging on that hold, neuer forbeares
 What force soeuer force hym to forgoe ;
 The more he feeles his wounds, the more he dares,
 As if his death were sweet in dying so ;
 So held his hold thys Lord, whilst he held breath,
 And scarce but with much blood lets goe in death.

82

For though he saw prepard against his side
 Both vnlike fortune, and vnequall force,
 Borne with the swelling current of theyr pryde
 Downe the mayne stremme of a most happy course:
 Yet stands he stiffe vndasht, vnterrified,
 His minde the same, although his fortune worse ;
 Vertue in greatest dangers being best showne,
 And though opprest, yet neuer ouerthrowne.

For

For reskuing of besieg'd Chatillion
Where hauing first constraind the French to flye,
And following hard on theyr confusion,
Comes loe incountred with a strong supply
Offresh-ariuing powers, that back thrust on
Those flying troupes, another chaunce to try,
Who double Arm'd, with shame, and fury, straine
To wreake their foyle, and win theyr fame againe.

Which seeing, th'vndaunted Talbot with more might
Of spirit to will, then hands of power to doe:
Preparing t'entertaine a glorious fight,
Cheeres vp his wearied souldiers thereunto:
Courage, sayth he, those brauing troupes in sight
Are but the same that now you dyd vndoe.
And what if there be come some more then they?
They come to bring more glory to the day.

Which day must eyther thrust vs out of all,
Or all with greater glory back restore.
Thys day your valiant worth aduenture shall
For what our Land shall neuer fight for, more:
If now we faile, with vs is like to fall
All that renowne which we haue got before:
Thys is the last, if we discharge the same,
The same shall last to our eternall fame.

THE FIFT BOOKE.

86

Neuer had worthy men for any fact
 A more fayre glorious Theater then we ;
 VVhereon true magnanimity might act
 Braue deeds, which better witnessed could be.
 For loe, from yonder Turrets yet vnsackt,
 Your valiant fellowes stand your worth to see,
 T'auouch your valour, if you liue, to gaine,
 And if we die, that we dyde not in vaine.

87

And euen our foes, whose proud & powrefull might
 VVould seeme to swallow vp our dignitie,
 Shall not keepe backe the glory of our right
 Which theyr confounded blood shall testifie :
 For in theyr wounds our gored swords shall write
 The monuments of our eternitie :
 For vile is honor and a tytle vayne
 The which true worth, and danger doe not gayne.

88

For they shall see when we in carelesse sort
 Shall throw our selues on theyr despised speares,
 Tis not dispaire that doth vs so transport,
 But euen true fortitude, that nothing feares :
 Sith we may well retire vs, in some sort,
 But shame on him that such a foule thought beares ;
 For be they more, let Fortune take theyr part,
 We'll tugge her to, and scratch her, ere we part.

This

89

Thys sayd, a fresh infusd desire of fame,
 Enters theyr warmed blood, with such a will
 That they deem'd long they were not at the same: 10
 And thogh they march'd, they thought they yet stood
 And that their lingring foes too slowly came (still,
 To ioyne with them, spending much time so ill:
 Such force had words fierce humors vp to call,
 Sent from the mouth of such a Generall.

90

Who weighing yet his force and theyr desire,
 Turnes him about in priuate to his sonne, *The Lord
Life.*
 A worthy sonne, and worthy such a Sire,
 Tells him the doubtfull ground they stood vpon,
 Aduising him in secrete to retyre; bawd
 Seeing his youth but euen now begun,
 Would make it vnto him at all no staine,
 His death small fame, his flight no shame could gaine.

91

To whom th'agreeued sonne as if dysgrac'd
 Ah Father, haue you then selected mee
 To be the man, which you would haue displac'd
 Out of the role of immortalitie? bawd
 What haue I done thys day that hath defac'd
 My worth: that my hands worke dispid should bee?
 God shield I should beare home a Cowards name,
 I haue liu'd enough, if I can dye with fame.

At

THE FIFT BOOKE.

92

At which the Father toucht with sorrowing-joy,
Turnes him about, shaking his head, and sayes:
O my deere sonne, worthy a better day
To enter thy first youth in hard assayes:
And now had wrath, impatient of delay
Begun the fight, and farther speeches stayes:
Fury thrusts on, striuing whose sword should be
First warmed in the wounds of thy enemie.

93

Hotely these small, but mighty minded Bands
(As if ambitious now of death) doe straine
Against innumerable armed hands,
And gloriously a wondrous fight maintaine:
Rushing on all what ever strength with-stands,
Whetting theyr wrath on blood and on disdainc;
And so far thrust, that hard twere to discry
Whether they more desire to kill, or dye.

94

Franke of theyr owne, greedy of others blood,
No stroke they giue but wounds, no wound but kills;
Neere to theyr hiate, close to theyr worke they stood,
Hit where they would, theyr hand obeys their wills,
Scorning the blow from far that doth no good,
Loathing the crack vntesse some blood it spills:
No wounds could let out life that wrath held in,
Till others wounds reueng'd dyd first begin.

So

95

So match true resolution wrought in those
 That had made covenant wth death before,
 That theyr small number scorning so great foes,
 Made Fraunce most happy that there were no more
 Sith these made doubtfull how Fate would dispose
 That weary day, of unto whom restore
 The glory of a conquest deereley bought,
 Which scarce the Conqueror, can think worth ought,

96

For as with equall rage, and equall might
 Two aduers winds combat wth billowes proude
 And neyther yeld: seas, skyes maintayn like fight,
 Waue against waue opposid, and clowd to clowd:
 So war both sides vwith obstinate despight
 With like revenge, and neyther party bowd:
 Fronting each other vwith confounding blowes,
 No wound, one sword vnto the other owes.

97

Whilst Talbot, whose fresh spirit hauing got
 A meruailous aduantage of his yeeres,
 Carries his vntelt age as if forgot,
 Whirling about where any neede appeares:
 His hand, his eye, his wits all present, wrought
 The function of the glorious part he beares:
 Now urging here, now cheiring there he flyes,
 Unlocks the thickest troupes where most force lies.

odW

E c.

In

In midst of wrath, of wounds, of blood and death,
 There is he most where as he may doe best,
 And there the closest ranks he scuorth,
 Driues back the stoutest powres that forward prest:
 There makes his sword his way, there laboureth
 Th' infatigable hands that never rest,
 Scorning vnto his mortall wounds to yeld
 Till Death became best master of the field.

Then lyke a sturdy Oake that hauing long
 Against the warrs of fiercest winds made head,
 When with some forst tempestuous rage, more strong,
 His downe-borne top comes ouer-maistered,
 All the neere bordering Trees he stood among,
 Crushed with his waighty fall, ly ruined,
 So lay his spoyles, all round about him slayne
 T'adorne his death, that could not dye in-vaine.

On th'other part, his most all-daring sonne
 (Although the inexperience of his yeeres
 Made him lesse skyld in what was to be done,
 Yet dyd it thrust him on beyond all feare,) gaily
 Flying into the mayne Battalion,
 Neere to the King, amidst the chiefest Peeres,
 With thousand wounds became at length oppress,
 As if he scord to dye, but with the best.

101
Who thus both hauing gaynd a glorious end,
Soone ended that great day that set so red,
As all the purple playnes that wide extend
A sad tempestuous season witnessed:
So much a doe had toylng Fraunce to rend
From vs the right so long inherited,
And so hard went we from what we possest,
As with it, went the blood we loued best.

102
Which blood not lost, but fast layd vp with heed
In euerlasting fame, is there held deere,
To seale the memory of thys dayes deed,
Th' eternall evidence of what we were:
To which our Fathers, we, and who succeed,
Doe owe a sigh, for that it toucht vs neere:
Who must not sinne so much as to neglect
The holy thoughts of such a deere respect.

103
Yet happy haples day, blest ill-lost breath,
Both for our better fortune, and your owne:
For what foule wounds, what spoyle, what shamefull
Had by this forward resolution growne, (death,
If at S. Albens, Wakefield, Barnet-heath,
It should vnto your infamie be showne?
Blest you, that dyd not teach how great a faute
Euen vertue is in actions that are naught.

THE FIFT BOOKE.

104

Yet would thys sad dayes losse, had now been all.
 That thys day lost, then should we not much playne,
 If hereby wee had come but there to fall, A
 And that day ended, ended had our payne. A
 Then small the losse of Fraunce, of Guen small, A
 Nothing the shame to be turnd home againe A
 Compard with other shames. But now Fraunce lost A
 Sheds vs more blood then all her winning cost. A

105

For loosing war abroad; at home lost peace, W
 Be'ing with our vs supporting felues close pent, A
 And no diffignes for pryd that did increase, A
 But our owne throats, & our owne punishment. A
 The working spyrit ceast not tho worke dyd cease, A
 Hauing fit time to practise dyscontent, A
 And styrre vp such as could not long lye still, A
 Who not imployd to good, must needs doe ill. A

106

And now the greefe of our receiued shame, A
 Gaue fit occasion for ambitious care, A
 They draw the chiefe reproch of all the same, A
 On such as naturally hated are, A
 Seeing them apt to beare the greatest blame, A
 That offices of greatest enuie beare, A
 And that in vulgar eares delight it breedes, A
 To haue the hated, Authors of misdeedes. A

237

238

And

107

And therefore easily great Sommerset
 VVhom enuie long had singled out before
 VVith all the vollarie of disgraces met,
 As the maine marke Fortune had plac'd therefore:
 On whose hard-wrought opinion spight dyd whet
 The edge of wrath, to make it pierce the more.
 Griefe being glad t'haue gotten now on whom
 To lay the fault of what, must light on some.

108

Whereon th'againe out-breaking Yorke beginnes
 To builde new models of his olde desire,
 Se'ing the fayre bootie Fortune for him winnes
 Vpon the ground of thys enkindled ire.
 Taking th'aduantages of others sinnes
 To ayde his owne, and helpe him to aspire:
 And doubting peace should better scanne deeds past,
 Hee thinks not safe, to haue his sword out last.

109

Especially, sith euery man now prest
 To innouation doe with rancor swell,
 A styrring humor generally possest
 Those peace-spylt tymes, weary of beeing well:
 The weake with wrongs, the happy tyr'd with rest,
 And many mad, for what, they could not tell.
 The world euen great with change, thought it vvent
 To stay beyond the bearing tyme so long.

Ec 3

And

THE FIFT BOOKE.

110

And therefore now these Lords confedered
Being much increasid in number and in spight,
So shap'd theyr course, that drawing to a head,
Began to grow to be offearefull might; 111
Th'abused world so hastic gathered,
Some for reuenge, some for wealth, some for delight,
That Yorke from small-beginning troupes soone drawes
A world of men to venture in hys cause. 112

111
Lyke as proude Seuerne from a priuate head,
With humble streames at first doth gently glyde,
Tyll other Riuers haue contributed
The springing riches of theys store beside,
Wherewith at length high swelling shee doth spread
Her broad discended waters layd so wide,
That comming to the Sea, shee seemes from far
Not to haue trybute brought, but rather war. 113

112
Euen so is Yorke now growne, and now is bent
T'incounter with the best, and for the best. 114
Whose neere approch the King hastes to preuent,
Seeking t'haue had his power, far of supprest. 115
Fearing the City, least some insolent 116
And mutinous, should harten on the rest 117
To take his part. But h'is so forward set, 118
That at S. Albones both the Armies met. 119
Whe-

113
Whether theyr hast far fewer hands dyd bring
Then els theyr better leysure would haue done:
And yet too many for so foule a thing
Sith who dyd best, hath but dishonor won:
For whilſt ſome offer peace ſent from the King,
WWarwicks too forward hand hath war begun:
A war that doth the face of war deform
Which ſtill is foule, but foulcſt wanting forme.

114
Neuer dyd valiant Leaders ſo well knowne
For braue performed actions done before
Blemiſh the reputation of renowne
In any weake effected ſeruice more,
To bring ſuch powres into ſo ſtraight a Towne
As to ſome Citty-tumult or vprore:
Which ſlaughter, and no battaile might be thought,
Wherethat ſide vſd theyr ſwords, & this theyr throat.

115
But thys on *WWarwicks* wrath muſt needs be layd,
And vpon Sommers desire to Brayne
The day with peace, for which he longer stayd
Then wiſdom would, or then was for his gayne
Whose force in narrow ſtreets once over-layd,
Neuer recouerd head, but there came slayne
Both he, and all the Leaders els beſides:
The King himſelfe alone a priſoner bides.

THE FIFTEEN BOOKET

116

A prisoner, though not to the outward eye,
 For that he must see me graci'd with his lost day,
 All things be'ing done for his commoditie,
 Against such men as dyd the state betray:
 For with such apt deceiuing clemencie
 And seeming order, York dyd so allay
 That touch of wrong, as made him make great stealth
 In weaker minds, with shew of Common wealth.

Long-lookt-for powre thus got into his hand,
 The former face of Court now altered,
 All the supremest charges of commaund
 Were to his ayders straight contributed:
 Himselfe is made Protector of the land,
 A tytle found, which onely couered
 All-working powre vnder another stile,
 Which yet the greatest part doth act the whyle.

The King held onely but an empty name
 Left with his lyfe, whereof the proofe was such
 As sharpest pryde could not transpers the same,
 Nor once, all-seeking Fortune durst so much:
 Impietie had not enlarged shame
 As yet so wide as to attempt so much:
 Mischiefe was not full ripe for such a deede,
 Left for th' unbounded horrors that succeed.

The end of the fift Book.

MVSOPHILVS:

CONTAINING
a generall defence
of learning.

SAMVEL DANIEL.

AT LONDON
Printed by P.S. for Simon
Waterson. 1599.



To the right worthie and iudicious.
fauourer of vertue, maister
Fulke Grevill.

I Do not here vpon this hum'rous Stage,
Bring my transformed verse apparailed
With others passions, or with others rage;
With loues, with wounds, with factions furnished:
But here present thee, onelie modelled
In this poore frame, the forme of mine owne heart:
Here to reuue my selfe my Muse is lead
With motions of her owne, to act her owne part
Striuing to make, her now contemned arte
As faire t' her selfe as possible she can;
Leaft seeming of no force, of no desart
She might repent the course that she began,
And, with these times of dissolution, fall
From goodnes, vertue, glorie, fame and all.



MVSOPHILVS.

CONTAINING A

generall defence of all
learning.

PHILOCOSMVS.

Fond man *Musophilus*, that thus dost spend
In an vngainefull arte thy dearest daies,
Tyring thy wits and toiling to no end,
But to attaine that idle smoake of praise;
Now when this busie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely musicke of neglected layes.
Other delights then these, other desires
This wiser profit-seeking age requires.

Musophilus.

Friend *Philocosmus*, I confess indeed,
I loue this sacred arte thou settest so light,

And

MVSOPHILVS:

And though it neuer stand my life in steed,

It is inough, it giues my selfe delight,

The whiles my vnafflicted minde doth feed

On no vnholy thoughts for benefit.

Be it that my vnseasonable song

Come out of time, that fault is in the tyme,

And I must not do vertue so much wrong

As loue her ought the worse for others crime;

And yet I find some blessed spirits among,

That cherish me, and like and gracc my rime.

Againe that I do more in soule esteeme

Then al the gain of dust, the world doth craue;

And if I may attaine but to redeeme

My name from dissolution and the graue,

I shall haue done enough, and better deceeme

T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue dyde to haue.

Short-breath'd mortalitie would yet extend

That span of life so far forth as it may,

And rob her fate, seeke to beguile her end

Offsome few lingring daies of after staie,

That all this little All, might not descend

Into the darke a vniuersall pray.

And giue our labors yet this poore delight,

That whē our daies do end they are not done;

And though we die we shall not perish quite,

But liue two liues where other haue but one.

Philocosmvs

MVSOPHILVS.

Philocosmus,

Sillic desires of selfe-abusing man,
Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of ayre
That hauing done the vttermost he can
Leaves yet perhaps but beggerie to his heir;
Al that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feeds not his race, or makes his house more faire.

And what art thou the better thus to leaue
A multitude of words to small effect,
Which other times may scorn and so deceiue
Thy promis'd name of what thou dost expect,
Besides some viperous Creticke may bereaue
Th'opinion of thy worth for some defect,

And get more reputation of his wit
By but controlling of some word or sence,
Then thou shalt honor for contriuing it,
With all thy trauell, care and diligence;
Being learning now enough to contradict
And censure others with bold insolence.

Besides so many so confusedlie sing,
Whose diuers discords haue the musick mar'd,
And in contempt that mysterie doth bring,
That he must sing alowd that will be heard;
And the receiu'd opinion of the thing,
For some vnhallowed strings that vildly iar'd,

B

Hath

MVSOPHILVS.

Hath so vnseason'd now the eares of men,
That who doth touch the tenor of that vaine
Is held but vaine, and his vnreck'ned pen
The title but of leuitie doth gaine.
A poore light gaine to recompence their toile,
That thought to get eternitie the while.

And therefore leaue the left & out-worne course
Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how
To fit the times with what is most in force,
Be new with mens affections that are new;
Striue not to run an idle counter-course
Out from the sent of humours, men allow.

For not discreetly to compose our parts
Vnto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off our selues, and make our artes
Rebles to Nature and societie,
Whereby we come to burie our desarts,
In th'obscure graue of singularitic.

Musophilus.

Do not profane the worke of doing well;
Seduced man, that canst not looke so hie
From out that mist of earth as thou canst tell
The wayes of right, which vertue doth descrie,
That ouer-lookes the base, contemptible,
And low-laid follies of mortalitic.

Nor.

MVSOPHILVS.

Nor meate out trut̄ and right-deseruing prayſe,
By that wrong measure of confuſion
The vulgar foote: that neuer takes his wayes
By reason, but by imitation;
Rowling on with the rest, and neuer way's
The course which he ſhould go, but what is gone.
Well were it with mankind, if what the moſt
Did like were beſt, but ignorance will liue
By others ſquare, as by example loſt;
And man to man muſt th' hand of errour giue
That none can fall alone at their owne coſt,
And all because me iudge not, but beleeue. (boſids,
For what poore bounds haue they whom but th' earth,
What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got relieves not, but coſounds
Hauing but trauaile to ſucceed their paines?
What ioy hath he of liuing that propounds
Affliction but his end, and griefe his gaines?
Gath'ring, incroching, wresting, ioining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furniſhing,
Repairing, altring, and ſo much a do
To his ſoules toile, and bodys trauailing:
And all this doth he little knowing who
Fortune ordaines to haue th' inheriting.
And his faire house rais'd hie in enuies eie,
Whose pillars rear'd perhaps on blood & wrong

MVSOPHILVS.

The spoyles and pillage of iniquitie.

Who can assure it to continue long?

If rage spar'd not the walls of pietie,

Shal the profanest piles of sinne keepe strong?

How manie proude aspiring pallaces

Haue we known made the pray of wrath and pride,

Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulnes,

Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,

Or ciuill tumults, or an orderles

Order pretending change of some strong side?

Then where is that proude title of thy name,

Written in yce of melting vanitie?

Where is thine heire left to possesse the same?

Perhaps not so well as in beggerie.

Some thing may rise to be beyond the shame

Of vile and vnregarded pouertie.

Which, I confesse, although I often striue

To cloth in the best habit of my skill,

In all the fairest colours I can giue;

Yet for all that me thinks she lookes but ill,

I cannot brooke that face, which dead-alive

Shewes a quicke bodie, but a buried will.

Yet oft we see the barres of this restraint

Holds goodnes in, which loose wealth would let flie;

And fruitlesse riches barrayner then want,

Brings forth small worth from idle libertie.

Which

M V S O P H I L V S:

Which when disorders shal againe make scant,
It must refetch her state from pouertie.
But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue we see, with her faire grace, stands fast;
For what hy races hath there come to fall,
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since *Chaucer* liu'd who yet liues and yet shall,
Though (which I grieue to say) but in his last
Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And won vpon the mighty waste of daies,
Vnto th'immortall honor of our clime,
That by his meanes came first adorn'd with Baies,
Vnto the sacred Relicks of whose rime
We yet are bound in zeale to offer praise.
And could our lines begotten in this age
Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeeres,
And scape the fury of that threatening rage,
Which in confused clowdes gastaſtly appeares,
Who would not straine his trauailes to ingage,
Whē ſuch true glory ſhould ſucceed his cares?
But whereas he came planted in the ſpring,
And had the Sun, before him, of reſpect;
We ſet in th'Autumne, in the withering,
And ſullen ſeafon of a cold deſeſt;
Muſt taste thofe ſoure diſtaſtes the times do bring,
Vpon the fulneſſe of a cloid negleſt,

MVSOPHILVS.

Although the stronger constitutions shall
Weare out' infection of distempred daies,
And come with glory to our-liue this fall,
Recouring of another spring of praise,
Cleer'd from th' oppressing humors, wherewithall
The idle multitude surcharge their laies.

VVhen as perhaps the words thou scornest now
May liue, the speaking picture of the mind,
The extract of the soule that laboured how
To leaue the image of her selfe behind,
VVherein posteritie that loue to know
The iust proportion of our spirits may find.

For these lines are the vaines, the Arteries,
And vndecaying life-strings of those harts
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion spirit and nature both imparts,
And shall, with those aliue so sympathize
As nourisht with their powers inioy their parts.

O blessed letters that combine in one
All ages past, and make one liue with all,
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead liuing vnto councell call:
By you th'vnborne shall haue communion
Of what we feele, and what doth vs befall.
Soule of the world, knowledge, without thee,
VVhat hath the earth that truly glorious is?

VVhy

MVSOPHILVS.

Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? what good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight?
And let th' vnnaturall and waiward race
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame
That neuer read t' obserue but to disgrace,
Raise all the tempest of their powre to blame;
That pufse of follie neuer can deface,
The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.
Yet why should ciuill learning seeke to wound
And mangle her own members with despight?
Prodigious wits that study to confound
The life of wit, to seeme to know aright,
As if themselues had fortunately found
Some stand frō of the earth beyond our sight,
Whence ouerlooking all as from aboue,
Their grace is not to worke, but to reproue.
But how came they plac'd in so high degree
Aboue the reach and compasse of the rest?
VWho hath admitted them onely to be
Free-denizons of skill, to judge the best?
From whom the world as yet could neuer see
The warrant of their wit soundly exprest.
T'acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high concept, which only they possesse,
That

MVSOPHILVS.

That we might haue things exquisitely done
Measur'd with all their strict obseruances:
Such would (I know) skorne a translation,
Or bring but others labors to the preſſe;
Yet oft these monster-breeding mountains wil
Bring forth ſmall Mice of great expeſted ſkill.
Presumption euer fulleſt of deſects,
Failes in the doing to perorme her part;
And I haue known proud words and poore eſects,
Of ſuch indeed as do condenme this Arte:
But let them reſt, it euer hath beene knowne,
They others vertues ſkorn, that doubt their owne:
And for the diuers diſagreeing cordes,
Of interiangling ignorance that fill
The dainty eares, & leaue no roome for words,
The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will;
Knowing the beſt he hath, he franklē foords
And ſkornes to be a niggard of his ſkill.
And that the rather ſince this ſhort-liu'd race,
Being fatallie the ſonnes but of one day,
That now with all their powre ply it apace,
To hold out with the greateſt might they may
Againſt conuision that hath all in chace,
To make of all a vniuerſall pray.
For now great *Nature* hath laid down at laſt
That mighty birth, wherewith ſo long ſhe went

And

Mvs OPHIL vs.

And ouerwent the times of ages past,
Here to lie in, vpon our soft content,
Where fruitfull she, hath multiplied so fast,
That all she hath on these times, seem'd t'hauē spent.

All that which might haue many ages grac'd,
Is borne in one, to make one cloid with all;
Where plenty hath imprest a deepe distaſt,
Of best and worſt, and all in generall:
That goodnes ſeems, goodnes to haue defac't,
And virtue hath to virtue giuen the fall.

For emulation, that proud nurſe of wit,
Skorning to ſtay below or come behind,
Labors vpon that narrow top to ſit
Of ſole perfection in the highest kind;
Enuie and wonder looking after it,
Thrust likewiſe on the ſelfe ſame bliſſe to find:

And ſo long ſtriuing till they can no more,
Do ſtuffe the place or others hopes shut out,
Who doubting to ouertake thoſe gone before
Giue vp their care, and caſt no more about;
And ſo in ſkorne leaue all as fore poſſeſt,
And will be none where they may not be beſt.

Euen like ſome empty Creek that long hath lain,
Left or neglected of the Riuer by, (vaine,
Whose ſearching ſides pleas'd with a wandring
Finding ſome little way that cloſe did lie,

MVSOPHILVS.

Steale in at first, then other stremes againe
Second the first, then more then all supplie,
Till all the mighty maine hath borne at last
The glory of his chiefest powre that way,
Plying this new-found pleasant roome so fast
Till all be full, and all be at a staie;
And then about, and backe againe doth cast,
Leauing that full to fall another way:
So feares this humorous world, that euermore
Rapt with the Current of a present course,
Runs into that whiche laie contemnd before;
Then glutteth leaues the same, and falt's a worse:
Now zeale holds all, no life but to adore;
Then cold in spirit, and faith is of no force.
Straight all that holie was vnhallo wed lies,
The scattered carcasses of ruind vowes:
Then truth is false, and now hath blindnes eies,
Then zeale trusts al, now scarcely what it knows:
That euermore to foolish or to wise,
It fatall is to be seduc'd with shewes.
Sacred Religion, mother offorme and feare,
How gorgeously somtimes dost thou fit deckt?
What pompous vesture do we make thee weare?
What stately piles we prodigall erect?
How sweet perfum'd thou art, how shining cleare?
How solemnly obseru'd, with what respect?

Another

MVSOPHILVS.

Another time all plaine, and quite threed bare,
Thou must haue all within and nought without,
Sit poorely without light, disrob'd, no care
Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout,
Powrelesse vnfollowed, scarcely men can spare
Thee necessary rites to set thee out.

Either truth, goodnes, vertue are not still
The selfe same which they are, and alwaies one,
But alter to the project of our will,
Or we our actions make them waite vpon
Putting them in the liuery of our skill,
And cast them off againe when we haue done.

You mighty Lords, that with respecte grace
Do at the sterne offaire example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the onely turning of your hand,
Keepe a right course, bear vp from al disgrace,
Obserue the point of glory to our land:

Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground,
Keepe vertue in request, giue worth her due,
Let not neglect with barbarous means cōfound
So faire a good to bring in night anew.
Be not, ô be not accessary found
Vnto her death that must giue life to you.

Where wil you haue your vertuous names safe laid,
In gorgeous tombes, in sacred Cels secure?

C2

Do

MVSOPHILVS.

Do you not see those prostrate heapes betraid
Your fathers bones, and could not keepe them sure?
And will you trust deceitfull stones faire laid:
And thinke they will be to your honor truer?
No, no, vnsparing time will proudly send
A warrant vnto wrath that with one frown
Wil al these mock'ries of vaine glory rend,
And make them as before, vngrac'd, vnknown,
Poore idle honors that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keepe their own.
And whereto serue that wondrous *trophei* now,
That on the godly plaine neare *Wilton* stands?
That huge domb heap, that cannot tel vs how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory, it was set to shew
How much our pride mockes that of other lands?
Whereon when as the gazing passenger
Hath greedy lookt with admiration,
And faine would know his birth, and what he were,
How there erected, and how long agone:
Enquires and askes his fellow trauailer
What he hath heard and his opinion:
And he knowes nothing. Then he turnes againe
And looks and sighs, and then admires a flesh,
And in himselfe with sorrow doth complaine
The misery of darke forgetfulness;

Angry;

MVSOPHILVS:

Angrie with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders, wonder to expresse.

Then ignorance with fabulous discourse

Robbing faire arte and cunning of their right,
Tels how those stones were by the diuels force
From Affricke brought to Ireland in a night,
And thence to Britannie by Magicke course,
From giants hand redeem'd by *Merline's* sleight.

And then neare *Ambri* plac'd in memorie

Of all those noble Britons murthred there
By *Hengist* and his Saxon trecherie,
Comming to parle in peace at vnaware.
With this old Legend then credulitie
Holdes her content, and closes vp her care.

But is antiquitie so great a liar,

Or, do her yonger sonnes her age abuse,
Seeing after commers still so apt t'admire
The graue authoritie that she doth vse,
That reuerence and respect dares not require.
Proofe of her deeds, or once her words refuse?

Yet wrong they did vs to presume so far

Vpon our easie credit and delight:

For once found false they straight became to mar
Our faith, and their owne reputation quite:
That now her truths hardly beleueed are,
And though sh'auouch y right, she scarce hath right.

C 3.

And

MVSOPHILVS.

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame
That stands corrupted so with times despight,
And giu'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testifie their right:
And art becomc a traitor to their name
That trusted thee with all the best they might;
Thou shalt stand still belide and slandered,
The onely gazing stocke of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wisc admonished
Shal never more desire such heapes t'aduance,
Nor trust their liuing glorie with the dead
That cannot speake, but leaue their fame to chance;
Considering in how small a roome do lie
And yet lie safe, as fresh as if alive
All those great worthies of antiquitie,
Which long foreliu'd thee, & shal long suruiue,
Who stronger tombs found for eternitie,
Then could the powres of al the earth cōtrive.
Where they remaine these trifles to obraid
Out of the reach of spoile, and way of rage,
Though time with all his power of yeares hath laid
Long batterie, back'd with vndermining age,
Yet they make head onely with their own aide
And war, with his all conquering forces, wage:
Pleading the heauens prescription to be free
And t'haue a grant t'indure as long as he.

Phile-

MYSOPHILVS:

Philocosmus.

Beholde how every man drawne with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way;
Striuing to make his course seeme onely right
Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray;
Imagination bringing brauely dight
Her pleasing images in best array,
With flattering glasses that must shew him faire
And others foule; his skill and his wit best,
Others seduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their;
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest,
Not seeing how these minions in the aire
Present a face of things falsely exprest,
And that y glimmering of these errors showne,
Are but a light to let him see his owne.
Alas poore Fame, in what a narrow roome
As an incaged Parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst vs; where euē as good be domb
As speake, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come
When as the present are so negligent?
Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
This little point, this scarce discerned Ile,
Thrust from y world, with whō our speech vnownown
Made neuer any traffike of our stile..

and

MVSOPHILVS.

And is this all where all this care is showne,
T' enchant your fame to last so long a while?
And for that happier tonges haue woon so much,
Think you to make your barbarous language such
Poore narrow limits for so mightie paines,
That cannot promise any forraine vent:
And yet if here to all your wondrous vaines
Were generally knowne, it might content:
But lo how many reads not, or disdaines
The labors of the chiefe and excellent.
How many thousands neuer heard the name
Of *Sydney*, or of *Spencer*, or their bookeſ?
And yet braue fellowes, and presume of fame
And ſeem to beare downe all the world with lookeſ:
What then ſhall they expect of meaner frame,
On whose indeuours few or none ſcarſe looks?
Do you not ſee theſe *Pamphlets*, *Libels*, *Rymes*,
Theſe ſtrange conuoluted tumults of the minde,
Are growne to be the ſicknes of theſe times,
The great diſease iuſtled on mankind?
Your vertues, by your follieſ, made your crimeſ,
Haue iſſue with your indiſcretion ioin'd
Sc hooles, arts, profeſſions, all in ſo great ſtore,
Paffe the proportion of the preſent ſtate,
Where being as great a number as before,
And fewer roomes them to accommodate;

It

MVSOPHILVS. M

It cannot be but they must throng the more,
And kicke, and thrust, and shoulder with debate:

For when the greater wittes cannot attaine

Th'expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine
Of far inferiour vertues in their sight;

They present with the sharpe of *Envie* straine
To wound them with reproches and despight:

And for these, cannot haue as well as they (way.
They scorne their faith should daigne to looke that

Hence discontented Sects, and Schismes arise,

Hence interwounding controueries spring,

That feed the simple, and offend the wise,

Who know the consequence of cauilling:

Disgrace that these to others do devise,

Contempt and scorne on all in th'end doth bring

Like scolding wiues reckning each others fault

Make standers by imagin both are naught.

For when to these rare dainties time admits,

All commers, all Complexions, all that will,

Where none should be let in, but choicest wits,

Whose milde discretion could comport with skill,

For when the place their humor neither fits,

Nor they the place: who can expect but ill?

For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand,

And for ought else whereto they shalb' address

lma

D

They

M vs OPHILVS. M

They euē become th'incombrānce of the land
As out of ranke disordring all the rest:

This grace of theirs to seeme to vnderstand,
Marres all their grace to do, without their rest.

Men find that action is another thing

Then what they in discoursing papers reade,

The worlds affaires require in managing

More arts then those wherin you Clearks proceed,

Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering,

Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.

For who knowes most, the more he knows to doubt

The least discourse is commonly most stout:

This sweet inchaunting knowledge turnes you cleene

Out from the fields of natur all delight,

And makes you hide vnwilling to be seene

In th'open concourse of a publike sight:

This skill wherewith you haue so cunning beene,

Vnsinnewes all your powres, vnmans you quite.

Publike societie and commerce of men

Require another grace, another port:

This eloquence, these rymes, these phrases then:

Begot in shades, do serue vs in no sort,

Th'vnmateriall swellings of your pen

Touch not the spirit that action doth import:

A manly stile fitted to manlie cares

Best greees with wit, not that which goes so gay,

vnT

cl

And

MVSOPHILVS: M

And commonly the gaudie liu'rie weare
Of nice corruptions which the times do sway,
And waite on th' humor of his pulse that beares
His passions set to such a pleasing kay;
Such dainties serue onely for stomacks weake,
For men do fowlest when they finest speake.

Yet do I not dislike that in some wise
Be sung the greateroycall deserts
Of braue renowned spirits, whose exercise
Of worthy deedes may call vp others hearts,
And serue a modell for posterities
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts:
But so that all our spirits may tend hereto
To make it not our grace, to say, but do.

Musophilus.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I heare,
As one that am not so possest with loue
Of what I do, but that I rather beare
An care to learne, then a toong to disproue:
I know men must as caried in their spheare
According to their proper motions moue.
And that course likes them best which they are on,
Yet truth hath certaine bounds, but falsehood none.
I do confess our limits are but small
Compar'd with all the whole waste earth beside,

MVSOPHILVS.

All which againe rated to that great All,
Is likewise as a point scarcelie diside;
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point where we abide.

But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spatiouse circuit which we tread vpon,
We then may estimate our mightie land
A world within a world standing alone.

Where if our fame confind cannot get out,
What shall we then imagine it is pen'd
That hath so great a world to walke about,
Whose boûds with her reports haue both one end.
Why shall we not rather esteeme her stout
That farther then her owne storne to extend?

Where being so large a roome both to do well
And eke to heare th' applause of things well done,
That farther if men shall our vertues tell
We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won,
It doth not greater make that which is laudable,
The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.

And for the few that onely lend their care,
That few is all the world, which with a few
Doth euer live, and moue, and worke and stirre,
This is the heart doth feele, and onely know.

The

MVSOPHILVS.

The rest of all, that onely bodies beare
Rowle vp and downe, and fill but vp the row:
And serue as others members not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this not to be knowne
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And thogh they swel with pomp offolly blowne,
They liue vngrac'd, and die but in neglect.
And for my part if onely one allow
The care my labouring spirit take in this,
He is to me a Theater large ynow,
And his applause only sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow,
That is my all, and all I am is his.
And if some worthy spirits be pleased to,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will;
But what if none; it cannot yet vndo
The loue I beare vnto this holy skill:
This is the thing that I was borne to do,
This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.
Let those that know not breath esteeme of wind,
And set t'a vulgar ayre their scruile song,
Rating their goodnessse by the praise they find,
Making their worth on others fies belong,
As vertue were the hyreling of the mind,
And could not liue if fame had ne'r a tongue.

D.3

Hath,

M V S D P H I L V S. v M

Virtue. Hath that all-knowing powre that holdes within
The goodly prospectiue of all this frame,
(Where whatsoeuer is, or what hath bin,
Reflects a certainte image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seeke an almes offaime?
Must she like to a wanton Curtezan
Open her breasts for shew, to win her praise,
And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man,
As if she were enamoured of his waies?
And knew not weakenes nor could rightly skan
To what defects his humorous breath obaies.
She that can tell how proud ambition
Is but a begger, and hath nought at all
But what is giuen of meere deuotion;
For which how much it sweats, how much it's thrall?
What toile it takes, and yet when all is done,
The endes in expectation never fall.
Shall she ioine hands with such a seruile mate,
And prostrate her faire body to commit
Folly with earth, and to defile that state
Of cleerenes, for so gross a benefit?
Hauing reward dwelling within her gate,
And glory of her owne to furnish it.
Her selfe a recompence sufficient
Vnto her selfe, to giue her owne content.

MvsOPHILVSe M.

Ist not inough that she hath raisid so hie
Those that be hers, that they may sit and see
The earth below them, and this All to lie
Vnder their view : taking the true degree
Of the iust height of swolne mortalitie
Right as it is, not as it seemes to be,
And vndeceived with the *paralax*
Of a mistaking eie of passion, know
By these mask'd outsides what the inward lacks
Meas'ring man by himselfe not by his shew,
Wondring not at their rich and golden backs
That haue poore minds, and little else to shew.
Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their lode:
The lies of fortune, wherewithall men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad: (& knee,
Whose ground, whose grasse, whose earth haue cap-
Which they suppose, is on themselus bestow'd.
And thinke like *Jsis Asse*, all honors are
Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done
Vnto the painted Idoll which they beare,
That only makes them to be gazed on:
For take away their pack and shew them bare,
And see what beast this honor rideth vpon.
Hath knowledge lent to her the priuy key,
To let them in vnto the hieſt stage.

Of

M V S O P H I L V S . a v M

Of causes, secrets, Councells; to suruay
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage,
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gainesay;
Beleeue, and vnbeleeue, all in one age.

And shall we trust goodnesse as it proceedes
From that vnconstant mouth, which with one breath
Will make it bad againe, vnlesse it feedes
The present humor that it fauoreth?

Shall we esteeme and reckon how it heedes
Our works, that his own vowes vholloweth?

Then whereto serues it to haue beene inlarg'd
With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discouered errors, which we find?
As if our knowledge only were discharg'd,
Yet we our selues staid in a seruile kind.

That vertue must be out of countenance,
If this grosse spirit, or that weake shallow brain,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distaft, vncomprehend, disdaine;
When such sicke eies, can neuer cast a glance
But through the colours of their proper staine.

Though I must needs confess the small respect,
That these great-seeming best of men do giue,
(Whose brow begets th' inferior sorts neglect,) But
Might moue the weake irresolute to grieue:

MVSOPHILVS.

But stronger, see how iustly this defect
Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue;
That learning needs must run the common fate
Of all things else, thrust on by her own weight,
Comporting nother selfe in her estate
Vnder this burthen of a selfe conceipt:
Our own dissentious hands opening the gate
Vnto Contempt, that on our quarrels waite,
Discouered haue our inward gouernment,
And let in hard opinion to disgrace
The generall, for some weake impotent
That beare out their disease with a stolne face,
Who (sillie soules) the more wit they haue spent,
The lesse they shew'd not bettring their bad case.
And see how soone this rowling world can take
Aduantage for her dissolution,
Faine to get loose from this withholding stake
Of ciuill science and discretion:
How glad it would run wilde, that it might make
One formelesse forme of one confusion?
Like tyrant *Ortoman*s blindfolded state,
Which must know nothing more but to obey:
For this, seekes greedy ignorance t'abate
Our number, order, liuing, forme and sway;
For this, it practiseth to dissipate
Th'vnshelred troupes, till all be made awaie.

E

For

MVSOPHILVS. 11

For since our fathers sinnes puld first to ground
The pale of their disfuered dignitie,
And ouerthrew that holy reuerent bound
That parted learning and the laicity,
And laid all flat in common to confound
The honor and respect of pietie:
It did so much invile the estimate
Ofth'opened and invulgard mysteries,
Which now reduc'd ynto the basest rate,
Must waite vpon the *Norman* subtleties,
Who (being mounted vp into their state)
Do best with wrangling rudenesse sympathize.
And yet though now set quite behind the traine
Of vulgar sway (and light of powre wai'd light).
Yet would this giddy innouation faine
Downe with it lower to abase it quite:
And those poore remnants that do yet remain
The spoiled marks of their deuided right:
They wholy would deface, to leaue no face
Of reuerent distinction and degree,
As if they waigh'd no difference in this case:
Betwixt *Religions* age and infancie;
Where th'one must creepe, th'other stand with grace
Least turn'd to a child it ouerturned bee.
Though to pull backe th'on-running state of things,
(Gathering corruption as it gathers daies)

Vnto

MVSOPHILVS.

Vnto the forme of their first orderings,
Is the best meanes that dissolution staines,
And to go forward backward, right, men brings,
T'obserue the line frō whence they tooke their waies.
Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not leuell to the times condition:
To alter course may bring men more astray;
And leauing what was knowne to light on none,
Since euery change the reuerence doth decay
Of that which alway should continue one.
For this is that close kept *Palladium*,
Which once remou'd brings ruine euermore:
This stird makes men fore-setled to become
Curious to know what was belieu'd before:
Whilst faith disputes that vsed to be dombe,
And more men striue to talke then to adore.
For neuer head-strong reformation will
Rest till to th'extreme opposite it run,
And ouer-run the mean distrusted still
As being too neare of kin, to that men shun:
For good and bad, and all must be one ill,
When once there is another truth begun.
So hard it is an eu'en hand to beare,
In tempering with such maladies as these,
Least that our forward passions launce to neare,
And make the cure proue worse then the disease:

MVSOPHILVS.

For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it growes with that which doth displease:
And faults are easier looke in, then redrest;
Men running with such eager violence
At the first view of errors fresh in quest,
As they to rid an inconuenience,
Sticke not to raise a mischiefe in the steed,
Which after mocks their weake imprudence:
And therefore ô make not your own sides bleed
To pricke at others, you that would amend
By pulling down; and thinke you can proceed
By going backe vnto the farther end,
Let stand that little Couert left behind,
where on your succours and respects depend.
And bring noe down the prizes of the mind,
With vnder-rating of your selues so base:
You that the mighty doors do crooching find,
To sell your selues to buy a little grace,
Or waite whole months to out-bid Simonie,
For that which being got is not your place:
For if it were, what needed you to buy
What was your due, your thursting shews your shift,
And little worth that seekes iniuriously
A worthier from his lawfull roome to lift?
We cannot say that you were then preferr'd,
But that your maner was, or some worse gift.

MVSOPHIVS:

O scattring gath'ers that without regard
Of times to come, will to be made, vndo:
As if you were the last of men, prepar'd
To burie in your graues all other to.

Dare you prophane that holie portion
Which never sacreligious hands durst do?
Did forme-establishing deuotion,
To maintaine a respectiue reuerence
Extend her bountisfull prouision
With such a charitable prouidence,
For your deforming handes to dissipate
And make Gods due your impious expence?
No maruaile then though th' ouerpestered state
Want roome for goodnes, if our little hold
Be lessned vnto such a narrow rate
That reuerence cannot sit, fit as it shoud;
And yet what need we thus for roomes complaine,
That shall not want void roome if this course hold:
And more then will be fill'd, for who will straine
To get an emptie title to betray
His hopes and trauaile for an honour vaine
And gaine a port without support or stay?
What need hath enuie to maligne their state
That will themselues so kind, giue it away?
This makes indeed our number passe the rate
Of our prouisions; which if dealt aright

MY SOPHILVS.

Would yeeld sufficient roome t'accommodate
More then we haue in places requisite. 10
The ill disposing onely doth vs set
In disarray, and out of order quite.
Whiles other gifts then of the mind shall get
Vnder our colours that which is our dues,
And to our trauailes neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honor, nor respect accrewes:
This sicknes of the states soule, Learning, then
The bodies great distemprature insues.
For if that learnings roomes to learned men
Were as their heritage distributed,
All this disordred thrust would cease, for when
The fit were call'd, th'vnworthy frustrated
These would b'asham'd to seek, those to b'vnsought
And stay'ng their turn were sure they should be sped.
Then would our drooping Academies brought
Againe in heart, regaine that reverend hand
Of lost opinion, and no more be thought
Th'vnnecessarie furnish of the land,
Nor disencourag'd with their small esteeme,
Confus'd, irresolute, and wauering stand.
Caring not to become profound, but seeme
Contented with a superficiale skill
Which for a sleight reward inough they deem,
When th'one succedes as well as th'other will,

Seeing

MVSOPHILVS.

Seeing shorter wayes lead sooner to their end,
And others longer trauailes thriue so ill.
Then would they onely labour to extend
Their now vnsearching spirits beyond these bounds
Of others powres, wherein they must be pend
As if there were besides no other grounds :
And set their bold *Plus ultra* far without
The pillars of those *Axioms* age propounds.
Discou'ring dayly more, and more about
In that immense and boundlesse Ocean
Of Natures riches, neuer yet found out
Nor fore-clos'd, with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinarie course
That other vnindustrious ages ran,
That these more curious times they might deuorce
From the opinion they are linckt vnto
Of our disable and vnactive force,
To shew true knowledge can both speak and do:
Arm'd for the sharpe, which in these dayes they finde,
With all prouisions that belong thereto.
That their experience may not come behind
The times conceipt, but leading in their place
May make men see the weapons of the mind
Are states best strengths, and kingdoms chiefeſt grace,
And rooms of charge, charg'd ful with worth & praise
Makes maieſtie appeare with her full face,

Shining

MVSOPHILVS.

Shining with all her beames, with all her raies
Vnsainted of her parts, vnshadowed
In any darkned point: which still bewrayes
The waine of powre, when powr's vnfurnished
And hath not all those entire complements
Wherewith the state should for her state be sped.
And though the fortune of some age consents
Vnto a thousand errors grossely wrought,
Which flourisht ouer with their faire euent
Haue past for current, and good courses thought;
The least whereof in other times againe
Most dangerous inconueniences haue brought,
Whilst to the times, not to mens wits pertaine
The good successes of ill manag'd deeds,
Though th' ignorant deceiu'd with colours vaine
Misce of the causes whence this lucke proceeds.
Forreine defects giuing home-faults the way,
Make eu'en that weakenes somtimes well succeeds.
I grant that some vnlettered pratique may
(Leauing beyond the *Alpes* faith and respect,
To God and man) with impious cunning fway
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintaine the turning on
And haue his errors deemd without defect:
But when some powrefull opposition
Shall, with a sound incountring shocke, disjoint

The

MVSOPHILVS: M

The fore-contrived frame, and thereupon
Th'experience of the present disappoint,
And other stirring spirits, and other hearts
Built-huge, for action, meeting in a point;
Shall drive the world to summon all their artes
And all too little for so reall might,
When no aduantages of weaker parts
Shal beare out shallow councels from the light;
And this sence-opening action (which doth hate
Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right.
Who then holds vp the glorie of the state
(Which lettered armes, & armed letters won)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate
Contemn'd Iustinian, or else Littleton?
When it shall not be held wisedome to be
Priuately made, and publiquely vndon:
But sound deseignes that iudgment shal decree
Out of a true discern, of the cleare wayes
That lie direct, with safe-going equitie
Imbroyling not their owne & others dayes.
Extending forth their prouidence beyond
The circuit of their owne particular;
That euен the ignorant may vnderstand
How that deceipt is but a cauiller,
And true vnto it selfe can neuer stand,
But stil must with her owne conclusions war.

MVSOPHILVS.

Can truth and honestie, wherein consists

The right repose on earth, the surest ground

Of trust, come weaker arm'd into the lists,

Then fraud or vice, that doth it selfe confound ?

Or shall presumption that doth what it lists,

Not what it ought, carry her courses sound ?

Then what safe place out of confusion

Hath plain proceeding honestie to dwell ?

What sure of grace, hath vertue to put on

If vice shall weare as good, and do as well ?

If wrong, if craft, if indiscretion,

Act as faire parts with ends as laudable ?

Which all this mightie volume of events

The world, the vniuersall mappe of deedes

Strongly controwles, and proues from all discents,

That the dire~~c~~test courses best succeeds

When craft, wrapt still in many comberments

With all her cunning thrives not, though it speedes.

For should not graue and learn'd experience

That lookes with th'eyes of all the world beside,

And with all ages holdes intelligence,

Go safer then deceipt without a guide ?

Which in the by-paths of her diffidence

Crossing the wayes of Right, still runs more wide :

Who will not grant ? and therefore this obserue,

No state standes sure but on the grounds of Right.

Of

MYSOPHILVS. M

Of vertue, knowledge, judgement to preserue,
And all the powres of learnings requisite;
Though other shifts a present turne may serue,
Yet in the triall they will wey too light.

And do not thou contemne this swelling tide
And stremme of words that now doth rise so hie
Aboue the vsuall banks, and spreads so wide
Ouer the borders of antiquitie:
Which I confesse comes euer amplifie
With th'abounding humours that do multiplicie:

And is with that same hand of happines
Inlarg'd as vices are out of their bands;
Yet so, as if let out but to redresse
And calme, and sway th'affections it commands:
VVhich as it stirres, it doth againe represso
And brings in, th'outgone malice that withstands.

Powre aboue powres, O heauenly *Eloquence*,
That with the strong reine of commanding words,
Dost manage, guide, and master th'eminence
Of mens affections, more then all their swords:
Shall we not offer to thy excellency
The richest treasure that our wit affords?

Thou that canst do much more with one poor pen
Then all the powres of princes can effect:
And draw, diuert, dispose, and fashion men
Better then force or rigour can direct:

MVSOPHILVS.

Should we this ornament of glorie then
As th'vnmateriall fruits of shades, neglect ?
Or should we carelesse come behind the rest
In powre of wordes, that go before in worth,
When as our accents equall to the best
Is able greater wonders to bring forth :
When all that euer hotter spirits exprest
Comes bettered by the patience of the North ?
And who in time knowes whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shotes
This gaine of our best glorie shal be sent,
T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our stores ?
VVhat worlds in th'yet vnfomed Occident
May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours ?
Or who can tell for what great worke in hand
The greatnes of our stile is now ordain'd ?
VVhat powres it shall bring in, what spirits cōmand,
What thoughts let out, what humors keep restrain'd
What mischiefe it may powrefully withstand,
And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd :
And as for Poesie (mother of this force)
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might,
Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,
VVith comely motions how to go vpright :
And fostring it with bountifull discourse
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight,

VVhat

MVSOPHILVS:

What should I say? since it is well approu'd

The speech of heauen, with whō they haue cōmerce

That only seeme out of themselues remou'd,

And do with more then humane skils conuerse:

Those nūbers wherewith heauen & earth are mou'd,

Shew, weakenes speaks in prose, but powre in verse.

Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow

That th'acts of worthy men shuld be preseru'd;

As in the holiest tombes we can bestow

Vpon their glory that haue well deseru'd,

Wherein thou dost no other vertue shew

Then what most barbrous countries haue obseru'd:

When all the happiest nations hitherto

Did with no lesser glory speake then do.

Now to what else thy malice shall obie&;

For schooles, and Arts, and their necessarie:

When from my Lord, whose iudgement must direct

And forme, and fashion my abilitie

I shall haue got more strength: thou shalt expect.

Out of my better leasure, my reply.

And if herein the curious sort shall deeme

My will was caried far beyond my force,

And that it is a thing doth ill beseeme

The function of a Poem, to discourse:

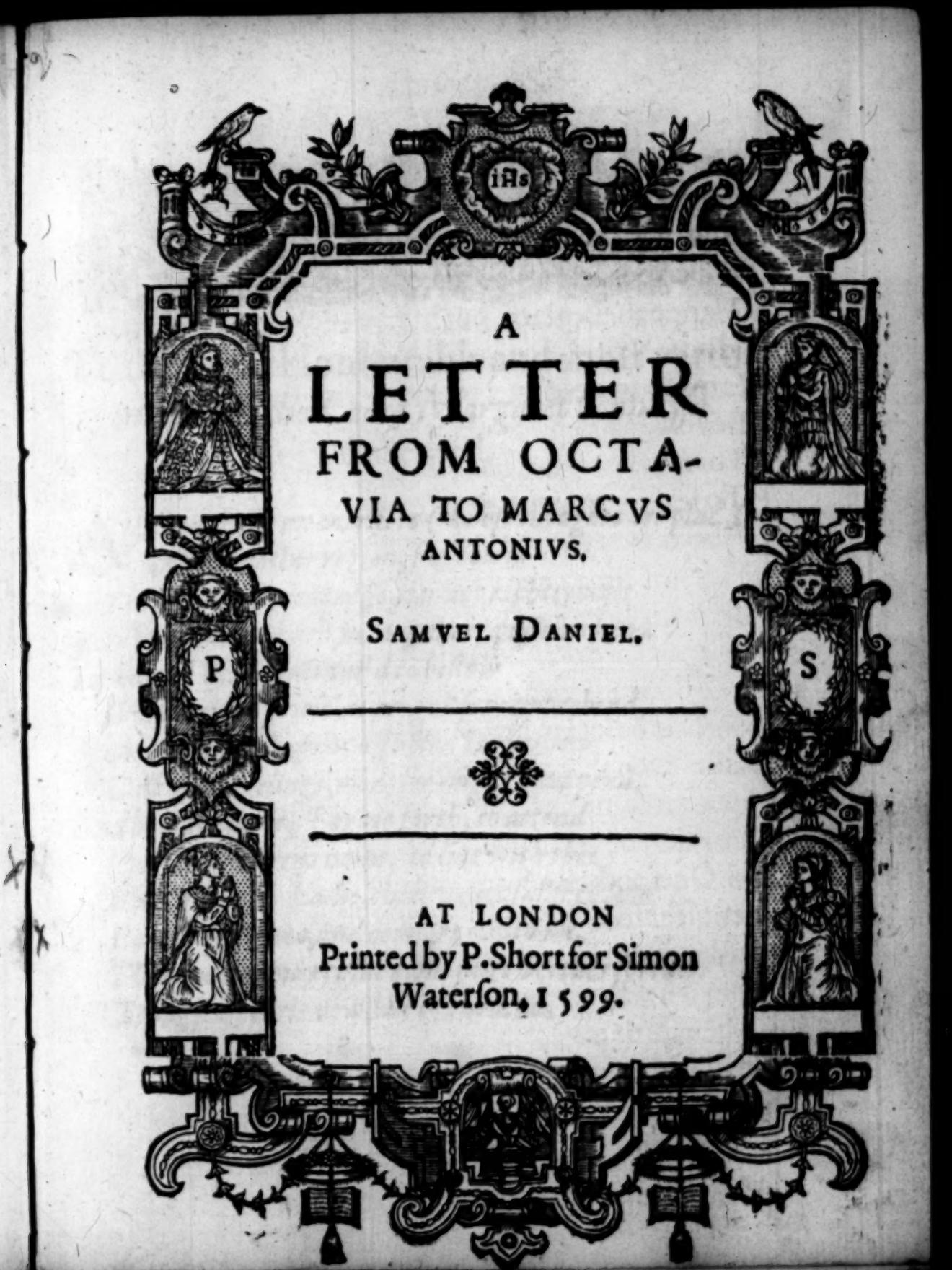
Thy learned iudgement which I most esteeme

(Worthy Fulke Greuil) must defend this course.

MVS'OPHILVS.

By whose mild grace, and gentle hand at first
My Infant Muse was brought in open sight
From out the darkenesse wherein it was nurst,
And made to be partaker of the light;
Which peraduenture never else had durst
T'appeare in place, but had beene smothered quite.
And now herein encourag'd by thy praise,
Is made so bold and ventrous to attempt
Beyond example, and to trie those waies,
That malice from our forces thinkes exempt:
To see if we our wronged lines could raise
Aboue the reach of lightnesse and contempt.

FINIS.



A
LETTER
FROM OCTA-
VIA TO MARCVS
ANTONIVS.

SAMVEL DANIEL.



AT LONDON
Printed by P. Short for Simon
Waterson, 1599.

LETTER
FROM
VIA TO MARCEAS
ANTONIUS

25 JULY 1700
GARNIER D'ANNECY

AT LONDRES
PRINTED BY P. S. TROTTER SIMON
MARCH 1700



To the right Honourable and most vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Margaret Countesse of Cumberland.

Although the meaner sort (whose thoughts are plac'd
As in another region, far below
The Sphere of greatness) cannot rightly taste
What touch it hath, nor right her passions know:
Yet haue I here aduentur'd to bestow
Words upon griefe, as my grieves comprehend,
And made this great afflicted Ladie show
Out of my feelings, what she might haue pend.
And here the same, I bring forth, to attend
Upon thy reverent name, to liue with thee
Most vertuous Ladie, that vouchsaſt to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto me,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues spread
Be'ing secretarie now, but to the dead.



The Argument.

Vpon the second agreement (the first being broken through iealousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betwene the Triumviri Octauius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus: Octauia the sister of Octauius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a linke to combine that which neuer yet, the greatest strength of nature, or anie power of nearest respect could long holde togither, who made but the instrument of others ends, and deliuered vp as an Ostage to serue the oportunitie of aduantages, met not with that integrity she brought: but as highlie preferred in affliction encountered with all the greeuances that beate vpon the miserie of greatnes, exposed to stand betwixt the diuers tending humours of vnpquiet parties. For Antonie hauing yet vpon him the setters of AEgypt, layde on by the power of a most incomparable beautie, could admit no new lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himself being not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastwarde whither the point of his desires were directed, touchte with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licencious soueraintie could draw a man vnto: could not trulie descend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred Matrone, whose entertainment bounded with modestie and the nature of her

THE ARGUMENT.

education, knew not to cloth her affections in any other colours then the plain habit of truth: wherein she euer suited all her actions, and vsed all her best ornaments of honestie, to win the good liking of him that helde her but as a Curtaine drawne betweene him and Octauius to shadow his other purposes withall; which the sharpe sight of an equallie iealous ambition could soone pierce into, and as easily looke thorow and ouer bloud and nature as he to abuse it: And therefore to preuent his aspiring, he armes his forces either to reduce Antonie to the ranke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of state and al. When Octauia by the imployement of Antonie (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her triall) throwes her selfe, great with child, and as big with sorrowe, into the trauaile of a most laboursome reconciliation: taking her iourney from the farthest part of Greece to find Octauius, with whom her care and teares were so good agents that they effected their Commission beyond all expectation: and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relaps of his former disease, watching his oportunity got ouer againe into Egypt, where he so forgot himselfe, that he quite put off his own nature, and wholy became a pray to his pleasures, as if hee had wound himselfe out of the respect of Country, bloud and alliance, which gave to Octauia the cause of much affliction, and to me the Argument of this letter.

A Letter



A Letter sent from *Ostania* to her
husband *Marcus Antonius*
into Egypt.

TO thee(yet deere)though most disloiall Lord,
Whom impious loue keepes in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife *Ostania* sendeth word
Ofth' vnkind wounds receiued by thy hand,
Grant *Antony*, ô let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand
The hurt thou dost, and do but read her teares
That still is thine though thou wilt not be hers:

2

Although perhaps, these my complaints may come
Wilſt thou in th'armes of that incestuous Queene
The staine of *Egypt*, and the shame of *Rome*
Shalt dallying ſit, and bluſh to haue them ſcene:
Whilſt proud diſdainfull ſhe, gēſſing from whome
The message came, and what the cauſe hath beene,
Wil ſkorning ſaie, faith, this comes from your Deere,
Now ſir you muſt be ſhent for ſtaying heere.

THE LETTER

3

From her indeed it comes, delitious dame,
(Thou royal Concubine, and Queene of lust)(blame,
Whose Armes yet pure, whose brests are voide of
And whose most lawfull flame proues thine vniust:
Tis shee that sendes the message of thy shame,
And his vntruth that hath betraid her trust:
Pardon, deare Lord, from her these sorrowes are
Whose bed bringes neither infamie nor warre.

4

And therefore heare her wordes, that too too much
Hath heard the wronges committed by thy shame;
Although at first my trust in thee was such
As it held out against the strongest fame;
My heart would neuer let in once a touch
Of least beliefe, till all confirmd the same:
That I was almost last that would belieue
Because I knew mee first that most must grieue.

2

How oft haue poore abused I tooke parte
With falsehood onely for to make thee true?
How oft haue I argued against my heart
Not suffring it to know that which it knew?
And for I wold not haue thee what thou arte
I made my selfe, vnto my selfe vntrue:
So much my loue laboured against thy Sinne
To shut out feare which yet kept feare within:

For

OF OCTAVIA.

6

For I could neuer thinke th' aspiring mind
Of worthie and victorious *Antonie*,
Could be by such a *Syren* so declind,
As to be traynd a pray to Luxury:
I could not thinke my Lord would be s'vnkind
As to despise his Children, *Rome* and me:
But ô how soone are they deceiud that trust
And more their shame, that wilbe so vniust.

7

But now that certaine fame hath open layd
Thy new relaps, and straunge reuolt from mee,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes awaie
And made the passage of my sorrowes free:
For now poore hart, there's nothing in the waie
Remaines to stand betwixt despaire and thee;
All is throwne downe, there comes no succors newe
It is most true, my Lord is most vntruc.

8

And now I may with shame inough pull in
The colours I aduaunced in his grace
For that subduing powre, that him did win
Hath lost me too, the honour of my face:
Yet why should I bearing no part of sinne
Beare such a mightie part of his disgrace?
Yes though it be not mine, it is of mine;
And his renowne being clips'd, mine cannot shine.

B.3

VVhich

THE LETTER

9

Which makes me as I do, hide from the eie
Of the misjudging vulgar that will deeme,
That sure there was in me some reason why
Which made thee thus, my bed to disesteeme:
So that alas poore vndeseruing I
A cause of thy vncleane deserts shall seeme,
Though lust takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But still leaues known delights to seeke out new.

10

And yet my brother *Cæsar* laboured
To haue me leauy thy house, and liue more free,
But God forbid, *Octavia* should be led
To leauet to liue in thine, though left by thee
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,
Are still the obiects that remember me
What *Antony* was once, although false now,
And is my Lord, though he negle&t his vow.

11

These walles that here do keepe me out of sight
Shall keepe me all vnspotted vnto thee,
And testifie that I will do thee right,
Ile neuer staine thy house, though thou shame me:
The now sad Chamber of my once delight
Shall be the temple of my pietie
Sacred vnto the faith I reucrence,
Where I will paie my teares for thy offence.

Although

OF OCTAVIA. T

12

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong
Might draw my bloud to forfeit vnto shame,
Nor need I frustrate my delights so long
That haue such meanes to carrie so the same,
Since that the face of greatnessse is so strong
As it dissolues suspect, and beares out blame,
Having all secret helps that long thereto
That seldome wants there ought but will to do:

13

Which yet to do, ere lust this heart shall frame
Earth swallow me aliue, hel rap me hence:
Shall I because despisd contemne my shame,
And ad disgrace to others impudence?
What can my powre but giue more powre to fame?
Greatnesse must make it great incontinence;
Chambers are false, the bed and all wil tell,
No doore keepes in their shame that do not well.

14

Hath greatnessse ought peculiar else alone
But to stand faire and bright aboue the base?
What doth deuide the cottage from the thronc,
If vice shall laie both leuell with disgrace?
For if vncleannessse make them but all one
What priuiledge hath honor by his place?
What though our sinnes go braue and better clad,
They are as those in rags as base as bad.

THE LETTER

15

I know not how, but wrongfullie I know
Hath vndiscerning custome plac'd our kind
Vnder desart, and set vs farre below
The reputation to our sexe assign'd ;
Charging our wrong reputed weakenes, how
VVe are vncertain, fickle, false, vnkinde :
And thogh our life with thousand proofs shewes no
Yet since strength faies it, weaknes must be so.

16

Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no share
Of power to do of lifes best benefite ;
But stand as if we interdicted were
Of vertue, action, libertie and might :
Must you haue all, and not vouchsafe to spare
Our weaknes any intrest of delight ?
Is there no portion left for vs at all,
But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance and thrall ?

17

Thrice happie you in whom it is no fault,
To know, to speake, to do, and to be wise :
VVhose words haue credit, and whose deeds though
Must yet be made to seeme far otherwise : (naught
You can be onely heard whilst we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exercise
The powers of our best parts, because your parts
Haue with our fredome robb'd vs of our hearts :

VVe

OF OCTAVIA.

18

We in this prison of our selues confin'd
Must here shut vp with our own passions liue
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find
The vent of outward means that might relieue:
That they alone must take vp all our mind;
And no roome left vs, but to thinke and grieue,
Yet oft our narrowed thoughts look more direct
Then your loose wisdoms borne with wild neglect.

19

For should we to (as God forbid we should)
Carrie no better hand on our desires
Then your strength doth; what int'rest could
Our wronged patience paie you for your hires?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succeed the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
What foule confusion in your blood and race
To your immortall shame, and our disgrace?

20

What? are there bars for vs, no bounds for you?
Must leuitie stand sure, though firmnes fall?
And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
And we no grant to be dispens'd withall?
Must we inuiolable keepe your due,
Both to your loue, and to your falsehood thrall?
Whilst you haue stretch'd your last vnto your will
As if your strength were licenc'd to do ill.

C

O

THE LETTER

21

O if you be more strong then be more iust,
Cleere this suspition, make not the world to doubt
Whether in strong, or weake be better trust,
If frailty, or else valour be more stout:
And if we haue shut in our harts from lust
Let not your bad example let them out;
Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud,
If you will haue vs good, be you then good.

22

Is it that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but still in what it would,
Which drawes you on to do vs this vnright,
Whilst feare in vs of loosing what we hold
Keepes vs in still to you, that set vs light,
So that what you vnties, doth vs infold?
Then loue tis thou that dost confound vs so
To make our truth the occasion of ourwo.

23

Distressed woman kind that either must
For louing loose your loues, or get neglect;
Whilst wantons are more car'd for, then the iust
And falsehood cheerisht, faith without respect
Better she fares in whom is lesser trust,
And more is lou'd that is in more suspect.
VVhich (pardon me) shewes no great strength of mind
To be most theirs, that vse you most vnkind.

Yet

OF OCTAVIA.

24

Yet wel it fits for that sinne euer must
Be tortur'd with the racke of his own frame,
For he that holds no faith shall find no trust,
But sowing wrong is sure to reap the same:
How can he looke to haue his measure iust
That fils deceipt, and reckons not of shame,
And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot
Shall euer pine for that which he hath not?

25

Yet if thou couldst not loue, thou mightst haue seem'd,
Though to haue seem'd had likewise bee ne vniust:
Yet so much are leane shewes of vs esteem'd
That oft they feed, though not suffice our trust:
Because our nature grieveth to be deem'd
To be so wrong'd, although we be and must.
And it's some easse yet to be kindly vs'd
In outward shew, though secretly abus'd.

26

But wo to her, that both in shew despis'd,
And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorne,
For whom no comforts are to be deuis'd,
Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne:
O *Antony*, could it not haue suffiz'd
That I was thine, but must be made her skorne
That enuies all our bloud, and doth deuide
Thee from thy selfe, onely to serue her pride?

C 2

What

THE LETTER

27

What fault haue I committed that should make
So great dislike of me and of my loue?
Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
For to dislike what most doth it reprove?
Because the conscience gladlie would mistake
. Her own misdeedes which she would faine remoue,
And they that are vnwilling to amend
Will take offence because they will offend.

28

Or hauing run beyond all pardon quite
They flie and ioine with sin as wholy his,
Making it now their side, their part, their right,
And to turne backe would shew t'haue done amisse:
For now they thinke not to be opposite
To what obraides their fault, were wickednesse:
So much doth follie thrust them into blame
That cuen to leaue of shame, they count it shame.

29

Which do not thou, deere Lord, for I do not
Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy returne
Backe to thy selfe; whom thou hast both forgot
With me, poore me, that doth not spight but mourne:
And if thou couldst as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, these plaints had beene forborne:
And thou shouldst be the same vnto my hart
VVhich once thou were, not that which nowe thou art.

Though

OF OCTAVIA.

30

Though deepe doth sit the hard recouering smart
Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my sad soule, then all th'vnkindnes past:
And *Antony* I appeale to thine own hart,
(If th'hart which once was thine thou yet still hast)
To iudge if euer woman that did liue
Had iuster cause, then wretched I, to grieue.

31

For comming vnto *Athens* as I did,
Wearie and weake with toile, and all distrest,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request:
And how my trauaile was considered
And all my care, and cost, thy selfe knowes best:
That wouldest not moue one foot from lust for me
That had left all was decree to come to thee:

32

For first what great ado had I to win
My offendèd brother *Cæsars* backward will?
And praid, and wept, and cride to staie the sinne
Of ciuill rancor rising twixt you still:
For in what case shall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both to share with both your ill?
My bloud said I with either of you goes,
Who euer win, I shall be sure to lose.

C 3

For

THE LETTER

33

For what shame should such mighty persons get
For two weake womens cause to disagree?
Nay what shall I that shall be deem'd to set
Th' inkindled fire, seeming inflam'd for mee?
O if I be the motiue of this heate
Let these vnguiltie hands the quenchers bee,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord
The Agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

34

With praiers, yowes and tears, with vrging hard
I wrung from him a slender grant at last,
And with the rich prouisions I prepar'd
For thy (intended *Parthian* war) made haste
Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties past:
And came to *Athens*; whence I *Niger* sent
To shew thee of my comming and intent.

35

Whereof when he had made relation:
I was commanded to approch no neare;
Then sent I backe to know what should be done
With th'horse, and men, and monie I had there:
Whereat perhaps when some remorse begun
To touch thy soule, to thinke yet what we were,
Th'Inchantres straight steps twixt thy hart & thee
And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.

She

OF OCTAVIA.

36

She armes herteares, the ingins of deceit
And all her batterie, to oppose my loue:
And bring thy comming grace to a retralte
The powre of all her subtilitie to proue:
Now pale and faint she languishes, and striaught
Seemes in a sound, vnable more to moue:
Whilst her instructed followers plie thine eares
With forged passions, mixt with fained teares.

37

Hard-harted lord, say they, how canst thou see
This mightie Queene a creature so diuine,
Lie thus distrest, and languishing for thee
And onely wretched but for beeing thine?
Whilst base Octavia must intitled bee
Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy concubine:
Aduance thy heart, raise it vnto his right
And let a scepter baser passions quit.

38

Thus they assaile thy natures weakest side
And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy mind,
Knowing where iudgment stood least fortified
And how t'incounter follie in her kinde:
But yet the while O what dost thou abide,
Who in thy selfe such wrastling thoughts dost finde?
In what confused case is thy soule in
Rackt betwixt pitie, sorrow, shame and sin?

I

THE LETTER

39

I cannot tell but sure I dare beleue
My trauails needs must some cōpassion moue:
For no such locke to bloud could nature giue
To shut out pitie, though it shut out loue:
Conscience must leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reproue,
The guilt of thy offence that caus'd the same,
For deepest woūds the hand, of our owne shame.

40

Neuer haue vniust pleasures beene compleet
In ioyes intire, but still feare kept the dore
And held back something from that ful of sweet
To intersowre vnsure delights the more:
For neuer did all circumstancies meete
With those desires which were cōceiu'd before
Something must still be left to check our sinne,
And giue a touch of what should not haue bin.

41

Wretched mankinde, wherefore hath nature made
The lawfull, vndelightfull, th' vniust shame?
As if our pleasure onelie were forbade,
But to giue fire to lust, t'ad greater flame;
Or else but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passions to confound the same,
Which though it be, yet ad not worse to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine owne will.

Redeeme

OF OCTAVIA.

42

Redeeme thy selfe, and now at length make peace
With thy deuided hart opprest with toile:
Breake vp this war, this brest dissencion cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile;
I do not only seeke my good t'increase,
But thine owne ease, and liberty the while:
Thee in the circuite of thy selfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43

I know my pitied loue, doth aggrauate
Enuy and wrath for these wrongs offered:
And that my suffrings adde with my estate
Coales in thy bosome, hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that, my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wish to haue beeene vnpitied
Of all but thee, then that my loue should be
Hurtfull to him that is so deere to me.

44

Cannot the busie world let me alone
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they must intermeddle with my mone
And seeke t'offend me with vnsought relief?
Whilst my afflictions labourd to moue none.
But only thee; must pitie play the thiefe,
To steale so many harts to hurt my hart,
And moue apart against my dearest part?

D

Yet

THE LETTER

45

Yet all this shall not preiudice my Lord
If yet he will but make returne at last,
His sight shall raze out of the sad record
Of my inrowled grieve all that is past;
And I will not so much as once affoord
Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac't:
And pity shall bring backe againe with me
Th' offended harts that haue forsaken thee.

46

And therfore come deer lord, least longer stay
Do arme against thee all the powers of spight,
And thou be made at last the wofull pray
Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what presaging thought of bloud doth stay
My trembling hand, and doth my soule affright?
What horror do I see, prepar'd t'attend
Th'euent of this? what end vnlesse thou end?

47

With what strange formes and shadowes ominous
Did my last sleepe, my grieu'd soule intertwaine?
I dreamt, yet ô, dreames are but friuolous,
And yet I letell it, and God grant it vaine.
A sea Horse. Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*
From *Nilus* floting, thrusts into the maine,
Upon whose backe a wanton Mermaide sat,
As if she rul'd his course and steer'd his fate.

With

OF OCTAVIA.

48

With whom t' encounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and powre as good:
At whose ingrappling Neptunes mantle takes
A purple colour dyde with streames of bloud,
Whereat, this looker on, amaz'd forsakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better stood;
But se'ing her gone straight after her he hies
As if his hart and strength laie in her eyes.

49

On followes wrath vpon disgrace and feare,
Whereof th' euent forsooke me with the night,
But my wak'd cares, gaue me, these shadowes were
Drawne but from darknes to instruct the light,
These secret figures, natures message beare
Of cōming woes, were they desciphered right;
But if as clouds of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and spight that are awake.

50

Preuent great spirit the tempests that begin,
If lust and thy ambition haue left waie
But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,
To stop thy iudgement from a true suruay
Of thy estate; and let thy hart within
Consider in what danger thou doost lay
Thy life and mine, to leaue the good thou haft,
To follow hopes with shadowes ouercast.

Come

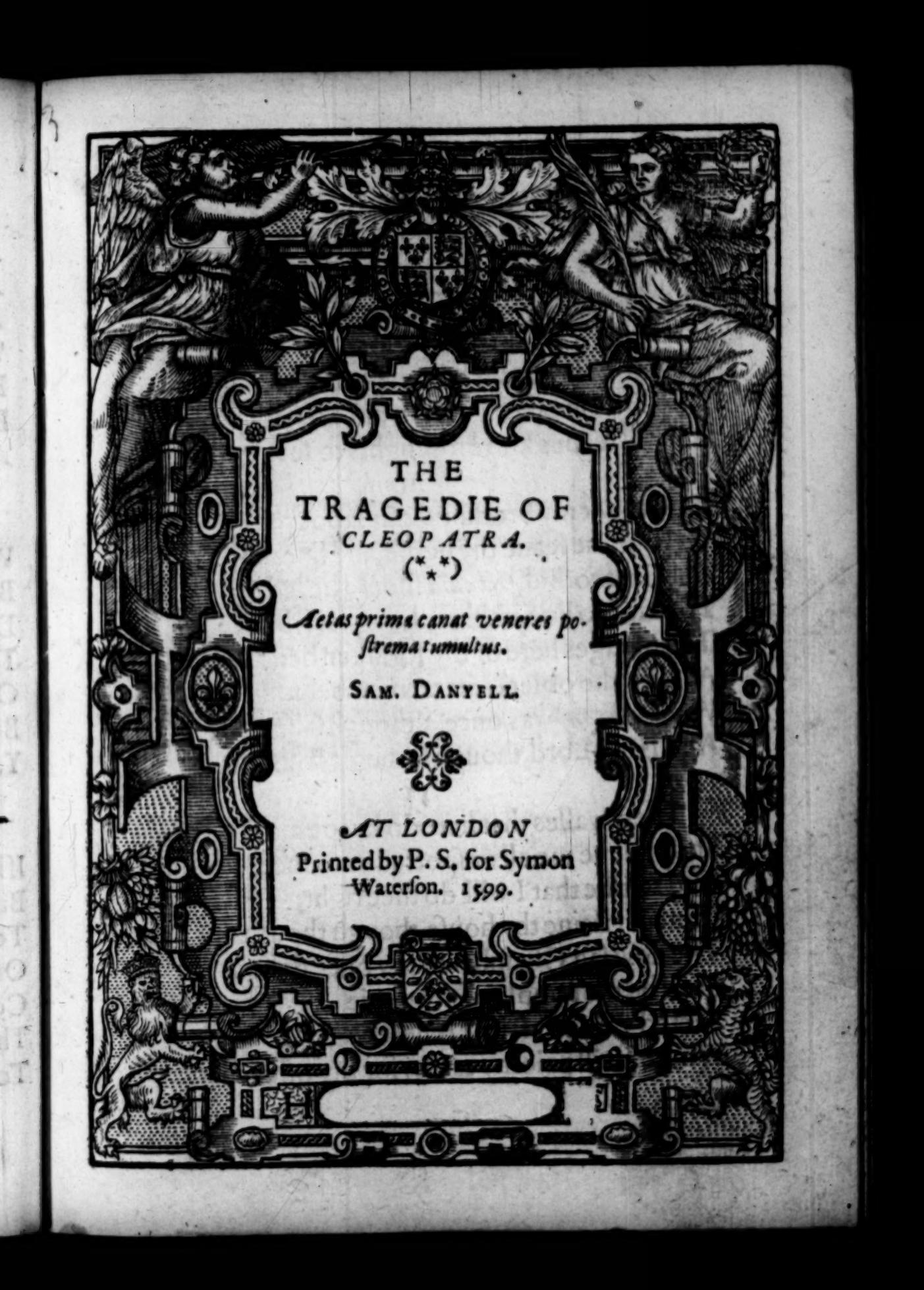
THE LETTER

51

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, frō toile,
Possesse thine owne with right, with truth, with peace;
Breake from these snares, thy iudgement vnbeguile,
Free thine owne torment, and my griefe release.
But whither am I caried all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease?
Words still with my increasing sorrowes grow;
I know t'haue said too much, but not ynow.

Wherfore no more but only I commend
To thee the hart that's thine, and so I end.

FINIS.



THE
TRAGEDIE OF
CLEOPATRA.
(* * *)

*Actas prima canat veneres po-
stremat tumultus.*

SAM. DANYELL.



AT LONDON
Printed by P. S. for Symon
Waterson. 1599.



To the Right Honourable, the
Lady *Mary*, Countesse of
PEMBROOKE.

LOE heere the worke the which she did impose,
Who only doth predominate my Muse:
The starre of wonder, which my labors chose
To guide their way in all the course I vse.
She, whose cleere brightnesse doth alone infuse
Strength to my thoughts, and makes me what I am;
Call'd vp my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of state, and tragick notes to frame.

I, who (contented with an humble song,)
Made musique to my selfe that pleas'd me best,
And onely told of DELIA, and her wrong,
And prais'd her eies, and plaind mine own vnrest:
(A text from whence my Muse had not degrest)
Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Anthony*,
(who all alone, hauing remained long,)
Requir'd his *Cleopatras* company.

To the Countesse

Who if she heere doe so appeare in act,
That for his Queen and Loue he scarce will know her,
Finding how much she of her selfe hath lackt,
And mist that glory wherein I should shew her,
In maiestie debas'd, in courage lower;
Yet lightning thou by thy sweet fauoring eies
My darke defects, which from her spirit detract,
He yet may gesse it's she; which will suffise.

And I hereafter in another kinde,
More fitting to the nature of my vaine,
May (peraduenture) better please thy minde,
And higher notes in sweeter musique straine:
Seeing that thou so graciously doost daine,
To countenance my song and cherish mee,
I must so worke posterity may finde
How much I did contend to honor thee.

Now when so many pens (like Speares) are charg'd,
To chase away this tyrant of the North:
Große Barbarism, whose powre grown far inlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valiant brothers worth
First found, encountred, and prouoked forth:
Whose onset made the rest audacious,
Whereby they likewise haue so well discharg'd
Vpon that hideous beast incroching thus.

And

of Pembroke.

And now must I with that poore strength I haue,

Resist so foule a foe in what I may :

And arme against obliuion and the gracie,

That else in darknesse carries all away,

And makes of all our honours but a pray.

So that if by my pen procure I shall

But to defend me, and my name to saue,

Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But still the better part of me will liue,

Deckt and adorned with thy sacred name,

Although thy selfe dost farre more glorie giue

Vnto thy selfe, then I can by the same:

Who dost with thine own hand a Bulwark frame:

Against these monsters, (enemies of honour)

Which euer-more shall so defend thy Fame,

That Time nor they, shall neuer pray vpon her.

Those *Hymnes* that thou doost consecrate to heauen,

Which *Israels* Singer to his God did frame :

Vnto thy voyce eternitie hath giuen,

And makes thee deere to him from whence they came.

In them must rest thy euer reuerent name,

Solong as *Syons* God remaineth honoured;

And till confusion hath all zeale be-reauen,

And murthered Faith, and Temples ruined.

A 3.

By

To the Countesse

By this (great Ladic,) thou must then be knowne,
When *Wilton* lies low leuell'd with the ground :
And this is that which thou maist call thine owne,
Which sacrilegious time can not confound;
Heere thou suruiu'st thy selfe, here thou art found
Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame :
This monument cannot be ouer-throwne,
Wherc, in eternall Brasse remaines thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our stile
VVithin these strict and narrow limits so :
But that the melodie of our sweete Ile,
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po* :
That they might know how far *Thames* doth out-go
The Musique of declined Italie :
And listning to our songs another while,
Might learne of thee their notes to purifie.

O why may not some after-comming hand,
Vnlocke these limits, open our confines :
And breake asunder this imprisoning band,
T inlarge our spirits, and publish our deseignes ;
Planting our roses on the *Apennines* ?
And teach to *Rhene*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*,
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,
That they might all admire and honour vs.

Whereby

of Pembrooke.

Whereby great *Sydney* and our *Spencer* might,
With those Po-singers being equalled,
Enchaunt the world with such a sweet delight,
That their eternall songs(for euer read,)
May shew what great *Elizas* raigne hath bred.
VVhat Musique in the kingdome of her peace
Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,
VVhereby her glorious fame shall neuer cease.

But if that fortune doth denie vs this,
Then *Neptune*,locke vp with thy Ocean key
This treasure to our selues, and let them misse
Of so sweet ritches: as vnworthie they
To taste the great delights that we inioy.
And let our harmonie so pleasing growne,
Content our selues, whose errour euer is,
Strange notes to like, and disesteeme our owne.

But, whither do my vowes transport me now,
VVithout the compasse of my course inioind?
Alas, what honour can a voyce follow
As this of mine, expe& hereby to find?
But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,
That faououred by the worthies of our Land,
My lines are lik'd; the which may make me grow,
In time to take a greater taske in hand.



THE ARGUMENT.

After the death of Antonius, Cleopatra (lusing still in the Monument she had caused to bee built,) coulde not by anie meanes bee drawne foorth, although Octauius Cæsar verie earnestlie laboured it: and sent Proculeius to use all diligence to bring her unto him: For that he thought it woulde bee a great Ornament to his tryumphes, to get her aliuie to Rome. But neuer woulde shee put her selfe into the handes of Proculeius, although on a time hee founde the meanes, (by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument,) to come downe unto her: where hee perswaded her (all hee might) to yeelde her selfe to Cæsars mercie. Whiche shee, (to bee ridde of him,) cunninglie seemed to graunt unto. After that, Octauius in person went to visite her, to whome shee excused her offence,

B

laying

The Argument.

laying all the fault vpon the greatnesse, and feare shee had of Antonius, and withall seemed verie tractable, and willing to be disposed of by him.

VVhereupon Octauius, (thinking himselfe sure) resolu'd presentlie to sende her away to Rome. Whereof, Dolabella a fauourite of Cæsars, (and one that was growne into some good liking of her,) hauing certified her, shee makes her humble petition to Cæsar, that hee would suffer her to sacrifice to the ghost of Antonius: which beeing graunted her, shee was brought vnto his Sepulcher, where after her rytes perfourmed, she returned to the Monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a Countrey-man, with a Basket of Figges vnto her who (unsuspected) was suffered to carrie them in. And in that Basket (among the Figges) were conueyed the Aspicks wherewith she did herselfe to death. Dinner beeing ended, shee dispatched Letters to Cæsar, contayning great lamentations: with an earnest supplication, that she might bee intomb'd with Antonius. Whereupon Cæsar knowing what shee intended, sent presentlie with all speede, Messengers to haue prevented her death, which notwithstanding, before they came was dispatched.

Cæsario her sonne, whicb she had by Iulius Cæsar, (conuiaied before vnto India, out of the daunger of the warres,) was about the same time of her death, murthered

The Argument.

at Rhodes: trayned thither by the falshoode of his Tutor,
corrupted by Cæsar. And so hereby, came the race of the
Ptolomies to bee wholie extincket, and the flouri-
shing rich kingdome of Egypt vtter-
lie ouer-thrownē and
subdued.

B 2



¶ The Scæne supposed
Alexandria.

THE ACTORS.

Cleopatra. *Octavius Cæsar.*
Proculeius. *Dolabella.*
Titius, scruant to *Dolabella.*
Arius, *Philoxenus,* } two Philosophers.
Seleucus, secretarie to *Cleopatra.*
Radon, Tutor to *Cæsario.*
Nuntius.
The *Chorus.* all Egyptians.

Actus



THE TRAGEDIE OF *CLEOPATRA.*

ACTVS PRIMVS.

CLEOPATRA.

YE T do I liue, and yet doth breath extēnd
My life beyond my life, nor can my graue
Shut vp my grieves, to make my end my end?
Will yet confusion haue more then I haue?
Is th' honor, wonder, glory, pompe and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and she not dead?
Haue I out-liu'd my selfe, and seene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these eyes endure the gasty looke
Of desolations darke and ougly face,
Wont but on fortunes fairest side to looke,
Where nought was but applause, but smiles, and grace?
Whiles on his shoulders all my rest reclide
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay,
My Atlas, and supporter of my pride
That did the world of all my glory sway,
Who now thrown down, disgrac'd, confou'ded lies,
Crusht with the weight of shame and infamie,
Following th'vnlucky party of my cies,
The traines of lust and imbecilitie,

THE TRAGEDIE

Whereby my dissolution is become
The graue of *Egypt* and the wracke of all;
My vnforeseeing weakenesse must intoome
My Countries fame and glory with my fall.

Now who would think that I were she who late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuiron'd with delights, compast with state,
Glittering in pomp that harts and eies bewitch'd;
Should thus distrest, cast down from of that heighth
Leuell'd with low disgrac'd calamities,
Vnder the waight of such affliction sigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreamest miserie?

Am I the woman whose inuentiue pride,
Adorn'd like *Isis*, skornd mortalities?
Is't I would haue my frailty so belide
That flattery could perswade I was not I?
Well now I see they but delude that praise vs,
Greatnesse is mockt, prosperitie betraies vs.
And we are but our selues, although this clowd
Of interposed smokes make vs seeme more:
These spreading parts of pompe wherof w'are prou'd,
Are not our parts, but parts of others store:
Witnessse these gallant fortune-following traines,
These Summer Swallowes of felicitie
Gone with the heate, of all see what remaines,
This monument, two maides, and wretched I.

And

OF CLEOPATRA.

And I t'adorne their triumphs am reseru'd,
A captiue, kept to honor others spoiles,
Whom *Cæsar* labors so to haue preseru'd,
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles,
But *Cæsar*, it is more then thou canst do,
Promise, flatter, threaten extremitie,
Imply thy wits and all thy force thereto,
I haue both hands, and will, and I can die.
Though thou of both my country and my crown,
Of powre, of means & al doost quite bereaue me;
Though thou hast wholy *Egypt* made thine own,
Yet hast thou left me that which will deceiue thee.
That courage with my bloud and birth innated,
Admir'd of all the earth as thou art now,
Can neuer be so abiectly abated
To be thy Slave that rull'd as good as thou.
Thinke *Cæsar*, I that liu'd and raign'd a Queene,
Doe skorne to buy my life at such a rate,
That I should vnderneath my selfe be scene,
Basely induring to suruiue my state:
That *Rome* should see my scepter-bearing hands
Behind me bound, and glory in my teares,
That I should passe whereas *Ottavia* stands,
To view my misery that purchas'd hers.
No, I disdaine that head which wore a crowne,
Should stoope to take vp that which others giue;

THE TRAGEDIE

I must not be, whlesse I be mine owne.
Tis sweet to die when we are forc'd to liue,
Nor had I staide behind my selfe this spacc,
Nor paid such intrest for this borrow'd breath,
But that hereby I seeke to purchase grace
For my distressed seed after my death.
It's that which doth my dearest bloud controule,
That's it alas detaines me from my tombe,
Vvhiles nature brings to contradict my soule
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.

You luckles issue of an wofull mother,
The wretched pledges of a wanton bed,
You Kings design'd, must subiects liue to other;
Or else, I feare, scarce liue, when I am dead.
It is for you I temporize with *Cæsar*,
And staie this while to mediate your saftie:
For you I faine content and sooth his pleasure,
Calamity herein hath made me craftie.
But this is but to trie what may be done,
For come what will, this stands, I must die free,
And die my selfe vncaptiu'd, and vnwon.
Bloud, Children, Nature, all must pardon me.
My soule yeelds honor vp the victory,
And I must be a Queene, forget a mother,
Though mother would I be, were I not I;
And Queene would not be now, could I be other.

But

OF CLEOPATRA.

But what know I if th' heauens haue de cred,
And that the sinnes of *Egypt* haue deseru'd
The *Ptolomies* should faile and none succeed,
And that my weakenes was thereto reseru'd
That I should bring confusion to my state,
And fill the measure of iniquitie,
Luxuriousnesse in me should raise the rate
Of loose and ill-dispensed libertie.
If it be so, then what neede these delaies?
Since I was made the meanes of miserie:
Why shuld I striue but to make death my praise,
That had my life but for my infamie?
And let me write in letters of my bloud
A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example to such Princes good
As please themselues and care not what becom.

And *Antony*, because the world takes note
That my defects haue only ruin'd thee:
And my ambitious practises are thought
The motiue and the cause of all to be:
Though God thou know'st, how iust this staine is laid
Vpon my soule, whom ill successse makes ill:
Yet since condemn'd misfortune hath no ayd
Against proud luck that argues what it will,
I haue no meanes to vndeceiue their mindes,
But to bring in the witnesse of my bloud,

THE TRAGEDIE

To testifie the faith and loue that bindes
My equall shame, to fall with whom I stood.
Defects I grant I had, but this was worst,
That being the first to fall I dy'd not first.

Though I perhaps could lighten mine own side
With some excuse of my constrained case
Drawn down with powre: but that were to deuide
My shame : to stand alone in my disgrace.
To cleere me so, would shew m'affections naught,
And make th' excuse more hainous then the fault.
Since if I should our errours disunite,
I should confound afflictions onely rest,
That from stearn death euen steales a sad delight
To die with friends or with the like distrest;
And since we tooke of either such firme hold
In th' ouerwhelming seas of fortune cast,
What powre should be of powre to reunfold
The armes of our affections lockt so fast,
For grappling in the ocean of our pride,
We sunke each others greatnesse both together;
And both made shipwracke of our fame beside,
Both wrought a like destruction vnto either:
And therefore I am bound to sacrifice
To death and thee, the life that doth reproue me:
Our like distresse I feele doth sympathize,
And euen affliction makes me truly loue thee.

Which

OF CLEOPATRA.

Which *Antony*, I must confess my fault
I neuer did sincerely vntill now:
Now I protest I do, now am I taught
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For whilst my glory in her greatnesse stood,
And that I saw my state and knew my beautie;
Saw how the world admir'd me, how they woo'd,
I then thought all men must loue me of dutie;
And I loue none: for my lasciuious Court,
Fertile in euer fresh and new-choise pleasure,
Afforded me so bountifull disport
That I to stay on loue had neuer leisure:
My vagabond desires no limits found,
For lust is endlesse, pleasure hath no bound.

Thou comming from the strictnes of thy City,
And neuer this loose pomp of monarchs learnest,
Inu'rd to wars, in womens wiles vnwitty,
Whilst others faynd, thou sell'st to loue in earnest;
Not knowing how we like them best that houer,
And make least reckning of a doting louer.

And yet thou cam'st but in my beauties waine,
When new appearing wrinkles of declining
Wrought with the hand of yeers, seem'd to detain
My graces light, as now but dimly shining
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Failing of what I was, and was but thus;

THE TRAGEDIE

When such as we do deeme in iealousie
That men loue for themselues and not for vs,
Then and but thus, thou didst loue most sincerely
O *Antony*, that best deseru'ſt it better,
This Autumne of my beauty bought so dearely,
For which in more then death, I stand thy debtor,
Which I will pay thee with so true a mind,
(Casting vp all these deepe accoumpts of mine)
That both our soules, and all the world shall find
All recknings cleer'd, betwixt my loue and thine.

But to the end I may preuent proud *Cæsar*,
Who doth so eagerly my life importune,
I must preuaile me of this little leasure,
Seeming to sue my mind vnto my fortune;
Thereby with more conuenience to prouide
For what my death and honor best shall fit:
An yeelding base content must wary hide
My last disigne till I accomplish it,
That hereby yet the world shall see that I,
Although vnwise to liue had wit to die.

Exit.

CHORVS.

OF CLEOPATRA.

CHORVS,

Behold what furies still
Torment their tortur'd breſt,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds unreſt.
Which when being most diſtreſt,
Yet more to vex their ſp'rite,
The hidious face of ſinne,
(In formes they muſt deteſt)
Stands euer in their ſight.
Their conſcience ſtill within
Th' eternall larum is
That eucr-barking dog that calleſ upon their miſſe.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himſelfe can finde:
No way to ſtart aside
Out from the bell of minde.
But in himſelfe confin'd,
He ſtill ſees ſinne before:
And winged-footed paine,
That ſwiftly comes behind,
The which is euer-more,

THE TRAGEDIE

The sure and certaine gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton loose respect, that dooth it selfe forget.

And Cleopatra now,
Well sees the dangerous way
She tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.

And likewise makes vs pay
For her disordred lust,
The int'rest of our blood:
Or liue a seruile pray,
Under a hand vniust,
As others shall thinke good.
This hath her riot wunne:
And thus she hath her state, herselfe and vs vndunne.

Now every mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:
How that she did not well,
To take the course she did.

For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did restraine.
No secrete closelie done,
But now is uttered.
The text is made most plaine

That

OF CLEOPATRA.

That flattry glos'd vpon,
The bed of sinne reveal'd,
And all the luxurie that shame would haue conceald.

The scene is broken downe,
And all uncou'red byes,
The purple actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.

The complots of the wise,
Proue imperfektions smoake:
And all what wonder gaue
To pleasure-gazing eyes,
Lyes scattered, dash't, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore unconsiderate wights,
These momentarie pleasures, fugitiue delights:

ACTVS SECUNDVS:

CAESAR. PROCVLEIVS.

Kingdoms I see we winne, we conquerre Climates,
Yet cannot vanquish hearts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in close-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of sworde or violence.

Who.

THE TRAGEDIE

Who forc'd do pay vs dutie, pay not loue:
Free is the heart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuarie sacred from aboue,
Where nature keeps the keies that loose & bind.
No mortall hand force open can that doore,
So close shut vp, and lockt to all mankind:
I see mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The rest, another's right, that rules the minde.

Behold, my forces vanquisht haue this Land,
Subdu'd that strong Competitor of mine:
All Egypt yeelds to my all-conqu'ring hand,
And all their treasure and themselues resigne.
Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a minde:
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
To be dispos'd as chance hath her assign'd.

But *Proculei*, what hope doth shee now giue,
Will shee be brought to condiscend to liue?
Proc. My Lord, what time being sent frō you to try
To win her forth aliue (if that I might)
From out the Monument, where wofully
She liues inclos'd in most afflicted plight:
No way I found, no means how to surprize her,
But through a grate at th' entry of the place
Standing to treat, I labour'd to aduise her,
To come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for grace.

She

OF CLEOPATRA.

She said, she craud not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherite,
That *Cæsar* would vouchsafe (in clemencie)
To pittie them, though she deseru'd no merite.
So leauing her for then; and since of late,
With *Gallus* sent to trie another time,
The whilst he entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.
Where in descending in the closest wise,
And silent manner as I could contriue:
Her woman me descri'd, and out she cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.
With that the Queen raught from her side her knife,
And cuen in a^ct to stab her martred brest,
I stept with speede, and held, and sau'd her life,
And forth her trembling had the blade did wrest.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why shouldst thou, (said I)
Both iniurie thy selfe and *Cæsar* so?
Barre him the honour of his victorie,
Who euer deales most mildly with his foe?
Liue and relie on him, whose mercie will
To thy submission alwayes readie be.

With that (as all amaz'd) she held her still,
Twixt maiestie confuz'd and miserie.
Her proud grieu'd eyes, held sorrow and disdaine,
State and distresse warring within her soule:
Dying ambition disposseth her raigne,

D

So

THE TRAGEDIE

So base affliction seemed to controule.
Like as a burning Lampe, whose liquour spent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deem it,
Sendes forth a dying flash, as discontent,
That so the matter failes that should redeeme it:
So shee (in spight) to see her low-brought state,
(When all her hopes were now consum'd to noughe)
Scornes yet to make an abieſt league with Fate,
Or once descend into a seruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnused to beseech,
Authoritie confounds with prayers, so
Words of command conioin'd with humble speech,
Shew'd she would liue, yet scorn'd to pray her foe.

Ah, what hath *Cæsar* here to doe, said she,
In confines of the dead in darknes lying?
Will he not grant our sepulchres be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
VVhat, must he stretch forth his ambitious hand
Into the right of Death, and force vs here?
Hath miserie no couert where to stand
Free from the storme of pride, ist safe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne suffise,
And all what I held deere, to him made common,
But that he must in this sort tyrannize,
Th'afflicted bodie of an wofull woman?
Tell him, my frailtie, and the Gods haue giuen
Sufficient glorie, if he could content him:

And

OF CLEOPATRA.

And let him now with his desires make eu'en,
And leaue me to this horror, to lamenting.
Now he hath taken all away from me,
VVhat must he take me from my selfe by force?
Ah, let him yet (in mercie) leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore distressed corse.
No other crowne I seeke, no other good.
Yet wish that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this grace,
To fauour the poore offspring of my blood.
Confused issue, yet of Roman race:
If blood and name be links of loue in Princes,
Not spurres of hate; my poore *Cæsario* may
Finde fauour notwithstanding mine offences,
And *Cæsar's* blood, may *Cæsar's* raging stay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All must be rapt with furious violence,
And no respect, nor no regard at all,
Can ought with nature or with blood dispence:
Then be it so, if needes it must be so.
There stayes and shrinkes in horror of her state:
VVhen I began to mitigate her woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
VVishing her not despaire, but rather come
And sue for grace, and shake off all vaine feares:
No doubt she should obtaine as gentle doome
As she desir'd, both for her selfe and hers.
And so with much a-do, (well pacifide

THE TRAGEDIE

Seeming to be,) she shew'd content to liue,
Saying she was resolu'd thy doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour thou would'st giue,
And here-withall, craud also that she might
Performe her last rites to her lost belou'd.
To sacrifice to him that wrought her plight:
And that shée might not be by force remou'd.

I granting from thy part this her request,
Left her for then, seeming in better rest.

Cæs. But dost thou thinke she will remaine so still?

Pro. I thinke and do assure my selfe she will.

Cæs. Ah, priuat men sound not the harts of princes,
Whose actions oft beare contrarie pretences.

Pro. Why, tis her safetie for to yeeld to thee.

Cæs. But tis more honour for her to die free.

Pro. She may thereby procure her childrens good.

Cæs. Princes respect their honor more then blood.

Pro. Can princes powre dispence with nature thā?

Cæs. To be a prince, is more then be a man.

Pro. There's none but haue in time perfwaded beene.

Cæs. And so might she too, were she not a Queene.

Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclaim'd.

Cæs. Princes (like Lyons) neuer will be tam'd.

A priuate man may yeeld, and care not how,
But greater hearts will breake before they bow.
And sure I think sh' will neuer condiscend,
To liue to grace our spoiles with her disgrace.

gaines 3

But

OF CLEOPATRA.

But yet let still a wary watch attend,
To guard her person, and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer:
Shortly my selfe will go to visite her.

CHORVS.

OPINION, how doost thou molest
I h' affected minde of restles manē
Who following thee neuercan,
Nor euē shall attaine to rest,
For getting what thou saist is best,
Yet loe, that best he findes farre wide
Of what thou promisedſt before:
For in the same he lookt for more,
Which proues but ſmal whē once is vride
Then ſomthing else thou findſt beside,
To draw him ſilfrō thought to thought:
When in the end all proues but nought.
Farther from rest bee findos him than,
Then at the firſt when he began.

O malecontent ſeducing queſt,
Contriuuer of our greatest woes:
Whiſt born of wind, & fed with ſhomes,
Doſt nurse thy ſelfe in thine unreſt.
Iudging ungotten thinges the beſt,

THE TRAGEDIE

Or what thou in conceit design'st.
And all things in the world doost deeme,
Not as they are, but as they seeme:
Which shewes, their state thou ill defin'st:
And liu'st to come, in present pin'st.
For what thou hast, thou still doost lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiser of that sweet rest,
Which neuer anie yet possest.

If we unto ambition tende,
Then doost thou drawe our weakenes on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an ende.
Or if that lust we apprehend,
How doth that pleasant plague infest?
O what strange formes of luxurie,
Thou straight doost cast i'ntice vs by?
And tell'st vs that is ever best,
Which we haue neuer yet possest.
And that more pleasure rests beside,
In something that we haue not tride.
And when the same likewise is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony can say is true,
As Cleopatra knowestis so,

By

OF CLEOPATRA.

By th'experience of their woe.
Shee can say, she never knew
But that lust found pleasures new,

And was never satisfide.

He can say by prooфе of toile,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feeds vpō the hart of pride:
And finds no rest when all is tride.

For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, lists and bounds hath none.
And both subuert the minde, the state,
Procure destruction, enuie, hate.

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion leuues not heere,
But sticks to Cleopatra neere,
Perswading now, how she shall gaine
Honour by death, and fame attaine.

And what a shame it were to live,
Her kingdome lost, her Louer dead:
And so with this perswasion led,
Dispaire doth such a courage giue,
That nought else can her mind relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:
To this conclusion all is brought.
This is that rest this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all things ends.

ACTVS.

THE TRAGEDIE

ACTVS TERTIVS.

PHILOSTRATVS. ARIVS.

HOW deeply *Arius* am I bound to thee,
That sau'dst from death this wretched life of mine:
Obtaining *Cesars* gentle grace for mee,
When I of all helps else dispaire but thine?
Although I see in such a wofull state,
Life is not that which should be much desir'd:
Sith all our glories come to end their date,
Our Countries honour and our own expir'd.
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
Liuing (as 'twere) in th'armes of our dead mother,
With bloud vnder our feet, ruine vpon vs,
And in a Land most wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our dearest good.
And so we liue, we care not how we liue:
So deepe we feele impressed in our blood,
That touch which Nature with our breath did giue.
And yet what blasts of words hath learning found,
To blow against the feare of death and dying?
What comforts vs sicke eloquence can sound,
And yet all failes vs in the point of trying.
For whilst we reason with the breath of safety,
Without the compasse of destruction liuing:
What precepts shew we then, what courage lofty

In

OF CLEOPATRA.

In taxing others feares in counsell giuing?
When all this ayre offweet-contriued words
Proues but weake armour to defend the hart,
For when this life, pale feare and terror boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte?
O who is he that from himselfe can turne,
That beares about the body of a man?
Who doth not toile and labour to adorne
The day of death, by any meanes he can?
All this I speake to th' end my selfe t'excuse,
For my base beggynge of a seruile breath,
Wherein I grant my selfe much to abuse,
So shamefully to seeke t'auoide my death.

Arius. Philostratus, that selfe same care to liue,
Possesseth all alike, and grieue not then
Nature doth vs no more then others giue:
Though we speake more then me, we are but me.
And yet (in truth) these miseries to see,
Wherein we stand in most extreame distresse:
Might to our selues sufficient motiues be
To loath this life, and weigh our death the lesse:
For neuer any age hath better taught,
What feeble footing pride and greatness hath.
How'imprudent prosperitie is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how dismaid Confusion keepes those streetes,
That nought but mirth and musique late resounded,

E

How

THE TRAGEDIE

How nothing with our eie but horror meeres,
Our state, our wealth, our pride and all confounded.
Yet what weake sight did not discerne from far
This black-arising tempest, all confounding?
Who did not see we should be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to such abounding.
VVhen dissolute impietie possest
Th'vnrespectiue mindes of prince, and people:
VVhen insolent Security found rest
In wanton thoughts, with lust & ease made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace with fat-fed pleasure,
New-fresh inuented ryots still detected,
Purchac'd with all the *Ptolomies* ritch treasure,
Our lawes, our gods, our mysteries neglected.
VVho saw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of disorders, must
At length of force pay backe the bloody price
Of sad destruction, (a reward for lust.)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
Of like proude states, as wofully incombred,
And frani'd by them, examples for our own:
VVhich now among examples must be numbred.
For this decree a law from high is giuen,
An auncient Canon, of eternall date,
In Consistorie of the starres of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauided Fate;
That no state can in height of happiness,

OF CLEOPATRA.

In th' exaltation of their glory stand:
But thither once ariu'd, declining lesse,
Ruine themselues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth the euer-changing course of things
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning:
And that same day that hiest glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the point of back-returning.
For sencelesse sensualitie, doth euer
Accompany felicitie and greatnessse:
A fatal witch, whose charmes do leaue vs neuer,
Till we leaue all in sorrow for our sweetnesse;
When yet our selues must be the cause we fall,
Although the same be first decreed on hic:
Our errors still must beare the blame of all,
This must it be, earth aske notheauen why.

Yet mighty men with wary iealous hand,
Striue to cut off all obstacles of feare:
All whatsoeuer seemes but to withstand
Their least conceit of quiet, held so deere;
And so intrench themselues with blood, with crimes,
With all iniustice as their feares dispose:
Yet for all this we see, how oftentimes
The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to lose;
And sure I cannot see, howe this can stand
With great *Augustus* safety and his honor,
To cut off all succession from our land,
For her offence that puld the wars vpon her.

THE TRAGEDIE

Phi. Why must her issue pay the price of that?

Ari. The price is life that they are rated at.

Phi. *Cæsars* to, issued of *Cæsars* blood?

Ari. Pluralitie of *Cæsars* are not good.

Phi. Alas what hurt procures his feeble arme? 110

Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do harme.

Phi. Then when it offers hurt, reppresse the same.

Ari. Tis best to quench a sparke before it flame.

Phi. Tis inhumane, an innocent to kill.

Ari. Such innocents, seldom remaine so still.

And sure his death may best procure our peace,

Competitors the subiect deereley buies:

And so that our affliction may surcease,

Let great men be the peoples sacrifice.

But see where *Cæsar* comes himselfe, to try

And worke the mind of our distressed Queen,

To apprehend some falsed hope: whereby

She might be drawn to haue her fortune seene,

But yet I thinke, Rome will not see that face;

(That queld her champiōs,) blush in base disgrace.

SCENA SECUND A.

CAESAR. CLEOPATRA, SELEVVS,
DOLABELLA.

Cæs. WHat Cleopatra, doost thou doubt so much
Of *Cæsars* mercy, that thou hid'st thy face?

Or

OF CLEOPATRA.

Or dost thou thinke, thy offences can be such,
That they surmount the measure of our grace?

Cleo. O Cæsar, not for that I flie thy sight

My soule this sad retyre of sorrow chose:
But that my' oppressed thoghts abhorring light
Like best in darknes, my disgrace t' inclose.
And here to these close limits of despaire,
This solitarie horror where I bide:
Cæsar, I thought no Roman should repaire,
More after him, who here oppressed dyde.
Yet now, here at thy conquering feete I lie,
Poore captiue soul, that neuer thought to bow:
Whose happie foote of rule and Maiestic
Stood late on y' same ground thou standest now.

Cæs. Rise Queene, none but thy self is cause of all.
And yet, would all were but thine owne alone:
That others ruine had not with thy fall
Brought Rome her sorowes, to my triumphis mone.
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'st my winning ioy a gain vnpleasing:
Sith th' eye of griefe must looke into our good,
Thorow the horror of our own bloodshedding.
And all, we must attribute vnto thee.

Cleo. To me? Cæsar, what should a woman doe
Opprest with greatness? what was it for me
To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakenes, made

THE TRAGEDIE

An instrument to such disfaignes as these.
For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obey'd? who was not glad to please?
And how could I withdraw my succouring hand
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?
The intrest of my faith in streightest band,
My loue to his most firmly did combine.

Cæs. Loue? alas no, it was th'innated hatred
That thou and thine hast euer born our people:
That made thee seeke all means to haue vs scattered,
To disunite our strength and make vs feeble.
And therfore did that brest nurse our dissentio,
With hope t'exalt thy selfe, t'augment thy state:
To pray vpon the wracke of our contention,
And (with the rest our foes,) to ioy thereat.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, see how easie tis t'accuse
Whom Fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuse
The titles of reproch he's charg'd withall.
The conquering cause hath right, wherein thou art,
The vanquisht, still is iud'g the worser part.
Which part is mine, because I lost my part.
No lesser then the portion of a Crowne.
Enough for me, alas what needed arte
To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
But here let weaker powers note what it is,
To neighbour great Competitors too neere;

If

OF CLEOPATRA.

If we take part, we oft do perish thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we must feare.

Alas, what shall the forst partakers doe,
When folowing none, yet must they perish to?

But *Cæsar*, sith thy right and cause is such,
Be not a heauie weight vpon calamitie:
Depresse not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefeſt glorie is the Victors lenitie:
Th' inheritance of mercie from him take,
Of whom thou haſt thy fortune and thy name:
Great *Cæſar* me a Queene at firſt did make,
And let not *Cæſar* now confound the ſame,
Read here theſe lines which ſtill I keep with me,
The witneſs of his loue and fauours euer:
And God forbid this ſhould be ſaid of thee,
That *Cæſar* wrong'd the fauoured of *Cæſar*.
For looke what I haue beene to *Antonie*,
Think thou the ſame I miſt haue beene to thee.
And here I do preſent thee with the note
Of all the treaſure, all the iewels rare
That Egypt hath in many ages got;
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.

Seleu. Nay there's not all ſet downe within that roule,
I know ſome things ſhe hath reſeru'd apart.

Cleo. What vile vngrateful wretch, darſt thou cōtroule
Thy Queen & ſoueraigne, caitife as thou art. (hands.
Cæſ. Hold, hold; a poore reuenge can worke ſo feeble

Cleo.

THE TRAGEDIE

Cleo. Ah Cæsar, what a great indignitie
Is this, that here my vassall subiect stands
T' accuse me to my Lord of trecherie?
If I reforu'd some certaine womens toyes,
Alas it was not for my selfe (God knowes,)
Poore miserable soule, that little ioyes
In trifling ornaments, in outward showes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Unto thy *Livia* and *Ottavia* grace,
That thereby in compassion mouued, they
Might mediate thy fauour in my case.

Cæs. Well Cleopatra, feare not, thou shalt finde
What fauour thou desir'st, or canst expect:
For Cæsar never yet was found but kinde
To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy minde;
Relieue thy soule thus ouercharg'd with care,
How well I will intreate thee thou shalt find,
So soone as some affaires dispatched are.
Til whē farewell. *Ct.* Thanks thrise - renowned Cæsar,
Poore Cleopatra rest thine owne for euer.

Dol. No maruel Cæsar though our greatest spirits,
Haue to the powre of such a charming beautie
Been brought to yeeld the honor of their merits?
Forgetting all respect of other dutie.
Then whilst the glory of her youth remain'd
The wondring obiect to each wanton eye:

Before

OF CLEOPATRA.

Before her full of sweet (with sorrow wain'd,) wom o T
Came to the period of this miserie. d. on my n. H. 2. 1. 3. T
If still, euen in the midst of death and horror s. on g. o T
Such beautie shines, thorow clouds of age & sorow, T
If euen those sweet decaies seeme to p lead for her, 2
Which from affliction mouing graces borrow: d. b. s. 1. 2. 3. T

If in calamitie she could thus moue, d. d. j. y. n. l. l. o. T
What could she do adorn'd with youth and loue? d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
What could she do then, when as spreading wide s. 1. 2. 3. T
The pompe of beautie, in her glorie dight? d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
When arm'd with wonder, she could vse beside, s. 1. 2. 3. T
Th'ingines of her loue, Hope and Delight? d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T

Beautie daughter of Maruaile, ô see how d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
Thou canst disgracing sorrowes sweetly grace. s. 1. 2. 3. T
What power thou shew'it in a distressed brow, d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
That mak'st affliction faire, giu'st tears their grace. s. 1. 2. 3. T
What can vntressed locks, can torne rent haire, d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire? s. 1. 2. 3. T

I see then, artlesse feature can content, d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
And that true beautie needes no ornament. d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T

Cæs. What in a passion *Dolabella*? what take heed: d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
Let others fresh examples be thy warning; d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
What mischieves these, so idle humors breed, d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
Whilst error keepes vs from a true discerning. d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
In deed I saw she labour'd to impart d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
Her sweetest graces in her saddest cheere: d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T
Presuming on the face that knew the arte d. o. s. 1. 2. 3. T

F

To

THE TRAGEDIE

To moue with what aspe^t so eu'r it were:
But all in vaine, she takes her ayme amisse,
The ground and marke, her leuel much deceiues;
Time now hath alred all, for neither is
She as she was, nor we as she conceiues.
And therfore now, twere best she left such badnes,
Folly in youth is sinne, in age, tis madnes.

And for my part, I seeke but t'entertaine
In her some feedinge hope to draw her forth;
The greatest Trophey that my trauailes gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of such worth.
And now, sith that she seemes so well content
To be dispos'd by vs, without more stay
She with her children shall to Rome be sent,
Whilst I by Syria thither take my way.

CHORVS,

O Fearefull frowning Nemesis,
Daughter of Iustice, most seuere,
That art the worlds great arbitresse,
And Queene of causes raigning heere:
Whose swift-sure hand is ever neere
Eternall iustice, righting wrong:
Who neuer yet deferrest long
The proudes decay, the meakes redresse:
But through thy power every where,

Doff

OF CLEOPATRA.

Dost raze the great, and raise the lesse,
The lesse made great dost ruine to,
To shew the earth what heauen can do.

Thou from darke-clos'd eternittie,
From thy blacke clowdy hidden seate,
The worlds disorders dost descry:
Which when they see so proudly great,
Reuersing th' order nature set,
Thou giu'st thy all confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come:
Th'inevitabile destinie,
Which neither wit nor strength can let,
Fast chain'd unto necessarie,
In mortall things doth order so,
Th' alternate course of weale or wo.

O how the powres of heauen do play
With traualied mortallitie:
And doth their weaknes still betray,
In their best prosperitie?
When being lifted rup so hie,
They looke beyond themselves so farre,
That to themselves they take no care,
Whilst swift confusion downe doth lay,
Their late proude mounting vanitie:
Bringing their glorie to decay,

THE TRAGEDIE

And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguish people, state and all.

But is it iustice that all we
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults should punish't be,
And to destruction thus pursu'de?
O why should th' heauens vs include,
Within the compasse of their fall,
Who of themselves procured all?
Or do the Gods (in close) decree,
Occasion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with crueltie?
Ab no, the Gods are euer iust,
Our faults excuse their rigor must.

This is the period Fate set downe
To Egypt's fat prosperitie:
Which now vnto her greatest growne,
Must perishe thus, by course must die.
And some must be the causers why
This revolution must be wrought:
As borne to bring their state to nought:
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice so farre hath ouer-growne:
As we, so they that treat vs thus,
Must one day perishe like to vs.

ACTVS.

OF CLEOPATRA.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

SELEVCVS. RODON:

Sel. **N**euer friend *Rodon* in a better howre,
Could I haue met thee theē eu'n now I do.
Hauing affliction in the greatest powre
Vpon my soule, and none to tell it to.
For tis some ease our sorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we shall impart our woes
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele:
And meete vs with a sigh but at a cloze.

Rod. And neuer (friend *Seleucus*) found'st thou one
That better could beare such a part with thec:
Who by his own, knows others cares to monc,
And can, in like accord of griefe, agree.
And therefore tell th' oppression of thy hart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and tun'd to care:
And I will likewise vnto thee impart
As sad a tale as what thou shalt declare.
So shall we both our mournefull plaints combine,
Ile waile thy state, and thou shalt pitty mine.

Sel. Well then, thou know'st how I haue liu'din grace
With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'din Court
As one of Counsell, and of chieftest place,
And euer held my credite in that sort:
Till now in this confusion of our state,

THE TRAGEDIE

When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to climbe,
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
(Following the fortune of the present time,) M 162
Am come to be cast down and ruin'd cleene;
And in the course of mine own plot vndonne.
For hauing all the secrets of the Queene
Reucaled to *Cæsar*, to haue fauor wonne: agnish H
My trechery is quited with disgrace, John no. V
My falsehood loath'd, and not without great reason,
Though good for him, yet Princes in this case
Do hate the Traitor, though they loue the treason.
For how could hee imagine I would be 100m b. n. A
Faithfull to him, being false vnto mine owne?
And false to such a bountious Queene as shee, A. b. x
That had me rais'd and made mine honor knowne.
He saw twas not for zeale to him I bare, u. n. o. b. A
But for base feare, or mine owne state to settle.
Weakenesse is false, and faith in Cowards rare, u. n. o. b. A
Feare findes out shifts, timiditie is subtle, u. n. o. b. A
And therefore scorn'd of him, scorn'd of mine own,
Hatefull to all that looke into my state: H. 1. 1. 2
Despis'd *Selucus* now is onely grown h. o. i. s. w. H
The marke of infamy, that's pointed at. od. i. s. w. H
Rod. Tis much thou failest, and o're much to feeble, W
And I do grieue and dolament thy fall: Ro. o. n. o. A
But yet all this which thou doost heere reueale, n. A
Compar'd with mine, wil make thine seem but small.
Although

OF CLEOPATRA.

O how he seemes the modell of his Syre?
O how I gaze my Cesar in his face?
Such was his gare, so did his lookes aspire;

THE TRAGEDIE

Such was his threatening brow, such was his grace.
High shouldred, and his forehead cuen as hie.
And ô, (if he had not beene borne so late,))
He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,
And now haue beene the Champion of our state.

Then vnto him, ô my deere Sonne (she saies,))
Sonne of my youth, flic hence, ô flic, be gone,
Reserue thy selfe, ordain'd for better daies,
For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leau me (thy wofull Mother) to endure
The fury of this tempest heere alone:
Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure,
Thou mayst reuenge, when others can but mone:
Rodon will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy waies, thou shalt not need to feare.
Rodon (my faithfull seruant) will prouide
What shall be best for thee, take thou no care:
And ô good *Roden*, looke well to his youth,
The waies are long, and dangers eu'ry where.
I vrge it not that I do doubt thy truth,
Mothers will cast the worst, and alwaies feare.

The absent danger greater still appeares,
Lesse fears he, who is neere the thing he feares.
And ô, I know not what presaging thought
My sp'rit suggests of luckles bad euent:
But yet it may be tis but loue doth dote,
Or idle shadowes with my feares present.

But

OF CLEOPATRA.

But yet the memory of mine own fate
Makes me feare his. And yet why should I feare?
His fortune may recouer better state,
And he may come in pompe to gouerne heere.
But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our race
By some malignant spirit comes ouer-thrownē:
Our bloud must be extinct, in my disgrace,
Egypt must haue no more Kings of their owne.
Then let him stay, and let vs fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we must fall.
Yet who knowes what may come? let him go thither,
What Merchaunt in one Vessel venters all?
Let vs deuide our stars. Go, go my sonne,
Let not the fate of Egypt find thee heere:
Try if so be thy destinie can shunne
The common wracke of vs, by being there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Against the heauens, or hid him any where?
Then what need I to send thee so far hence
To seeke thy death that mayst as well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in rest,
Not trauailing to what will come to thee.
Why should we leaue our bloud vnto the East,
When Egypt may a Tombe sufficient be?
O my deuided soule, what shall I do?
Whercon shall now my resolution rest?
What were I best resolute to yeeld ynto

G

When

THE TRAGEDIE

When both are bad, how shall I know the best?

Stay; I may hap so worke with Cesar now,

That he may yeeld him to restore thy right.

Go; Cesar neuer will consent that thou

So neere in bloud, shal be so great in might.

Then take him Rodon, go my sonne fare-well.

But stay; ther's something else that I would say:

Yet nothing now, but ô God speed thee well,

Least saying more, that more may make thee stay.

Yet let me speake: It may be tis the last

That euer I shall speake to thee my Sonne.

Doe Mothers vse to part in such post-haste?

What, must I end when I haue scarce begun?

Ah no (deere hart,) tis no such slender twine

Where-with the knot is tide twixt thee and me,

That bloud within thy vaines came out of mine,

Parting from thee, I part from part of me:

And therefore I must speake. Yet what? O sonne.

Here more she would, when more she could not say,

Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begun,

Fild vp the passage, and quite stopt the way:

When sweet Cesar with a princely spirite,

(Though comfortles himself) did comfort giue;

With mildest words, perswading her to beare it.

And as for him, she should not need to grieue.

And I (with protestations of my part,) ~~had~~ did

Swore by that faith, (which sworn I did deceiue)

OF CLEOPATRA.

That I would vs all care, all wit and arte
To see him safe; And so we tooke our leaue.
Scarce had we trauail'd to our iourncies end,
When *Cesar* hauing knowledge of our way,
His Agents after vs with speed doth send
To labour me, *Cesario* to betray.
Who with rewards and promises so large,
Assail'd me then, that I grew soone content;
And backe to *Rhodes* did reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Ottavious* for him sent,
To make him King of Egypt presently.

And thither come, seeing himselfe betray'd,
And in the hands of death through treachery,
Wailing his state, thus to himselfe he said.

Lo here brought back by subtile train to death
Betraide by Tutors faith, or traytors rather:
My fault my bloud, and mine offence my birth,
For being sonne of such a mighty Father.

From *INDIA*, (whither sent by mothers care,
To be reseru'd from Egypts common wracke,) 150
To *Rhodes*, (so long the armes of tyrants are,) 160
I am by *Cesars* subtile reach brought backe:
Here to be made th' oblation for his feares, (him:
Who doubts the poore reuenge these hands may doe
Respecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yecres,
Or how small safety can my death be to him.

And is this all the good of beeing borne great?

THE TRAGEDIE

Then wretched greatness, proud rich misery,
Pompous distresse, glittering calamity.
Is it for this th' ambitious Father's sweat,
To purchase bloud & death for thē and theirs?
Is this the issue that their glories get,
To leauc a sure destruction to their heyrest?
O how much better had it bee[n]e for me,
From low descent, deriu'd of humble birth,
T'haue eat the sweet-sowre bread of pouertie,
And drunke of *Nilus* streams in *Nilus* earth;
Vnder the cou'ring of some quiet Cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, secure in mind,
Vntoucht when sad euent[s] of princes dotage
Confounds what euer mighty it doth find.
And not t'haue stood in their way, whose condition
Is to haue all made cleere, and all thing plaine
Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let, the ful sight of thei'raigne.
Where nothing stands, that stands not in submision;
Where greatness must all in it selfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors must downe,
Neere death he stands, that stands too neere a Crowne.
Such is my case, for *Cesari* will haue all.
My bloud must scale th'assurance of his state:
Yet ah weake state that bloud assure him shall,
Whose wrongfull shedding, Gods & men do hate.
Iniustice neuer scapes unpunisht still,

Though

OF CLEOPATRA.

Though men relienge not, yet the heauens will. ¹
And thou *Augustus* that with bloodie hand, ²
Cutt'st off succession from anothers race, ³
Maist find the heauens thy yowes so to withstand, ⁴
That others may deprive thine in like case. ⁵
When thou maist see thy proud contentious bed, ⁶
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite: ⁷
Subuert thy blood, place others in their sted, ⁸
To pay this thy iniustice her due merite. ⁹

If it be true (as who can that denie ¹⁰)
Which sacred Priests of *Memphis* doe fore-say) ¹¹
Some of the of-spring yet of *Antonius*, ¹²
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire sway; ¹³
And then *Augustus*, what is it thou gainest ¹⁴
By poore *Antillius* blood, or this of mine? ¹⁵
Nothing but this thy victorie thou stainest, ¹⁶
And pull'st the wrath of heauen on thee and thine. ¹⁷

In vaine doth man contend against the starr's, ¹⁸
For that he seekes to make his wisdom marr's. ¹⁹
Yet in the mean-time we whom Fates refuse, ²⁰
The bloodie sacrifices of ambition, ²¹
We feele the smart what euer they deserue, ²²
And we indure the present times condition. ²³

The justice of the heauens revenging thus, ²⁴
Doth onely satisfie it selfe, not vs. ²⁵
Yet tis a pleasing comfort that doth ease ²⁶
Affliction in so great extremitie, ²⁷

THE TRAGEDIE

To thinke their like destruction shall appease
Our ghosts, who did procure our miserie.
But dead we are, yncertaine what shall bee,
And liuing, we are sure to feele the wrong:
Our certaine ruine we our selues do see.
They ioy the while, and we know not how long.
But yet *Cesario*, thou must die content,
For men will mone, and God reuenge th'innocent.

Thus he complain'd, & thus thou hear'st my shame.

Sel. But how hath *Cesar* now rewarded thee?

Rod. As he hath thee. And I expect the same

As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee:
For he (one of my coate) hauing betray'd
The young *Antillus*, sonne of *Antbonie*,
And at his death from off his necke conuaid
A iewell: which being askt, he did denie:
Cesar occasion tooke to hang him straight.
Such instruments with Princes liue not long.
Although they need such actors of deceit,
Yet still our sight seemes to vpbraid their wrong;
And therefore we must needs this daunger runne,
And in the net of our owne guile be caught:
We must not liue to brag what we haue done,
For what is done, must not appeare their fault.

But here comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene,
And our shame will not that we should be scene.

Exeunt.

Cleo-

OF CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA.

What hath my face yet powre to win a Louer?
Can this torne remnant serue to grace me so,
That it can *Cæsar's* secrete plots discouer
What he intends with me and mine to do?
Why then poore Beautie thou hast done thy last,
And best good seruice thou could'st do vnto mee.
For now the time of death reueal'd thou hast,
Which in my life didst serue but to vndoe mee.

Heere *Dolabella* far forsooth in loue,
Writes, how that *Cæsar* meanes forthwith to send
Both me and mine, th' ayre of Rome to proue:
There his Triumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue and letter;
The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
But for th' other, I must die his debtor,
For Cleopatra now can loue no more.

But hauing leaue, I must go take my leaue
And last farewell of my dead *Anthony*:
Whose deerly honour'd combe must here receiue
This sacrifice, the last before I die.

O sacred cuer-memorable stone,
That hast without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th' oblation of the wofull'st mone
That cuer yet from sad affliction came.
And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue,

(The

THE TRAGEDIE

(The sweetest parcels of the faithfull liuer,)

O let no impious hand dare to remoue

You out from hence, but rest you here for ever.

Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,

That liuing gaue you trouble and turmoile :

Sleepe quiet in this ever-lasting bed,

In forraine land prefert'd before your soile.

And ô, if that the sp'rits of men remaine

After their bodies, and do neuer die,

Then heare thy ghost thy captiue spouse cōplaine

And be attentiuе to her miserie.

But if that laboursome mortalitie

Found this sweete error, onely to confine

The curious search of idle vanitie,

That would the deapth of darknes vndermine:

Or rather to giue rest vnto the thought

Of wretched man, with th'after-comming joy

Of those conceiued fields wheron we dote,

To pacifie the present worlds anoy.

If it be so, why speake I then to th'ayre?

But tis not so, my *Anthomie* doth heare:

His euer-liuing ghost attends my prayer,

And I do know his houering sp'rit is necere.

And I will speake, and pray, and mourne to thee,

O pure immortall loue that daign'st to heare:

I feele thou answer'st my credulitie

With touch of comfort, finding none elsewhere:

edT)

Thou

OF CLEOPATRA.

Thou know'st these hands entomb'd thee here of late,
Free and vsor'd, which now must seruile be,
Rescru'd for bands to grace proud Caesar's state,
Who seekes in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not severd be,
Shall death deuide our bodies now asunder?
Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italie,
Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes wonder?
If any powres be there where as thou art,
(Sith our owne Country Gods betray our case,) O
O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,
To saue thy wofull wife from such disgrace.
Do not permit she should in triumph shew
The blush of her reproch, ioyn'd with thy shame:
But (rather) let that hatefull Tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the same.
But what doe I spend breath and idle winde,
In vaine inuoking a conciued ayde?
Why do I not my selfe occasion find
To breake the bounds wherein my selfe am staid?
Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whose melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
Can to their sorrowes, time and leisure giue,
But Cleopatra may not do the same.
No Antborie, thy loue requireth more:
A lingring death, with thee deserues no merit.
I must my selfe force open wide a dore

H

To

Coues

THE TRAGEDIE

To let out life, and so vnhouse my spirit,
These hands must breake the prison of my soule
To come to thee, thereto enjoy like state,
As doth the long-pent solitarie Foule,
That hath escapt her cage, and found her mate.
This Sacrifice to sacrifice my life,
Is that true incense that doth best beseeme :
These rites may serue a life-desiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme.
My hart blood should the purple flowers haue been,
Which heere vpon thy Tombe to thee are offred,
No smoake but dying breath should heere been seen,
And this it had beene to, had I beene suffred.
But what haue I saue these bare hands to do it ?
And these weake fingers are not iron-poynted :
They cannot pierce the flesh be'ing put vnto it,
And I of all meanes else am disappointed.
But yet I must away and meanes seeke, how
To come vnto thee, what so ere I doo.
O Death art thou so hard to come by now,
That we must pray, intreat, and seeke thee too ?
But I will find thee where so ere thou lie,
For who can stay a minde resolu'd to die ?
And now I go to worketh'effe& indeed,
Ile never send more words or sighes to thee :
Ile bring my soule my selfe, and that with speede,
My selfe will bring my soule to Antonie.

OF CLEOPATRA.

Come go my Maides, my fortunes sole attenders,
That minister to miserie and sorrow:
Your Mistris you vnto your freedom renders.
And will discharge your charge yet ere to morrow.

And now by this, I thinke the man I sent,
Is neere return'd that brings me my dispatch:
God grant his cunning sort to good euent,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
So shall I shun disgrace, leaue to be sorie,
Flic to my loue, scape my toe, free my soule;
So shall I act the last of life with glorie,
Die like a Queene, and rest without controule.

Exit.

CHORVS.

Mysterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
strict religions strange obseruer,
State-ordrer zeale, the best rule-keeper,
Fostering still in temp'rate feroor:
O how canst thou to lose so holy
all religion, law and order
And thus become the most unholie
of all Lands, that Nylus border
How could confus'd Disorder enter
where sterne Law late so generely?
How durst meake lust and riot ventur no bothe

THE TRAGEDIE

th' eye of Justice looking neareby?
Could not those meane that made thes great
Be still the meane to keepe thy state?
Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration euer:
That same continuall man desircth,
th' vnconstant world yeeldeth never.
We in our counsels must be blinded,
And not see what doth import vs:
And often-times the thing least minded
is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that shoulde prevent it.
For oft they seeing their Country sliding,
take their ease, as though contented.
We imitate the greater poures,
The Princes manners fashion ours.

Tb'example of their light regarding,
Vulgar loosenes much incences:
Vice vncontrould, growes wide intanging,
Kings small faults, be great offences.
And this hath set the window open
vnto licence, lust and riot.
This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet.

Those

OF CLEOPATRA.

Those lawes that olde Sesostris founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,
Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preserued.
The wanton luxurie of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.

For all (respecting priuate pleasure,) AC 14
uniuersally consenting,
To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights consenting.

And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (o how easie matter
Made this so generall neglecting,
confus'd weaknesse to discouer?)

Cæsar found th' effect crouerred,
in his easie entrance making:
Who at the sight of armes, desoryed
all our people, all forsaking.
For ryot (worse then warre,) so sore
Had wasted all our strenght before.

And thus is Egyp: seruile rendered
to the insolent destroyers:
And all their sumptuous treasure sondred,
All her wealth that did betray her.
Which poison (O if humanitie rightfull,) AC 15
Reacheing into her heart.

THE TRAGEDIE

may so far infect their fences,
That Egypt's pleasures so delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
be instructed in our vices:
That our spoiles may spoile your greatnes,
overcome with our deuises.
Fill full your hands, and carry home
Enough from vs to ruine Rome.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

DOLABELLA. TITIUS.

Dol. Come tell me Titius eu'ry circumstance
How Cleopatra did receiue my newes:

Tell eu'ry looke, each gesture, countenance,
That she did in my Letters reading, vse.

Tit. I shal my Lord, so far as I could note,
Or my conceite obserue in any wise.

It was the time when as she hauing got
Leaue to her Dearest dead to sacrifice,
And now was issuing out the Monument
With Odors, Incense, Garlands in her hand,
When I approcht (as one from Caesar sent,)
And did her close thy message t'vnderstand.

She turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy strange vlookt for tales:

And

OF CLEOPATRA.

And reades, and smiles, and staies, and doth begin
Againe to reade, then blusht, and then was pale.
And having ended with a sigh, retoldes
Thy Letter vp: and with a fixed eye,
(Which stedfast her imagination holds)
She mus'd a while, standing confusedly:
At length. Ah friend, (faith shee,) tell thy good Lord,
How deere I hold his pittyng of my case:
That out of his sweet nature can affoord
A miserable woman so much grace.
Tel him how much my heauy soule doth grieue
Mercilesse *Cesar* should so deale with me:
Pray him that he would all the counsell giue,
That might diuert him from such orueltie.
As for my loue, say *Antony* hath all,
Say that my hart is gone into the graue
VVith him, in whom it rests and euer shall:
I haue it not my selfe, nor cannot haue.
Yet tell him, he shall more command of me
Then any, whosoeuer living can.
Hee that so friendly shewes himselfe to be
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman:
Although his Nation (fattall vnto me,) haue
Haue had mine age a spoile, my youth a pray,
Yet this affection must accepted be,
That fauours one distrest in such decay.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue beene lou'd,

Of

THE TRAGEDIE

Of Cleopatra whiles her glory lasted,
Before she had declining fortune prou'd,
Or seen her honor wrackt, her flowre blasted.
Now there is nothing left her but disgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can moue:
Tell Dolabella, one that's in her case,
(Poore soule) needs rather pity now then loue.
But shortly shall thy Lord heare more of me.
And ending so her speech, no longer stai'd,
But hasted to the tombe of Antony.
And this was all she did, and all she said.
Dol. Ah sweet distressed Lady. What hard hart
Could chuse but pity thee, and loue thee too?
Thy worthines, the state wherein thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to doo.
Although ambition lets not Caesar see
The wrong he doth thy maiestie and sweetnes,
Which makes him now exact so much of thee,
To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes,
He knowes thou canst no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy strength is seaz'd into our hands:
Nor feares he that, but rather labours how
He might shew Rome so great a Queene in bands:
That our great Ladies (envying thee so much
That stain'd them al, and held them in such wonder,)
Might ioy to see thee, and thy fortune such,
Therby extolling him that brought thee vnder.

OF CLEOPATRA.

But I will seeke to stay it what I may;
I am but one, yet one that *Cæsar* loues,
And ô if now I could doe more then pray,
Then shouldst thou know how far affection moues.

But what my powre and praier may preuaile,
Ile ioine them both, to hinder thy disgrace:
And euен this present day I will not faile
To do my best with *Cæsar* in this case.

Tit. And sir, euен now her selfe hath letters sent,
I met her messenger as I came hither,
With a dispatch as he to *Cæsar* went,
But know not what imports her sending thither.
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from sacrifice. How richly clad
Was seru'd to dinner in most sumptuous state,
With all the brauest ornaments she had.
How hauing dyn'd, she writes, and sends away
Him straight to *Cæsar*, and commanded than
All should depart the Tombe, and none to stay
But her two maides, & one poore Countryman:

Dol. Why then I know, she sends t'haue audience now,
And means t'experience what her state can do:
To see if Maiesty will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And ô, if now she could but bring a view
Of that fresh beauty she in youth possest,
(The argument wherewith she ouerthrew

THE TRAGEDIE

The wit of *Julius Cesar*, and the rest,) Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
VVhilst powrful Loue, (far stronger then ambition) Might worke in him, a mind to be content
To grant her asking, in the best condition.
But being as she is, yet doth she merite
To be respeeted, for what she hath beene:
The wonder of her kind, of rarest spirit,
A glorious lady, and a mighty Queene.
And now, but by a little weakenesse falling
To do that which perhaps sh' was forst to do:
Alas, an error past, is past recalling,
Take away weakenes, and take women too.
But now I go to be thy aduocate,
Sweet *Cleopatra*, now Ile vse mine arte.
Thy presence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my hart.

SCENA SECUND A.

N V N T I V S.

AM I ordain'd the carefull Messenger,
And sad newes-bringer of the strangest death,
VVhich selfe hand did vpon it selfe infer,
To free a captiue soule from seruile breath?
Must the lamentable wonder shew,
Which all the world must grieue and meruaile at?

The

OF CLEOPATRA.

The rareſt forme of death in earth below,
That euer pitty, glory, wonder gat. (more)

Chor. what newes bringſt thou, can Egypt yet yelde
Of sorrow then it hath? what can it adde
To the already ouerflowing store
Of ſad affliction, matter yet more ſad?
Haue we not ſene the worſt of our calamity?
Is there behind yet ſomething of diſtreſſe
Vnſene, vnknoƿn? Tel if that greater miſery
There be, that we waile not that which is leſſe.
Tell vs what ſo it be, and tell at firſt,
For ſorrow euer longs to heare her worſt.

Nun. Well then, the ſtrangeliſt thing relate I will,
That euer eye of mortall man hath ſene.

I(as you know)euен frō my youth, haue ſtill
Attended on the perſon of the Queene:
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefeſt truſt haue beene.
And now in theſe ſo great extreamities,
That euer could to maieſtie befall,
I did my beſt in what I could deuife,
And leſt her not, till now ſhe leſt vs all.

Chor. What is ſhe gone. Hath *Cæſar* forſt her ſo?

Nun. Yea, ſhe is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.

Chor. What, fled to I N D I A, to go find her ſonne?

Nun. No, not to I N D I A, but to find her ſonne.

Chor. why then ther's hope ſhe may her ſtate recouer.

THE TRAGEDIE

Nun. Her state? nay rather honor, and her Louer.

Chor. Her Louer? him she cannot haue againe.

Nun. Well, him she hath, with him she doth remaine.

Cho. Why then she's dead. Ist so? why speak'st not thou?

Nun. You gesse aright, and I will tell you how.

When she perceiu'd al hope was cleane bereft her,

That *Cesar* meant to send her straight away,

And saw no meanes of reconcilement left her,

Worke what she could, she could not worke to stay:

She cals me to her, and she thus began.

O thou, whose trust hath cuer been the same

And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,

Alone content t' attend disgrace and shame.

Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,

Neuer deterr'd to leaue calamitie:

As did those others smooth state-pleasers all,

Who followed but my fortune, and not me.

Tis thou must do a seruice for thy Queene,

Wherein thy faith and skill must do their best:

Thy honest care and duty shall be seenc

Performing this, more then in all the rest.

For al what thou hast don, may die with thee,

Althoughtis pitty that such faith should die.

But this shall cuermore remembred be,

A rare example to posterity.

And looke how long as *Cleopatra* shall

In after ages liue in memory,

OF CLEOPATRA.

So long shall thy cleere fame endure withall,
And therefore thou must not my fute denie;
Nor contradict my will. For what I will
I am resolu'd: and this tis thou must do me:
Go find mee out with all thy art and skill
Two Aspicqs, and conuay them close vnto me.
I haue a worke to do with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou shalt soone see what,
If the heauens do not my dissignes withstand,
But do thy charge, and let me shifft with that.

Being thus coniur'd by her t' whom I had vow'd:
My true perpetuall seruice, forth I went,
Deuising how my close attempt to shrowde,
So that there might no art my art preuent.
And so disguis'd in habite as you see,
Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
I soone return'd againe, and brought with me
The Aspicqs, in a basket closely pent.
Which I had fill'd with figges, and leaues vpon.
And comming to the guard that kept the dore,
What hast thou there? said they, and lookest thereon.
Seeing the figgs, they deem'd of nothing more,
But said, they were the fairest they had scene.
Taste some, said I, for they are good and pleasant.
No, no, said they, go beare them to thy Queene,
Thinking me some poore man y brought a present.
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,

THE TRAGEDIE

Glittering in all her pompous rich array,
Great Cleopatra fates, as if sh'had wonne
Cæsar, and all the world beside this day:
Euen as she was when on thy cristall stremes,
O Cydnos she did shew what earth could shew.
When Asia all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as she went at first to meeete her Loue,
So goes she now at last againe to find him.
But that first, did her greatnes onely proue,
This last her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as she fates, the doubt of my good speed,
Detracts much from the sweetnes of her looke:
Cheer-marrer Care, did then such passions breed,
That made her eye bewray the care she tooke.
But she no sooner sees me in the place,
But straight her sorow-clowded brow she cleeres,
Lightning a smile from out a stormie face,
Which all her tempest-beaten fences cheeres.

Looke how a stray'd perplexed trauailer,
When chas'd by theeues, & cuē at point of taking,
Descrying suddainly some towne not far,
Or some vnlookt-for aid to him-ward making;
Cheers vp his tired sp'rits, thrusts forth his stréghth
To meet that good, that comes in so good houre:
Such was her ioy, perciuing now at length,
Her honour wast' escape so proude a powre.

Forth

OF CLEOPATRA.

Forth from her seat she hastes to meet the present,
And as one ouer-joy'd, she caught it straight.
And with a smiling cheere in action pleasant,
Looking among the figs, findes the deceite.
And seeing there the vgly venomous beast,
Nothing dismaid, she stayes and viewes it well.
At length th'extreamest of her passion ceast,
When she began with words her joy to tell.

O rarest beast (saith she) that Affrick breedes,
How deerly welcome art thou vnto me?
The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
Me thinks I see, in now beholding thee.
What thought the euer-erring worlde doth deeme
That angred Nature fram'd thee but in spight?
Little they know what they so light esteeme,
That never learn'd the wonder of thy might.
Better then Death, Deaths office thou dischargest,
That with one gentle touch can free our breath:
And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargest,
Making our selues not priuie to our death.
If Nature err'd, ô then how happy error,
Thinking to make thee worst, she made thee best:
Sith thou best freest vs from our liues worst terror,
In sweetly bringing soules to quiet rest.
When that inexorable Monster Death
That followes Fortune, flies the poore destressed,
Tortures our bodies ere he takes our breath,

daw

And

THE TRAGEDIE

And loads with paines th'already weak oppressed.
How oft haue I begg'd, prayd, intreated him
To take my life, and yet could neuer get him?
And when he comes, he comes so vgly grim,
That who is he (if he could chuse) would let him?
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe,
That open canst with such an easie key
The doore of life, come gentle cunning thiefe,
That from our selues so steal'st our selues away.
Well did our Priests discerne something diuine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore first they did
Offrings and worships due to thee assigne,
In whom they found such mysteries were hid.
Comparing thy swift motion to the Sunne,
That mou'st without the instruments that moue:
And neuer waxing olde, but alwayes one,
Dooest sure thy strange diuinitie approue.
And therefore to, the rather vnto thee
In zeale I make the offring of my blood,
Calamitic confirming now in me
A sure beliefe that pietie makes good.
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous.
And onely the afflicted are religious.
And heere I sacrifice these armes to Death,
That Lust late dedicated to Delights:
Offring vp for my last, this last of breath,
The complement of my loues dearest rites.

With

OF CLEOPATRA. T.

With that she bares her arme, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
And seeming more to speake, occasion takes,
Willing to die, and willing to to pause.

Looke how a mother at her sonnes departing
For some far voyage bent to get him fame,
Doth intertwine him with an idle parling
And stil doth speake, and stil speakes but the same;
Now bids farewell, and now recalls him backe,
Tels what was told, and bids againe fare-well,
And yet againe recalls; for still doth lacke ¹⁴⁰
Something that loue would faine and cannot tell.
Pleas'd he should go, yet cannot let him go.
So she, although she knew there was no way
But this, yet this she could not handle so
But she must shew that life desir'd delay.
Faine would she entertaine the time as now,
And now would faine that Death would seaze vpō her,
Whilst I might see presented in her brow,
The doubtful combatttry'd twixt Life and Honor.
Life bringing Legions of fresh hopes with her,
Arm'd with the proofe of time, which yeelds we say
Comfort and helpe, to such as do refer ¹⁴⁰
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But Honour scorning Life, loe forth leades he
Bright immortalitie in shining armour:
Thorow the rayes of whose cleere glorie, shee
Might see Lifes basenes, how much it might harm her. ¹⁴⁵

K

Besides

THE TRAGEDIE

Besides she saw whole armies of Reproches,
And base Disgraces, Furies fearfull sad,
Marching with Life, and Shame that stil incroches
Vpon her face, in bloodie colours clad.
Which representments seeing, worse then death
She deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore chose
To render all to Honour, hart and breath;
And that with speede, least that her inward foes
False flesh and blood, ioyning with life and hope,
Should mutinie against her resolution.
And to the end she would not giue them scope,
She presently proceedes to th' execution.
And sharply blaming of her rebell powres,
False flesh (saith she,) & what dost thou conspire
With Cæsar to, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke my shame, and hinder my desire?
Wilt thou retaine in closure of thy vaines,
That enemie Base life, to let my good?
No, know there is a greater powre constraines
Then can be countercheckt with fearfull blood.
For to the mind that's great, nothing seems great:
And seeing death to be the last of woes,
And life lasting disgrace, which I shall get,
What do I lose, that haue but life to lose?
This hauing said, strengthned in her owne hart,
And vniion of herselfe, fences in one
Charging together, she performs that part
That hath so great a part of glorie wonne.

And

OF CLEOPATRA.

And so receiues the deadly poysoning touch;
That touch that try'd the gold of her loue, pure,
And hath confirm'd her honour to be such,
As must a wonder to all worlds endure.

Now not an yeelding shrinke or touch offcare,
Consented to bewray least sence of paine:
But still in one same sweete vnaltred cheere,
Her honor did her dying thoughts retaine.

Wel, now this work is done (saith she,) here ends
This act of life, that part the Fates assign'd:
What glory or disgrace heere this world lends,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
And now ô Earth, the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnes I dic vnforst.
Witnes my soule parts free to *Antho[nie]*,
And now proude Tyrant *Cæsar* do thy-worst:

This said, she staines, and makes a suddaine pause,
As twere to feele whether the poyson wrought:
Or rather else the working might be cause
That made her stay, and intertain'd her thought.
For in that instant I naught well perciue
The drowsie humor in her falling brow:
And how each powre, each part opprest did leaue
Their former office, and did sencelesse grow.
Looke how a new pluckt branch against the Sun,
Declines his fading leaues in feeble sort;
So her disioyned ioyntures as vndonne,
Let fall her weake dissolved limmes support.

THE TRAGEDIE

Yet loe that face the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death,
Colour so liuely, cheere so louelie rife,
That none would think such beauty could want breath.
And in that cheere th'impression of a smile
Did seeme to shew she scorned Death and *Cæsar*,
As gloryng that she could them both beguile,
And telling deirth how much her death did please her.
Woonder it was to see how soone she went,
She went with such a will, and did so haste it,
That sure I thinke she did her paine preuent,
Fore-going paine, or staying not to taste it.
And sencelesse, in her sinking downe she wryes
The Diademe which on her head she wore,
Which *Charmion* (poore weake feeble mayd) espies,
And hastes to right it as it was before.
For *Eras* now was dead, and *Charmion* too
Euen at the poynt, for both would imitate
Their Mistresse glorie, striuing like to doo.
But *Charmion* would in this exceed her mate,
For she would haue this honour to be last,
That should adorne that head that must be seene
To weare a Crowne in death, that life held fast,
That all the world might know she dyde a Queene.
And as she stood setting it fitly on,
Lo in rush *Cæsar's* Messengers in haste,
Thinking to haue preuented what was done,
But yet they came too late, for all was past.

For

OF CLEOPATRA.

For there they found stretch'd on a bed of gold,
Dead *Cleopatra*, and that proudly dead,
In all the rich attyre procure she could,
And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head,
And *Eras* at her feet, dead in like case.

Charmion, is this well done? said one of them.

Yea, well said she, and her that from the race
Of so great Kings descends, doth best become.
And with that word, yeelds to her faithful breath,
To passe th'assurance of her loue with death.

Chor. But how knew *Cæsar* of her close intent?

Nun. By Letters which before to him she sent.

For when she had procur'd this meanes to die,
She writes, and earnestly intreats, she might
Be buried in one Tombe with *Antony*.

Whereby then *Cæsar* gess'd all went not right.

And forth-with sends, yet ere the message came
She was dispatcht, he crost in his intent,
Her prouidence had ordred so the same
That she was sure none should her plot preuent

CHORVS.

Then thus we haue beheld
Th' accomplishment of woes,
The full of ruine and
The worst of worst of ills:
And seene all hope expeld,

That

THE TRAGEDIE

That euer sweet repose
Shall re-posseſſe the Land
That Desolation ſils,
And where Ambition ſpils
With vntoucht hand,
All th' iſſue of all thofe
That ſo long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.

And canſt o Nylus thou,
Father of floods indure,
That yellow Tyber ſhould
With sandy ſtreames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him thofe feet ſo pure,
Whose vntoſt head we hold
A powre diuine to be?
Thou that didſt euer ſee
Thy free banks vntoucht,
Lie vnder thine own care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yeeld thy ſtreams
A pray to other Reames?
Draw backe thy waters flo
To thy concealed head:
Rockes ſtrangle vp thy wauers,
Stop Cataractes thy fall.

And

OF CLEOPATRA.

And turne thy courses so,
That sandy Desarts dead,
(The world of dust that craues
To swallow thee up all,)
May drinke so much as shall
Reuive from wastie graues
Aliuing green which spred
Far florising, may gro
On that wide face of Death,
Where nothing now drawes breath.

Fatten some people there,
Euen as thou vs hast done,
With plenties wanton store,
And feeble luxurie:

And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Respected not before.

Leane leuell'd Egypt drie,
A barren pray to lie,
Wasted for euer-more.
Of plenties yeelding none
To recompence the care
Of ViEtors greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so O leave to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race posseße

The inheritance

THE TRAGEDIE

*Th' inheritance of shame,
The fee of sin, that we
Hauē left them for their part:
The yoke of whose distresse
Must still vpbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came.
Our weight of wantonneſſe
Lies heauie on their hart,
Who neuer-more ſhall ſee
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought vs forth.*

*O thou all-ſeeing light,
High President of beauen,
You magiſtrates the ſtarres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence and Right,
Are theſe the bounds y'haue giuen
Th'vntraspaffable barres,
That limit pride ſo ſhort,
Is greatneſſe of this ſort,
That greatneſſe greatneſſe marres,
And wracks it ſelfe, ſelfe driuen
On Rocks of her own might?
Doth Order order ſo
Disorders ouer-thro?*

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT

OF ROSAMOND.

(**)

OUT from the horror of Infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes heere to plain it,
Attended with my shame that never sleepes,
The spot where-with my kinde and youth did staine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it.
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame findes never tombet to inclose it in.

And which is worfe, my soule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elision rest,
The ioifull blisse for ghosts repurified,
The euer-springing Gardens of the blest:
Caron denies me waftage with the rest.

And saies, my soule can never passe the Riuers,
Till Louers sighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I never passe; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing?
Time hath long since worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriving,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviuing.

ROSAMOND hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

THE COMPLAINT

No muse suggests the pitty of my case,
Each pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
Whilst others are preferd, though far more base;
Shores wife is grac'd, and passes for a Saint;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.
Her wel-told tale did such compassion find,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

Which scene with griefe, my miserable ghost,
(Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile,
Which whilst it liu'd, was honored of the most,
And being dead giues matter to bewaile.)
Comes to sollicite thee, (since others faile,)
To take this taske, and in thy woful song
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
Toild in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares hath little time to vse,
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse:
Yet as thy hopes attend happie redresse,
Thy ioies depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy mind a wofull womans case.

DELIA

OF ROSAMOND.

DELLA may hap to deigne to read our storie,
And offer vp her sigh among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glorie,
Whereby thou might' st be grae'd and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best.

Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to blesse the dead.

So I (through beautie) made the wofull' st wight,
By beautie might haue comfort after death:
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life aboue on earth, and rest beneath.
She that can blesse vs with one happie breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
That thereby thou maist ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said: forth-with mou'd with a tender care,
And pittie, (which my selfe could neuer find,) What she desir'd, my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tel her mind.
And I (more willing,) tooke this charge assynd,
Because her grifes were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own:

B b 2

Then

THE COMPLAINT

Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,
Report the down-fall of my slippery state,
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailty, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know the tis forbidden.

For whilst the sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate
That euer yet imperious beauty tasted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get:
But this faire morning had a shamefull set.
Disgrace darkt honor, sin did clowd my brow,
As note the sequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The bloud I staind, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and Fortune ioin'd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the same.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
And all concord to make me happy furst,
That so great hap might make me more accurst:
Happie

OF ROSAMOND.

Happie liu'd I whilst parents eie did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble waies,
And Country home kept me from being eide,
Wher best vnown I spent my sweetest daies:
Til that my friends mine honor sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yeelds,
Deeming such beaute was vnsit for feelds.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes:
There where I perissh'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I lost the flowre which honor keepes;
There where the worterhriues, the better weepes;
Ah me (poore wench,) on this vnhappy shelfe,
I grounded me and stawaie my selfe.

For thither com'd, when yeres had arm'd my youth,
With rarest proofe of beaute euer seene:
When my reuiuing eie had kept the truth,
That it had powe to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene;
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eies.

THE COMPLAINT

For age I saw, (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts against a warme desire,)
Yet sigh their want, and looke at such a baite.
I saw how youth was waxe before the fire.
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.

Yet wel perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
The enuie of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,
Drawes all mens eies with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale at suddaine hearing,
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it.

So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
To amaze the world, that holds such sights so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet silent rhetorique of perswading' eies:
Dombe eloquence, whose power doth moue the bloud,
More then the words, or wisdome of the wise;
Still harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a brow, the key which passions moue,
To rauish sence, and play a world in loue.

What

Of Rosamond.

What might I then not do whose power was such?
What cannot women do that know their power?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How blisse or bale lies in their laugh or lowre?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
whilst nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beautie which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke:
That new-found shame, a sinne to vs vnkownne,
Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke:
Vilde staine to honour, and to women ecke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, chastities abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest:
Treason to counterfeit the seale of nature,
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the hiest.
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest,
Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wise,
And all that honour thee idolatise.

Far

THE COMPLAINT

Far was that finne from vs whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheeks, a vertuous brest.
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.

These were the weapons which mine honor wun
In all the conflicts which my eies begun.

Which were not small, I wrought on no meane obiect,
A Crowne was at my feet, Scepters obeide me,
Whō Fortune made my King, Loue made my subiect,
Who did command the Land, most humbly praid me,
HENRIE the second, that so highlie weigh'd me,
Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of beautie,
That it had powre to counter-maund all dutie.

For after all his victories in F R A N C E,
And all the triumphes of his honor wun:
Vnmatch'd by sword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,
And hotter wars within his brest begun.
Wars, whom whole Legions of desires drew on:
Against all which, my chaftitic contends
With force of honour, which my shame defends.

No

OF ROSAMOND.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Transpiercing raies of Christal pointed cies:
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age; (yet old men should be wise.)
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.

Let none for seeming so, thinke saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obeyd his hand-maid off so meane estate;
Vultur ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.

For such a daintie which his youth found not,
Unto his feeble age did chaunce a lot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutelic good,
For that some crosse stil counter-checks our luck;
As heere behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck:
Whose lothing, we from natures brests do suck,
As opposite to what our bloud requires.
For equall age, doth equall like desires.

Cc

But

THE COMPLAINT

But mightie men, in hiest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the're old:
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.

Miserable fortune to forget so farre
The state of flesh, and what our fraulties are.

Yet must I needes excuse so great defeſt
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiestie, whereon his state relies:
And now of loues, and pleasures must devise.

For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
And seekes al meanes to undermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recover,
So well in camp'd in strength of chast desires:
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchast louer.
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then chastities attires:
Th'vnstained vaille, which innocents adorne,
Th'vngathred Rose, defendēd with the thornes.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And safe mine honour stood, till that in truth,
One of my sexe, of place, and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habite of like frailty clad.
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.

A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may conster.

She set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That court and age could cunningly devise:
Th' one autentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnt her how to subtelise.
Both were enough to circumuert the wise.

A document that well might teach the sage,
That ther's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she,) behold thy happie chaunce,
That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maist thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,

To oppose thy selfe against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, & seemes thee to importune.

C c 2

Dost

THE COMPLAINT

Dooſt thou not ſee, how that thy King (thy *love*,)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke eſtate:
And ſhoweres downe gold & treasure from aboue,
Whilſt thou dooſt ſhut thy lap againſt thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canſt not ſee
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou muſt not thinke thy flowre can alwaies florish,
And that thy beauty will be ſtill admired:
But that thofe raiſes which all theſe flames do nouriſh,
Canceld with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will ſcorne what now is ſo deſired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flouriſh now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow,
I haue beene faire, (I muſt confeſſe the truthe,)
And ſtood vpon as nice reſpects as thou;
I loſt my time, and I repent it now.

But were I to begin my youth againe,
I would redēeme the time I ſpent in vaine:

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But thou hast yeers, and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great seale,
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.

Esteeme not Fame more then thou doost thy weale.'

Fame, (wherof y world seems to make such choice,)
Is but an Echo, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lists of reputation?
Titles which cold seueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholies opinion, Customes relation;
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hel to the faire,
To leane the sweet, for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had fowne:
And manie haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.

So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least:

Cc 3.

The

THE COMPLAINT

The subtle City-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chaste enough that best see me so:
Who though they sport, it shal not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies do;
Tis warie walking that doth safeliest go.
With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweets, & men with shewes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly think thy selfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can judge thy fact,
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.
And see me the chaste, which is the chiefest arte,
For what we see me each see, none knowes our hart.

The mightie, who can with such sinnes dispence,
In stede of shame do honors great bestow:
A worthie author doth redeeme th' offence,
And makes the scarlet sinne as white as snow.
The maestic that doth descend so low,
Is not defilde, but pure remaines therein,
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin. what

OF ROSAMOND.

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleasures want shall be suppli'd with gold,
Cold age dotes most when heat of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.

Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt she leaues me in a doubt,
When loc began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth inuirond round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood;
Small my defence to make my partie good,
Against such powers which were so surelie laid,
To ouer-throw a poore vnskilfull Maid.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
To sel my selfe to lust, my soule to sin:
Pure blushing shame was eu'en in retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
Whē cleaner thoughts my weaknes gan vpbray
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say;

Ah,

THE COMPLAINT

Ah ROSAMOND, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy daies, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betraie that honor held with care,
T' entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feet to sinne, thy soule to lust,
Gracelesse to lay thy glorie in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed;
Suffring thy selfe by lust to be misled;
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to inioy the aire,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of chaftie:
Longer then thou preseru'st thy soule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie.
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euerie eie,
Where Natures care such rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But what he is my king and may constraine me,
Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed.

The world will thinke authoritie did gaine me,
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed.

We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.

And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same:

What waile is left thee then (vnhappy maid,)
Whereby thy spotlesse foote, maie wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laid,
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about,
Thy simple yeeres cannot resolute this doubt.

Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so eu'en,
But (in despight) some scandale wil be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equallie precize,
Til my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sin;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.

And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

D d

.So

THE COMPLAINT

So well the golden balls cast downe before me,
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :
Whereat my retchlesse youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the gole, the glorie, and the day.
Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,
And bade me vs the vertue of mine eies,
For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonise.

Thus wrought to sin, soone was I traind from Court,
T'a solitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King should thither make resort,
where he Loues long-desired worke should end.
Thither he dayly messages doth send,
VVith costlie Jewels (Orators of Loue,)
VVhich (ah too well men know) do women moue.

The day before thenight of my defeature,
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought;
So rare, that arte did seeme to striue with nature,
T'expresse the cunning work-mans curious thought;
The mysterie whereof I prying sought,
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Amymone, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

Amymone

OF ROSAMOND.

Amymone, old Danaus fairest Daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone
At Lerna: whereas Neptune came and caught her,
From whom she striu'd and strugled to be gone,
Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone.
But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go,
Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,
At those proude feet, not satisfied with prayer:
Wayling her heauie hap, cursing the day,
In act so pitious to expresse despaire.
And by how muchmore grieu'd, so much more faire.
Her teares vpon her cheeke (poore carefull gerle,)
Did seeme against the Sunne christall and pearle.

VVhose pure cleer streams, (which lo so fair appears;)
VVrought hotter flames, (O miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heat in teares,
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eies affests to moue;
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But crueltie, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

D d 2

This

THE COMPLAINT

This hauing viewd, and therewith something moued,
Figured I find within the other squares,
Transformed *Io, Joves deerelic loued*,
In her affliction how she strangely fares.
Strangely distress'd (O beautie, borne to cares.)

Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eies,
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.
For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miseries vnkend before they come:
Who can the characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome?
Which though perhapshau'e been reueald to some,
Yet that so doubtfull, (as succeſſe did proue them,) 180
That men must know they haue y^e heauens aboue the.

OF ROSAMOND.

I saw the finne wherein my foot was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring,
Yet had I not the powre for to defend it.
So weake is sence when error hath condemn'd it.

We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet wee choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnes,
And dreadfull black had disposseſ'd the cleere,
Com'd was the night, (mother of sleepe and feare;)
Who with her Sable-mantle friendly couers,
The sweet-stolne sports, of ioifull meeting Louers.

When loe, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of lust most vndesired:
Enforc'd th' vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,
Which yeelds no mutuall pleasure when tis hired.
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.

Judge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

Dd 3.

But

THE COMPLAINT

But soone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
And sleepe seald vp his languishing desires :
V When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires :
My nakednes had prou'd my fences liers.

Now opned were mine eies to looke therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I find my selfe vnparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning :
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.
For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes,
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
That icalousie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to loose the ioie of all his weale,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
H'is driuen to deuise some subtil waie,
How he might safelijest keepe so rich a pracie.

A

O F ROSAMOND.

A statelie Pallace he foorth-with did build,
Whose intricate innumerable waies,
With such confused errors so beguild
Th' vnguided entrers with vncertainte straies,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delaies,
With bootlesse labour leading them about,
Able to find no waie, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,
That seru'd a Center to that goodlie round:
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the grouē
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T'intertaine the fence of wanton eies,
Fuel of loue, from whence lusts flames arise:

Heere I enclos'd from all the world asunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case:
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine Maides that did attend my need,
And he himselfe came guided by a thred:

O

THE COMPLAINT

O Ialousie, daughter of Enuy' and Loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire;
Fostred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monster, borne a subtile lier;
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire:
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
Happie were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart;
Hundred eyed *Argus*, euer-waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures smart,
Enuious Obseruer, prying in euery part;
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God y loue could be withuot thee.

Thou didst deprive (through false suggesting feare,)
Him of content, and me of libertie:
The onely good that women hold so deere,
And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemie.
Enioynd the ransome of my bodies shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the same.
What

OF ROSAMOND.

What greater torment euer could haue beeene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seene?
Or what is't to be seene, vnlesse admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd?

Neuer were cheeks of Roses, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sun for light:)
The faire do hold this priuiledge as due
By ancient Charter, to liue most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Witnes the fairest streets that Thames doth visite,
The wondrous concourse of the glittering Faire:
For what rare women deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The solitary Country may not stay her.

Heere is the center of all beauties best,
Excepting DELIA, left to adorne the West.

Ec

Heere

THE COMPLAINT

Heere doth the curious with iudicall eies,
Contemplate beautie gloriouſlie attired:
And herein all our chiefest glorie lies,
To liue where we are prais'd and most desired.
O how we ioie to ſee our ſelues admired,
Whilſt niggardlie our fauours we diſcouer.
We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foot had neuer mou'd
From Countrie ſafetie, from the fields of rest:
To know the danger to be highlie lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happie for me, better had I beene bleſt;
If I vnluckilie had neuer Straide,
But liu'd at home a happie Country Maide.

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtlie liuer:
She's deckt with truth, the River where ſhe drinks
Doth ſerue her for her glaffe, her counſell giuer:
She loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.

Her daies are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die til death.)

Se

OF ROSAMOND.

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfornunate:
Nor had my name enrold with Maides misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my vnhappy fate,)
This lesson, (which my self learnt with expence)
How most it hurts that most delights the sense:

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer so closely done:
No walls can hide vs from the eie of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednes begun;
Forth breaks reproch when we least think theron.

And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entering the closet of the Pallace dweller:
Abroad reuailing what is most forbidden.
Of truth and falsehood both an equall teller.
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.

The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vttring secret things.

E c 2

And

THE COMPLAINT

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned:
The wronged Queen, who could so closely deale,
That she the whole of all our practise learned,
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Laberinth she entred by that threed,
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Left there by chance, reseru'd for such a deed,
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, scarce she speakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Offring me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelpe,
Runs fiercely raging through the woods astray:
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiously assaults what's in her way,
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray;)
So fell she on me in outragious wise,
As could disdaine and icalousic devise.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And after all her vile reproches vs'd,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her feares, and ease her icalous thought.
No crueltie her wrath would leauue vnwrought,
No spightfull aet that to reuenge is common;
(No beast being fiercer than a icalous woman.)

Here take (faith she) thou impudent vncleane,
Base gracelesse strumpet, take this next your hart,
Your loue-sick hart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With pleasures surfeite, must be purg'd with arte;
This potion hath a power that will conuert
To nought, those humors that oppresse you so.
And (Gerle,) Ile see you take it ere I go.

What stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe?
Tremble you (minion?) come dispatch with speed;
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lack,
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed;
Those daintie fingers needs must do the deed.

Take it, or I will drench you els by force,
And tric nor, least that I vsē you worse.

E c 3

Hauing

THE COMPLAINT

Hauing this bloodie doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast:
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last;
All hope of pitie and of comfort past.

No means, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my self my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had been,
They must giue death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That bodie which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But foorth she rushes, (proud with victorie,)
And leaues me alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)

To whom she did her full revenge refer.

Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then

OF ROSAMOND.

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sin,
T'appeare before me, in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soule begin,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine etror, and reueales disgrace;
Whilst I remaine opprest in every part,
Death in my bodie, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in evidence
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchast,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed fense.
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
Must heere the right of heauen needes satisfie,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Heere I began to waile my hard mishap,
My suddaine, strange vnlookt formiseric.
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To give me such a fall of infamie.
And poore distressed ROSAMOND, (said I,)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Dezarts, where no care can heare thee morne?

Nor

THE COMPLAINT

Nor any eye of pittie to behold
The wofull end of thy sad tragedie;
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse togither die.
Thy sin reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of mone,
Tell th' ayre thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy griefe wherewith thy soule doth swell.
And let thy hart pittie thy harts remorse,
And be thy selfe the mourner and the Corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Did glorious liue, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from succor hither led,
Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd hecre to yeeld thy breath.

Did

OF ROSAMOND.

Did Nature (O for this) deliberate,
To shew in thee the glory of her best;
Framming thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
And made thy face the foe to spoile the rest?
O beautie, thou an enemy profest
To chasticie and vs that loue thee most, (lost?
Without thee how w're loath'd, and with thee

O you that proude with libertie and beautie,
(And ô may well be proude that you be so,) Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of ducie;
O that I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
To keep your feete in pure clean paths of shame,
That no inciting may diuert the same.

See'ng how against your tender weaknes still,
The strength of wit, of gold, and all is bent;
And all th' assaults that ever might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and clean intent:
Ah let not greatness worke you to consent.

The spot is fonde, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot prouide a sinne forbade.

Ff

Lock

THE COMPLAINT.

Lock vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame:
And let no powers haue powre chaste thoughts to moue
To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,
In those pure waies that lead to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside:
Whilst married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widowes, wanting what we haue,
When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the airc;
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime;
Or wither as vnpromisably faire,
Whilst those decaies which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, scorned and reprou'd.
(And o what are we, if we be not lou'd?)

Faston

OF ROSAMOND.

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
Least this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And clowde with infamie your beauties shine:
Seeing how many seeke to vndermine
The treasurie that's vnpossest of any:
And hard tis kept that is desir'd of many.

And flic(ô flic,)these Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The monsters of our sexe,)that make a pray
Of their owne kind, by an vnkindly meane;
And cuen(like Vipers,)eating out a way
Th'row th'wombe of their owne shame, accursed they
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of sin,
The filth of lust, vncleannes wallowes in.

O is it not enough that we, (poore wee)
Haue weaknes, beautie, gold, and men our foes,
But we must haue some of our selues to bee
Traitors vnto our selues, to ioyne with those?
Such as our feeble forces doe disclose,
And stil betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to follie, and to mens vntruth?

Ff 2

Hatefull

THE COMPLAINT

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight:
Vngracious Agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darknes; messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, diuels, that do invite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we be.

You in the habite of a graue aspect,
(In credite by the trust of yeeres,) can shew
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing (your lothsome selues) your youth spent so,
And in vncleanness euer haue beene fed,
By the revenue of a wanton bed.

By you, haue beene the innocent betrayd,
The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the maid,
The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin :
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been.
Confus'd our race, and falsi-fied our blood,
Whilst fathers sonnes, possesse wrong Fathers good:
This

OF ROSAMOND.

This, and much more, I would haue vtred then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Signd with my bloud, subscrib'd with Conscience pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
And ô I wish (by th' example of my will,)
I had not left this sin vnto the faire,
But dyde intestate to haue had no heire.

But now, the poison spread through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing fences quite:
And nought respecting death, (the last of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th' ensigne of his might,)
Vpon his new-got spoile before his right;
Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioies could end so soone.

And as conuaid t'vntimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the King (by chaunce) returning, fals
T'inconnter with the same vpon the way,
As he repaird to see his dearest ioy.
Not thinking such a meeting could haue been,
To see his Loue, and seeing beene vnsene.

Ff 3.

Judge.

THE COMPLAINT

Judge those whō chance depriues of sweetest treasure,
What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere:
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
What passions feeles that hart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impression of so strange a sight,
That ouerwhelms vs, or confounds vs quite?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stcares,
Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other do confound:
Oppress'd with griefe, his passions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speake, whē mighty griefs are dombe.

At length extremity breakes out a way, (ded,
Through which th' imprisoned voice with teares atten-
Wailes out a sound that sorrowes do bewray,
With armes a-crosse, and eies to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighes that to the skies ascended.
Sighes, (the poore easē calamity affords,)
Which serue for speech whē sorrow wanteth words.

O

OR ROSAMOND.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy funne?
Why haue I light to see my sinnes controld,
With blood of mine own shame thus vildly done?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from mine eies, my hart cannot abide?

VVhat saw my life, wherein my soule might ioy,
VVhat had my daies, whom troubles stil afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted;
This, that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,

Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,
Dissention in my blood, iarres in my bed:
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread;
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)

These miseries go mask'd in glittering shewes,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus.

THE COMPLAINT.

Thus as these passions do him ouerwhelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it.

And as the Vnemarried vnto the Elme
With strikt imbraces, so doth he infold it.

And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,

Viewing the face that euē death commends,
On sencelesse lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pittifull mouth (saith he) that living gauest
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish:

O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
This sorrowing fare-well of a dying kisse.

And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,

Motives of loue, borne to be matched never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinks I see Death dallying seekes,

To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place;

Decayed Roses of discoloured checkes,

Do yet retaine deere notes of former gracie:

And vgly Death sits faire within her face;

Sweet remnants resting of vermillion red,

That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead:

Wonder

OF ROSAMOND

Wonder of beaute, oh receiue these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For loe, my soule that now alreadie faints,
(That lou'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee,) A
Hastens her speedie course to ouer-take thee. W
Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For(ah)what can he doe that cannot dic M

122

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde A
And I will cause posterite shall know, W
How faire thou wert above all women kinde: T
And after-ages monuments shall finde, I
Shewing thy beauties ryme, not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetned so the same. W

123

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is unwilling to give over,) A
He doth represso what griefe would else bewray, C
Least he too much his passions should discouer. S
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer. I
So farre transported that he know not whither,
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill together. W

Then

G.

Then

THE COMPLAINTO

Then were my funerals not long deferred, to 16bndW
But done with all the rites pompe could devise, to 16bndT
At Godstow, where my bodie was interred, to 16bndH
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise, to 16bndT
Where yet as now scarce any note descries. to 16bndH
Vnto these times, the memorie of mee, to 16bndH
Marble and Brasse so little lasting bee. to 16bndT

25

For those walls which the credulous deuour, to 16bndH
And apt-beleevuing ignorant did found; to 16bndH
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt, to 16bndA
That time their works should euer so confound, to 16bndH
Lie like confused heape's as vnder-ground. to 16bndA
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy, to 16bndH
The wiser ages do account as follie. to 16bndR

125

And were it not thy fauourable lynes, to 16bndH
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes, to 16bndH
And that thy accents willingly assignes, to 16bndH
Some farther date, and giue me longer dayes, to 16bndH
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise. to 16bndH
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time, to 16bndS
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime. to 16bndH
Then

OF ROSAMOND.

Then when confusion in her course shall bring
Sad desolation on the times to come :
When mirth-lesse Thames shal haue no Swan to sing,
All Musique silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet euē then it must be knowne to some,
That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But here an end, I may no longer stay thee,
I must returne t'attend at *Stigian* flood :
Yet ere I go this one word more I pray thee,
Tell DELIA, now her sigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if I passe vnto those happie banks,
Theſe ſhe muſt haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So vanquifht ſhe, and left me to returne
To prosecute the tenor of my woes :
Eternall matter for my Muſe to mourne,
But (ah)the world hath heard too much of thoſe,
My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſclose.
Ile hide the reſt, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me known, muſt make me liue vniſcene.

FINIS.